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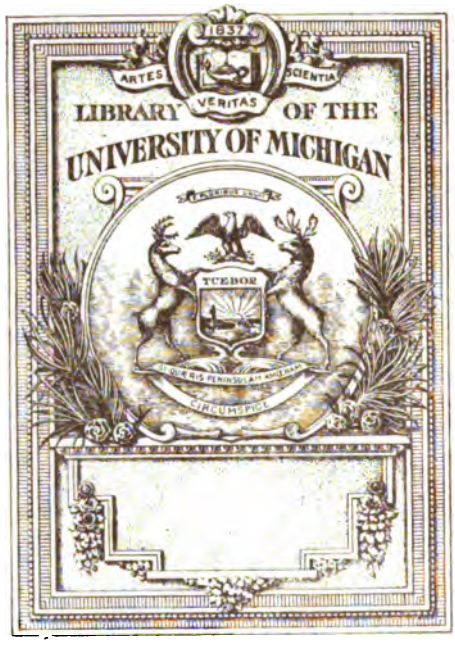
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THE MID-WEST QUARTERLY

VOLUME I.

OCTOBER, 1913—JULY, 1914

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1914

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The Mid-West Quarterly

Owned and Controlled by the University of Nebraska

P. H. FRYE, *Editor*

HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER
PHILO M. BUCK
Associate Editors

SAMUEL AVERY,
Chancellor of the University
CHAS. SUMNER ALLEN,
President of the Board of Regents
Advisory Committee

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

	PAGE
The Terms "Classic" and "Romantic," by P. H. FRYE	1
The Problem of Controversies, by CHAS. SUMNER ALLEN	25
The Socratic Bergson, by HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER	32
The Oregon Recruit Expedition, by ALBERT WATKINS	44
The Intrusions of Science, by S. B. GASS	57
The Literary Interregnum, by LOUISE POUND	73
Magnacum Confusione, by PHILO M. BUCK, JR.	83
German Romanticism, by P. H. FRYE	97
Savage Spiritualism, by HUTTON WEBSTER	120
Legislation by the Courts, by W. G. HASTINGS	132
Formal Logic and Logical Form, by EDWIN RAY GUTHRIE	146
The Mystery of Pain, by ROBERT JOHNSTON	156
A Study in Contemporary Balladry, by H. M. BELDEN	162

PAGE

Puero Reverentia, by PHILO M. BUCK 173

Literature and Criticism, by P. H. FRYE . . . 187

College Study of English, by ALFRED D. SHEFFIELD . 198

The Russian Merchant Marine, by EDWIN MAXEY . . 209

Lincoln and Hamlet, by DANIEL KILHAM DODGE . . 220

Justice According to Law, by ROSCOE POUND . . . 223

Old Solutions of a New Problem, by EDWIN RAY GUTHRIE 236

The Modern Ideal of Culture, by EDWARD A. THURBER . 242

The Revolution in Portugal, by GUERNSEY JONES . . 251

The Comedy of the Arts College, by S. B. GASS . . 268

Literature as a Fine Art, by S. B. GASS 279

Professional Ethics, by EDGAR L. HINMAN . . . 294

Greek Nationalism and Home Rule in the Fourth Century B. C., by E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS 302

Poetry and Archæology, by ROBERT SHAFER . . . 315

Bonneval Pasha, by A. I. DU P. COLEMAN . . . 324

"*Laokoon*" *and the Prior Question*, by HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER 336

Socrates and the Street Car, by HORACE M. KALLEN . 358

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Vol. I October, 1913 No. 1

I. The Terms "Classic" and "Romantic" F. B. Pitts
II. The Problem of Conservation Chas. Edward Sloan
III. The Socratic Region Harriet Dove Alexander
IV. The Oxford Aerial Expedition Lemuel D. Scott
V. The Fascination of Stones S. D. Gale
VI. The Lottery Institution Lillian Young
VII. Municipal Ownership Paul H. Hux, Jr.

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THE
MID-WEST QUARTERLY

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THE TERMS "CLASSIC" AND "ROMANTIC"

In the "Postscript" to his *Appreciations* Walter Pater has undertaken, albeit rather light-heartedly, a task of the first importance. Not only does he pretend, like most modern critics, to distinguish literature in a loose and general way as classic and romantic, and to explain its most violent contrasts as the expression of an irreconcilable antinomy in human nature; he also proposes to examine the two parties to the dispute in hopes of determining their essential character and significance. As for the division itself, that is patent, he considers, on the very surface of literature in a stricter and more traditional tendency and a freer and more innovating or radical one. The poetry of Pope is very different from that of Shakespeare; the former is marked by an instinct of contraction, the latter by an instinct of expansion. And it is not difficult to see that every author, taken as the term of a similar comparison, is actuated by one impulse or the other. Racine, to be sure, is not very much like Pope; but as contrasted with Calderon, he evidently practises a severer and more formal art, he is more restrained and forbearing. While in the same way that one writer is less exuberant than another and assumes a more reserved attitude toward life, so too one literature or one period of literature will evince the same disposition more strikingly than some other literature or period. French as a whole has always been more cautious than English; while in English the age of Dryden was much more contained than that of Tennyson and Browning, and in French again the age of Louis XIV was one of reservation *par excellence*.

To be sure, such instances do not go very far or burrow very deep. It is true that the writers of modern times may be readily

grouped into two classes as they have looked at life more directly and immediately and as they have looked at it through the medium of books and previous interpretation. At the same time it is difficult—or rather, impossible—for any one to write nowadays without being conscious of his predecessors and without being seriously affected by their example. The ghosts of our ancestors haunt and coerce us; and almost imperceptibly we find ourselves yielding to their silent but persistent influence. It is we who are the ancients; and at first thought it would seem as though we were fatally bound over to authority by virtue of our historical position, in spite of the startling accumulation of new fact which works constantly to distract and dilate our minds, while the contrary appears the case with Æschylus and Sophocles —they had not to resist the tyranny of tradition, even though life might have been in itself less varied and clamorous for them than it is for us. At all events they saw it as independently as Shakespeare and Calderon, and what they saw was equally perplexing and disquieting. And yet it is they who have come to be reckoned the representatives of literary conservatism.

But superficial as these examples may be and far as they are from touching bottom, they do at least serve to illustrate what is so much a matter of general consciousness that every modern critic of any competence has recognised it in whole or in part, under one name or another—ancient and modern, naïve and sentimental, objective and interesting, pure and ornate, expressive and suggestive, Apollonian and Dionysian—the existence, namely, of two distinct and contradictory views of the poet's function and its exercise, dividing the field of literature, regardless of minor irregular bickerings, into two opposed and irreconcilable camps, which have finally come by common usage to be distinguished, rather loosely if conveniently, as classic and romantic.

To the continued use of these current terms in such a broad and inclusive sense to denote a universal distinction, not as between an uncertain better and worse, but as between two more or less incommensurable literary denominations, there is at present one serious drawback. Like most handy and suggestive words which are not the peculiar property of some technical study these terms have been appropriated to so many partial and particular uses, to say nothing of their laxer and more popular employments, and have finally developed so many implications

and associations that they have become a kind of intellectual stumbling-block and source of misunderstanding, not only in ordinary speech, but also in criticism. And as Pater, in spite of something like an implicit promise, has failed to disentangle the snarl of meanings in which they are now involved—has been, indeed, like most critics, less interested in doing so than in adding another kink of his own, and setting out to clear up the confusion, has, if anything, further embroiled it; it may be excusable, under the circumstances, to attempt the task anew in the mere hope of dispelling a little of all this verbal perplexity and without the pretension to increase the number of definitions with which the subject is already encumbered.

I

Derivatively, classic signifies obviously enough that which forms a class or order; and hence as applied to literature, it comes to refer to any acknowledged model or example of excellence. In this broad and general acceptation, which may be designated for convenience as the popular meaning of the word, every literature has its own classics irrespectively—English, French, German, and Spanish, as well as Greek and Latin; and Shakespeare and Calderon are, without further reserves, as fairly classics as Sophocles and Virgil, although they differ so widely in spirit and method. And however the word may be applied, or in whatever connection it is used, it still raises, to the prejudice of romanticism, a faint but perceptible reminiscence of this primary notion of standard and pattern merit, as when Goethe remarks simply that classic is sound, romantic unsound, literature.

In order to understand the secondary meaning of the term in literary usage it is necessary only to remember that modern literature is a flower of recent growth. Three hundred and fifty years ago there was little or nothing of it in existence. Or if there were standing a few of those great monuments which now loom so gigantic on our horizon, they were by no means the objects of deferential admiration and emulation which they have since become. To our earlier critics as to those of the Renaissance the standard, the class-forming writings were Latin and Greek. They were the classics, the paradigms of all expression. As such they have formed, until recent years, the basis of study in college

and university, and have perpetuated this particular sense of the term so that still among students and scholars and even among the intelligent general public classic is used of Greek and Latin literature as much as of anything. Whence this may be not improperly styled the academic acceptation of the word.

But the conception undergoes a further change. By a natural abstraction the same term comes to be applied, not merely to Greek and Latin literature in particular, but to the spirit in general illustrated in these literatures. It refers, not only to Sophocles' tragedy and Virgil's epic, but also to such qualities, wherever found, as are characteristic of these works—notably an extreme susceptibility to the moral significance of the subject, resulting externally in a sense for order, balance, moderation, measure, and the like—in short, to a certain easily recognisable manner of conceiving and rendering life. For these general characters, as disassociated from any particular age or race, *classic* becomes a handy designation and may be appropriated to any writer or group of writers so marked, no matter what the period or the language. In this, which may be labelled the critical sense of the word, it has become permissible to say in a general way that Pope and Addison in English, Racine and Voltaire in French, and Goethe in German are all classic, because they display more or less consistently certain peculiarities which find their clearest expression in Greek and Latin. And it is permissible also to add that French literature is, on the whole, more classic than English or German, because it has made so much more of these qualities. And it is permissible even to speak of Shakespeare himself as classic in some respects and of Goethe as sometimes classic and sometimes not, according as either seems animated by this spirit or another. And finally it may be said that a given period or a given school is classic as it is remarkable for such a disposition, like the age of Anne in English or Louis XIV in French.

Of course it is a misrepresentation, though not an uncommon one among romanticists, to speak as though Pope and Goethe and Racine were classic because they imitated the Greeks or the Romans, or even because they wrote something like them. That is not the idea. A writer is classic, not because he writes like some one else, but because he writes in a certain spirit, because he maintains a certain attitude toward life. Whenever this spirit makes itself apparent in an author or a period or a literature,

there we have a classic author or period or literature. To be sure, the writings in which this spirit attains its purest and most perfect expression belong to the past—as do Shakespeare and Calderon for that matter; though the romanticists have not been slow to emphasise this suggestion of age and decrepitude, to which the word so easily lends itself, as an offset to the notion of standard perfection implicit in its popular use. Properly the classical character is intermittent; it is neither archaic nor obsolete, but reappears at every revival of the great tradition of culture, though since the French Revolution it has ceased to influence any important portion of our civilisation. And further, since every modern classic has looked to Greek originals or their Latin reflections for encouragement or inspiration, it is the modern habit to speak as though imitation and conventionality were invariable principles of classicism. Such an imputation, however, belongs to the word only in certain of its narrower and more controversial definitions. The classicism of Dryden and Pope was undoubtedly imitative and conventional pretty nearly by definition; so were almost all the romantic recommencements which threw back to Shakespeare much more impudently than the classicists to Sophocles or Euripides. It is infinitely amusing to find Stendhal reproving his countrymen for their slavish imitation of Racine and exhorting them in the same breath to follow Shakespeare. After all, imitation and convention are partly unfortunate effects of chronological position and generic decadence, and do not affect the essential nature of either party; for I suppose that it will be readily conceded that Shakespeare and Sophocles are as original the one as the other, while Calderon illustrates the process of conventional petrifaction as convincingly as Dryden or Pope, if not more so.

To distinguish a little more carefully, therefore, the assumption of the term by those who have undertaken of set purpose to imitate or reproduce the models of Greek or Latin literature or what they have regarded as the essential qualities of these literatures or of classicism in general, must be considered as a kind of misappropriation. In this use the word is identical with what is more properly known as pseudo-classicism and covers not only such tragedy as Ponsard's and Delavigne's but much of Voltaire's also. Undoubtedly any excess or abuse or misapplication or falsification of classicism, inclining to dryness, rigidity, and stultification, were to be viewed as pseudo-classic in a close

discrimination. In any case these deviations of classicism have their pendant in the various schools of romanticism, each of which has insisted in a somewhat similar fashion upon some one set of romantic characters to the exclusion of others and has given in this way a particular turn to the romantic spirit. At the same time there is always something classic in pseudo-classicism, just as there is always something romantic in every romantic school. They are both estuaries of their respective oceans. And bad as pseudo-classicism may sometimes be, it contains at worst a little classic leaven, as the romantic schools at best are always infected with the general romantic virus.

The word *romantic* has suffered a series of vicissitudes even more bewildering than those of *classic*. Popularly it designates whatever succeeds in combining with a certain charm or fascination the unusual, the irregular, the striking, and the exceptional. In the first instance, it seems to have derived this popular significance from its association with the corrupt dialects of the Latin and the vernaculars which grew out of them, in exact parallelism with the modern philological use of romance. Any writing composed in one of these vernaculars would be romantic in distinction from a composition in classic Latin. But from the very character of these "romances" with their lax sense of moral reality and their vagrancy of imagination the adjective comes to cover the abstract qualities so embodied, as in the popular use of the word; while on the other hand it would naturally be transferred to any writing or group of writings which might cultivate such a general manner or propose to imitate or revive the spirit of these productions. Such is A. W. Schlegel's account of the matter: "By the word *romantic*, *romance*, was designated the new dialects which arose from the mixture of Latin with the tongues of the German conquerors—hence the compositions written therein were called romances; whence is derived the term *romantic*, and the character of this poetry consists in the amalgamation of old German with the later or Christianised Roman, so that its elements are already indicated by its names." In such fashion the name was assumed by the romantic school in Germany, which aimed more or less deliberately at a resuscitation of mediævalism—or better, perhaps, at a substitution of national antiquity and tradition for a foreign and humanistic one—as well as by those of France and England—if England may be said

properly to have had a romantic school—which had their eyes to some extent on mediæval subjects if not on mediæval ideals.

And still further, on the strength of a similar etymology, the German romanticists, under the leadership of Friedrich Schlegel, tried to make out an affiliation between romanticism and romance in the later sense, *Roman*, and to establish the more romantic forms of the novel, itself the putative successor of the "romance," as the type and pattern of romantic literature. "And so," in the words of A. W. Schlegel, "the romance [*Roman*] . . . stands foremost in the newer poetry—a *genre* which is capable of representing the whole thereof. We shall see that the great modern dramatists—yes, the entire form of our drama must be judged on the principle of the romance." Nor is the relation solely a fanciful one, if the attention be fixed on what we now call romance as distinguished from the novel, which has been sobered and "classicised" to a great extent by the influence of the drama, something as the rough comedy of the Greeks was chastened by the example of their tragedy.

On the other hand the French critics have come to consider that the perfecting of their classic tragedy consisted in the retrenchment of romantic elements and a consequent separation from romance with which it was at first entangled. To speak exactly, then, and with the double shading of the word romance in mind, there is, as a matter of fact, only one tragedy, the French itself and the Greek, which arrived at the same result in another way. All other tragedy contains a greater or less admixture of romance, in the shape at least of epical, "chronicle," or "heroic" elements. To be sure, the dramatic *genre*, even at its loosest, appears in itself more classical, by virtue of its superior organisation, than does narrative or "story" of any kind, as is evident from a comparison of *As You Like It* with Lodge's *Rosalind*, or of *Julius Cæsar* with North's *Plutarch*, or even of Fielding's comedies with his *Tom Jones*. But still irregular tragedy—or for that matter romantic drama as a whole—represents a relatively undifferentiated form. In Shakespeare and Calderon, for example, the essential character of chronicle and heroic poem is often so obtrusive that it can not be overlooked, even with the best will in the world, not only in scenario but in movement and plot, to say nothing of theme. Indeed, in Calderon the play is regularly nothing more than a romance cut up into lengths for the stage; while this is exactly the direction of Shakespeare's

decadence in *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*, which like the current dramatised novels have lost again the sense of a partly achieved distinction and relapsed into an imperfectly differentiated rudiment. In this way tragedy and romance become the typical *genres* of classic and romantic literature, respectively, and serve by their varying proportions to indicate the prevalence of one spirit or the other.

Such, then, is what may be called the controversial significance of the term *romantic*; for in some or all of these meanings it has been used by the promoters of certain programmes, to whose efforts, particularly those of the Germans, is due much of the confusion with which the word is covered. Such programmes find their counterpart in special classic movements like that of Dryden and that especially against which Lessing raised the banner of revolt. The point is that they are all aberrations as well of the romantic as of the classic spirit. In spite of the similarity of the name the work and the significance of these schools are quite different. And as in the case of romanticism in particular each has used the term irresponsibly to clothe its own notions, there has resulted a bewildering and contradictory set of associations connected with a single word.

On the whole, however, it has always been the disposition, if not the immediate purpose, of a movement of this kind to break with the great tradition of human culture and to reassert the merely national and popular extraction. Indeed, with A. W. Schlegel *eigentümlich* and romantic are synonyms. And as the tradition of culture originates with Greece and as the purely national and popular genealogy has its roots in mediævalism, romanticism as an eccentric movement comes sooner or later to appear as the opponent of humanism and a restorer of barbarism. Such a performance is strikingly illustrated in the *volte face* of Friedrich Schlegel, who began as a classicist and Grecian and ended as a mediævalist and Roman Catholic. In the case of German romanticism as a whole this attempt to revive mediævalism was from an early date comparatively self-conscious and perverse, and resulted in a certain carelessness of the permanent acquirements of human culture and a discontent with the real basis of human sanity, which was as dangerous as it was un-Greek. Though in France, on the other hand, romanticism has always preserved a specious air of relative sanity and moderation—it is necessary only to contrast the comparative lucidity of Rousseau

with the turgidity of the Schlegels to see the difference—I doubt whether its influence has been any less mischievous. And while both schools may be considered dead as such, they infected the literature and criticism of posterity to such an extent that they are still the most active elements of our intellectual life to-day.

Indeed, it is just this insidiousness which makes the danger of a vigorous romantic propaganda—the encouragement it gives to the barbaric and chaotic elements latent in every civilisation—the vagueness, disorder, and turbidity into which humanity is liable to relapse but of which the Greek was the most obstinate enemy that has ever existed. As a matter of fact every interruption or suspension of his culture has been followed by a romantic upheaval. I need hardly mention mediævalism itself; I need only take the most formidable shock which culture has suffered since the Renaissance—the French Revolution, succeeded as it was by the romantic agitation of Europe. Nor does it require very keen eyes to see that we ourselves are menaced by three apparitions which look like so many *revenants* of the three great institutions of the Middle Ages and which are in fact nothing but the three great rivals of humanism whatever form they may happen to take from time to time. In the first place our incipient socialism is a kind of transmogrified feudalism, a reincarnation of the principle that the individual exists for the state rather than the state for the individual; for it is indifferent after all what kind of tyrant we serve, king or demos, whether we build great communistic cathedrals or railway stations. Our technicality, too, or specialism, with its distrust of the free intelligence and its reduction of every interest, even history and literary criticism, to the exercise of a rigid methodism, is only another manifestation of the spirit which once expressed itself in scholasticism. And finally our religiosity as exemplified in spiritism of one kind and another, what is it but a survival of the mortal superstition which formerly found sanctuary in the mediæval church with its myriad hagiology and wonder-mongering? If there were to be to-day a serious outbreak of romantic fervour, it is these elements that we should find vigorously exploited and glorified as we do find them feebly and ineffectually celebrated in our present feeble and ineffectual literature.

But however this may be, it is clear that these several romantic schools agree in one respect—in their opposition to classicism of any kind, so that the name becomes still farther generalised,

particularly under the criticism of the Schlegels, to include any work of literature or any writer who is opposed to classicism, just as the romance languages are contrasted with classic Latin, either by temperament or on principle. Hence, if classic be supposed to resume the spirit illustrated by ancient literature, then romantic will embrace all that literature which has grown up in independence or in ignorance or in defiance or in neglect of that spirit. In some such fashion the word comes finally by one détour and another to denote the antithesis of classic and to imply another disposition of spirit altogether. Such is what I should like to call the critical significance of the word. A susceptibility to irregular beauty, a fondness for the striking and the unusual even at the expense of regularity and order, a preference for fascinating detail above symmetry and proportion, a predilection for the coruscations of style—for the glittering word and phrase, for the exotic and exquisite epithet, for everything that touches and thrills and dazzles, a hunger for sensation, even when these desires lead to a dissipation of the attention—such are its external qualities as far as it is profitable to analyse them at present.

II

Finally, then, if the various side-issues and incidental associations raised by the words be disregarded, classic and romantic in their broadest and most fundamental usage, that which I have ventured to call the critical, are seen to involve the recognition of a single great split or cleavage affecting in a general way the whole body of literature and dividing it into two factions or parties. Whatever confusion, ambiguity, or vagueness may be noticeable in their special or narrower attributions or in their conflicting suggestions and implications, they still testify to the underlying consciousness of an irreducible opposition of poetic temper and attitude into which all differences of literary conception and manner finally resolve and which is illustrated most clearly at its extremes in a comparison of Greek and modern literature and their representative authors and *genres*, Sophocles and Shakespeare, tragedy and romance.

With the bare recognition of the fact, however, certainty ceases. As far as it is seen to imply a principle of literary classification and discrimination, the authority of criticism has

been exerted, on the whole, for the greater part of a century, to trouble and obscure the clear perception of its real character and significance. In spite of the bankruptcy of the school it is amazing how much of its present capital criticism owes to the German romanticists without seeming to be aware of the character of the debt or even the circumstance of the obligation. In the words of a German man of letters, "the history of literature can sum up its judgment of the Schlegel brothers by saying that they are the father of modern criticism." And yet what could be more preposterous to an independent mind unswayed by a traditional superstition than the monstrous inversion by which the literary successor of mediævalism has been made to appear a representative of infinite and illimitable ideals, the literature of the idea *par excellence*, in contrast with the narrow and soulless perfection of the Greeks, whom Renan calmly declares to have been utterly destitute of moral seriousness? And since many of the gravest errors of the movement have succeeded in perpetuating themselves in this way, piecemeal and disguised, as they never could have done naked and integrally, it may not be amiss to consider briefly what new elements of confusion have been introduced into the case by the critic who has posed it systematically and a *parti pris*, from the romantic point of view, as an organic law of artistic development, and whose conclusions, modified and transformed to suit a later spirit, still serve as the basis of most of our critical distinctions. I mean Hegel.

Of all these confusions one of the most insidious, to which is due in great part the current identification of art and literature—or more exactly, the arbitrary discrimination against every variety and process of literature which fails to conform to the misleading analogy of the fine arts, together with all the vexatious corollaries which have been deduced therefrom—lies at the very roots of Hegel's theory and is assumed in his initial definition. According to the terms of that definition the essential character of art—of poetry and literature no less than of sculpture and painting—is form. Not that Hegel fails to recognise that no piece of writing offers a sensible presentment in the same precise corporeal manner as a statue or a painting—but his notion is, just the same, that the author is bound to be as concrete and plastic in the realisation of the idea as the sculptor, who is obliged actually to materialise it under a substantial figure with definite members and features set in a particular pose and expression. In

itself language does not suffice to substantiate the idea artistically any more than the stone of the sculptor; they are both but the rude unfashioned material, the stocks and stones and blocks out of which is constructed the tenement that finally lodges the idea. It is only as they are used in this way to fix the idea in a particular shape in which the idea is implicated that they come to assume a formal artistic significance. In the one case the form is evoked, in the other it is represented; but it is equally important in both—so much so that in literature as in sculpture the absence of intermediate image is conclusive evidence of want of art. By definition, therefore, it becomes impossible for literature to express its ideas immediately in words—it is no such simple and popular confusion of literary form with style into which Hegel falls; on the contrary they must be submitted to a kind of preliminary projection before their final reduction to language, so that when they eventually reach us it is as the result of a double precipitation, the one verbal, the other figurative. Such a conception, it is interesting to notice in passing, tallies with Schlegel's doctrine of poetry as a *zweite Potens*—imagination to the second power—the effect of language being squared, as it were, with that of this secondary exponent. Any writing in which the idea is not masked in this particular manner, is not art; in Hegelian phraseology it is only a case of the absolute becoming self-conscious.

From this definition of the essential character of art it results, not only that idea and image are inseparable, but that the relation between them affords a means for its discrimination historically and absolutely. In this way arise three stages or classes. In the earliest and lowest of all, which Hegel calls not very happily symbolic, the idea is overpowered by the matter with which it is invested. The peculiarity consists, not so much in the excess of bodily substance, as in the grossness of its organisation. Either the inspiration is too dull thoroughly to fuse the materials through which it seeks to manifest itself, or else the cast is so rude and clumsy that it hardly seems to be informed by any idea at all. Of course in literature the statement must be understood, not merely of the verbal composition, but of the sensuous suggestion, the spectre of reality raised by the artistic use of language, as in a laboured and impenetrable analogy like the second part of *Faust*. Of such art in general architecture absolutely and Egyptian architecture relatively are the types; for every art,

while it represents, as compared with others, some one kind or class exclusively, one being superior to another, has yet its own historical evolution and does also in its several stages illustrate all three, so conforming to the cyclic or corkscrew scheme affected by the German romanticists. In this hierarchy of art, then, architecture occupies the lowest rank. In proportion to its bulk its significance is contemptible. For its size and outlay it expresses less and expresses that little less clearly than any other art whatever, while it is in Egyptian architecture that this sense of obstruction and obscurity is at its strongest. Something it does seem to suggest—some presentiment of dark and riddling fatality, but suffocating under an incubus of meaningless masonry. In such a case, indeed, it is impossible to speak of expression in any proper meaning of the word. The production is not really expressive at all; it acts at best as a kind of sign, a hieroglyph, or in Hegel's words, a symbol of the idea. And as there is an almost ludicrous incongruity between the sign and what it signifies, like a child's drawing of reality, the effect of such an art is inevitably grotesque.

The second or classical order or degree of art arises when the idea and the form are in some sort of equilibrium. There must be a perfectly clear conception and a thoroughly adequate realisation so that neither the physical nor the spiritual is in excess of the other. On the one hand such art does not attempt to express more than its materials are capable of rendering; and on the other hand these materials are thoroughly informed and animated by the thought. Sculpture is the generic example, with its substantial but shapely proportions, its limited but sufficient import. In music, in painting, even in literature there is felt to be a want of firmness and solidity, a deficiency of body, in the media of expression. But in sculpture, and more specifically in Greek sculpture, which Hegel looks upon as the formal perfection at once of the *genre* and of art as a whole, the idea itself is just suited to corporeal representation; while the stone, though saturated with the idea, is still capable of holding it in suspension like a clear transparent solution. Evidently art like this, illustrated relatively for literature by Greek tragedy which critics still persist absurdly enough in comparing with a frieze or a bas-relief, supposes a double adaptation, not only of image to idea, but also of idea to image. It is the result of a felicitous compromise between spirit and matter—an inglorious concession, Hegel seems to think,

on the part of the former. Spiritualise the conception never so little and the marble is no longer able to do it justice. The harmony of the statue is impaired; you have one of those gnarled and gristly colossi of Michelangelo's, part seraph, part prize-fighter, agonising tempestuously in a paroxysm of thwarted aspiration. Or the medium changes; your Apollo becomes a cramped ascetic languishing ineffectually on a strip of painted canvas. In any case the integrity of the association is destroyed; the soul has hopelessly outgrown its physical habitation; and the result is a new manner or development of art, the romantic, which Hegel designates as distinctively supreme and modern.

It is not only that modern life is fuller and more varied than was ancient, it is also more profound and mysterious. On the one hand the mere spectacle and outward show of things, which constitutes the subject of artistic representation, is vaster and more bewildering than ever; on the other hand the problems it suggests, which supply the artistic theme or motif, are infinitely more baffling and inscrutable. We are no longer concerned exclusively with the present visible world of the ancients; we have become rummagers of the past, *antiquitatis perscrutatores*, and peepers upon the future. To our properly human cares and anxieties we have added the world to come, the life everlasting. Small wonder that our minds have grown overcurious, refined, and subtle; that our spirits are perturbed and troubled. Under these circumstances the artist finds himself in the presence of an accumulation of experience, emotion, conjecture, and speculation so prodigious that it is impossible for him to reduce it to any definite and palpable form of being. Since he can apprehend it himself only darkly and furtively, as it were by indirect vision, so he can communicate it only by way of suggestion or similitude. Hence the need of a more ethereal, a less earthly medium, like painting or music, or a more tenuous *genre*, like lyric poetry, for the characteristic manifestations of romantic art.

Such is, in outline, Hegel's classification and philosophy of art; or more narrowly and relevantly, such is his contribution to the definition of classic and romantic. Nor is it difficult to see, even from this hasty sketch, why the *Æsthetics* should have made its critical fortune. At its touch matters diverse and disparate seem to draw together and coalesce and take on meaning as though by enchantment; the illusion of method is complete. In this wise it appears to account for the sense of ease and satisfaction and

finality in Greek art; for the feeling of lack, the longing and nostalgia of modern art—and to do so in the most agreeable and flattering manner by ascribing the perfection of the former to a mere nicety of technical adaptation while condoning the very incapacity of the latter as a trifling physical infirmity significant only of excessive soulfulness. In such manner it takes advantage of an easy confusion between evolution and development and assumes the latest of an historical series for the greatest, regardless of the fact that decadence is as much a term of the vital series as gestation. How seriously such an oversight has affected Hegel's general conclusions I am not prepared to say. To criticise his theory as a whole would not only lead me too far afield, it would be beyond my powers. I would notice only in the application to literature one or two errors which still continue for all their gravity to perpetuate themselves in contemporary criticism.

In the first place Hegel assumes that art and literature have to do with the same sort of ideas. He takes it for granted that the idea of a picture, a sonata, and a book are all of a single denomination. But not only is such an assumption absurd, it also introduces into literature an arbitrary and artificial distinction by confusing its manner or method too with that of art. Not only is it evident on the face of it that neither a painting nor a sonata expresses the same order of ideas as a book, but it is evident that neither expresses its proper idea in the same manner—if indeed a painting or a sonata can be said to express an idea at all. To believe otherwise is to leave one kind of literature out of account altogether. On such a supposition only that kind of writing in which the idea is disguised in concrete circumstance in such a way as to lose resemblance to itself and become fixed in the mind under some particular physical aspect, belongs to art. All writing, on the contrary, which attempts to give an account of its ideas without the assistance of such an intermediary, is not art; it is the resolution of art. To speak exactly, then, literature, in as far as it is art, would exist in the first instance, not for the expression of ideas at all, but for the evocation of images. Such a hard and fast distinction drawn straight through the body of literature I for one can not admit. I can not group the drama, the epic, the novel on one side of such an imaginary line; and the essay, criticism, history, oratory, it may be, on the other. Without farther reason I can not applaud Thackeray when he narrates and condemn him when he reflects. I can not reserve my ad-

miration solely for the figure and my contempt for the *mot propre*. It would be better to withdraw literature from under the wing of art altogether—nor is the name of such favourable literary augury these days that any serious-minded critic should stickle for it—for literature is all of a piece and indivisible by virtue of the exact identity of its materials and its intention.

And here again, though it amounts to much the same thing in the end, Hegel fails to make a second vital distinction. The materials of the artist—the stone of the sculptor, the colours of the painter, the notes of the musician—are not naturally suitable for the communication of ideas. In themselves they are not properly expressive. They serve only as the groundwork of a physical contrivance in which some sort of idea is at best implicit and which serves to suggest the idea vaguely and uncertainly—or rather, certain of its circumstantial characteristics. It is almost as though the idea were accidental, or at least incidental, in art—so much so that many modern artists, notably writers so styled like Gautier and Maupassant, have denied its existence altogether.

But the function of language, on the contrary, is precisely the immediate identification and definition of ideas. Its significance resides solely in expression. Hence the curious transfer whereby the term has come to mean in literature, not the purport or sense of a certain detail of execution as in the fine arts, but the phrase itself. As a result literature is explicit by its very constitution. To be in character it is bound to be intellectual. When it ceases to be so, it becomes inferior or worthless. Even emotion must be rationalised if it is to agree with the structure of language. In short literature is quite another thing than art, not only in method but in spirit. It does not live, as painting and sculpture do in the world of physical forms at all, but incorporeally and in the idea. And consequently it is only by a kind of licence that it can be said to exist, as is so often glibly repeated, for the creation of the beautiful. Since it is deprived of anything like substantial figure or material contour, the epithet beautiful has no exact and literal meaning when applied to it. In a strict use of terms an idea is neither beautiful nor ugly; it is true or false. Or if it is beautiful in any sense, it is so only in an applied and secondary one by the fineness of its truth. While as for poetry, though I hope I appreciate its sensuous charms as much as any man, yet they are at best but ancillary to the thought and even in themselves

again are beautiful, not in a precise definition, but merely figuratively and by way of a trope. Such is the mischief that results from the attempt to convert an innocent manner of speaking into a hard and fast formula that many have unthinkingly accepted as a scientific specification what has but an approximate and descriptive value, to the detriment of the whole conception and theory of poetry. The manner of literature, like its matter, is proper to itself; it has attractions of its own comparable after a fashion with those of music, with whose general movement and development it corresponds much more closely than with painting or sculpture, but by no means identical with them even in that limited sense which makes perfection of style an art or beauty, as well as an end, in itself.

As a matter of fact, what Hegel has done, is virtually to raise a prejudice against all literature which is expressive rather than suggestive—that is to say, which is not romantic. Since art is incapable of conveying an idea except indirectly and by means of an image, it is a natural inference that a perfectly clear and explicit literature, inasmuch as it is inartistic, is in some degree inferior. And this impression is deepened by a recognition of the following corollaries of the theory.

Since romantic art is characterised by a disparity between conception and expression, it must approach in effect the first and most primitive manner of art, the symbolic. To be sure, Hegel implies that the one is over-spiritualised, while the other is under-spiritualised. But his classification is based entirely upon the relation of form to idea; and both cases are marked equally by a disproportion between the two. To all intents and purposes the result is the same; both are imperfect art. And since in the one case as in the other the realisation is hardly more than a sign of the idea, a hieroglyph more or less arbitrary and inadequate, a mere intimation rather than an indication, romantic art is essentially as symbolic as its predecessor. Such a consequence, indeed, Schleiermacher makes no bones about accepting, though with a slight distinction—it is hardly a difference—in defining romantic art as allegorical—a definition which Heine adopts and elaborates, after his own fashion, in his *Romantische Schule*, though his approval has by no means the force of a concession. And finally, in consequence of the discrepancy between the idea and its expression there arises in both instances the same sense of almost ludicrous incongruity, the "grotesque,"

which Hegel himself remarked in "symbolic" art and which Hugo in his preface to *Cromwell* recognised as a note of romantic art too—a declaration which Schlegel had in a manner anticipated with his "transcendental irony." Hence, thanks to a question-begging definition, the highest manifestation of literature, by force of being romantic, becomes identified with a kind of writing originally symbolic or allegorical in character, in which the idea tends to shrink farther and farther behind the material incident and circumstance with which it is at first incorporated, until it virtually disappears altogether.

From these considerations it would seem as though Hegel must have divined the character of romanticism very imperfectly —at least in its relation to literature. In particular he has failed to detect the circumstance—perhaps he was too unfavourably situated to do so both from the literary and the historical point of view—that this romanticism which he has celebrated as a literature of boundless aspiration, is characterised in principle by an almost slavish subservience to sense. And yet his system logically contains the whole formula of *l'art pour l'art* and of "naturalism." The insistence upon the value of form, upon the sensuous garniture of the idea, is sufficient to motive the former movement; while the indifference to clearness of expression in comparison with the importance he attaches to concrete and objective realisation—or rather, materialisation—seems to make it inevitable that what was at first a mere medium or vehicle for the transmission of thought, should gradually lose its ulterior significance, like a painted window with the light gone out of it, and become an end in itself, like any other opaque and impervious surface. So it is pertinent to observe that the French "neo-romanticists"—Gautier, Flaubert, the Goncourts—though but sectaries and representative only of a local and limited romanticism, were virtually realists—however they might resent the imputation—at the same time that they professed to be "artists" exclusively and preoccupied solely with "form." From them to the "naturalists" was but half a step, as is indicated by their intimacy and sympathy with Zola, who at once riotously impressionistic and meticulously documentary seems to unite the two extremes of the movement in his own person. In short, it is towards actuality that the current of romanticism, in its main waters as in its several branches, steadily sets. In principle the romanticists have always found their affair, not exactly in

representing things as they are, but in reproducing the sense of headiness and intoxication, the giddiness and *Rausch* with which the excitable spirit of the poet is affected in the immediate presence of life—rather than in fathoming its significance and rationalising its apparent inconsequences. Or more accurately, they have pretended to find this significance in the sensations proper to existence. Hence the characteristic suggestiveness, the romantic "wonder," generated by the imitation of nature and explicable by the absence of definite intellectual content, as a shadowy corner looks the more mysterious the emptier it is.

This connection between romanticism and what we are accustomed to call by another name and to think of erroneously as something quite different, is expressed by the Spanish critic and scholar, Menendez y Pelayo, himself a romanticist by the fatal impulsion of blood and nationality, in so clear and final a fashion that it would be mere pedantry not to quote him *literatim*:

"At the bottom of every first-rate work of art there is, in our opinion, a multitude of ideas which have never perhaps crossed the mind of the poet in their abstract and general expression, but which actually underlie the concrete and palpable forms of his work, as they underlie life itself, of which every dramatic work worthy of the name is an idealised transcript. And the richer and more complete the reality reflected in the work of art, so much the greater is the number of ideas which, thanks to it, are revealed and made manifest to the eyes of the readers."

Precisely. In spite of the deceptive solidity of its pretensions naturalism so-called is only a variant of romanticism—romanticism on all fours, if you like, but still romanticism. Minor differences aside, they concur essentially in asserting the substantial identity of literature and life. To the one as to the other the cardinal virtue of art is to lend itself, like nature, to an unlimited variety of interpretations in presenting a surface which produces virtually the same order of sensations and involves the same order of ideas. The rest is merely a matter of relative emphasis. If the interpretation seems transcendental to the romanticist and scientific to the naturalist, it does so because the significance is indefinite, as a cloud may resemble anything as long as its figure remains undefined.

Candidly, it can hardly be said that Hegel himself blinks this kinship altogether, whatever derivative criticism may do; he divines it, to be sure, but very imperfectly. "In the representa-

tion of sensible forms," he observes, "art is no longer afraid to take to her bosom reality with all its imperfections. Beauty has ceased to be indispensable; the ugly has come to occupy a prominent place in her creations." But though his formula seems, after the event, to provide for the contingency, it is doubtful whether he himself would have been prepared at the time to open his arms to such a portentous apparition as Zola; for the point is, he fails to conceive of romanticism in any but its more local and secular manifestations. To its broader aspect as a characteristic product of modernism, the summation of a series in which "naturalism" is but a single term, he is pretty well blinded. If anything, he appears to regard the research of actuality as a symptom of romantic decline and is disposed to terminate the movement, whose very being is the cult of sensation, at the moment when it begins to come of age and declare itself for what it is.

On the whole, then, temerarious as it may seem to say so, the greatest objection to which Hegel's conclusions—or rather, the criticism which derives from them is liable from the point of view of literature, is superficiality. And indeed, in treating literature substantially as an affair of form on the same footing with the arts he himself is not guiltless of confounding the essential with the incidental. In such arts as painting and sculpture it is hardly going too far to say that it is the form which solicits the idea; in literature, on the contrary, it is the idea which appropriates the form. In art, that is to say, the idea is accessory—and even then it is mainly an idea about form and material; while in literature it is paramount and principal, the form merely receives and contains it. Literature, then, as far as it is true to itself and its own character, is not so much concerned to image life as to commemorate some idea about it—or in other words to interpret it. Hence any satisfactory classification of the subject must proceed, not from form or yet from the relation between form and idea, but solely from the ideas which alone give significance to its interpretations.

Now, as a matter of fact, the interpretations of classic and romantic literature seem in a broad and general way to be informed by two distinct ideas or conceptions of life. To the former life is at bottom an illustration of moral principles, whose main interest is human and rational. To the latter, as far as it illustrates anything at all, its interest is "natural" and "scien-

tific"; it is an illustration of physical law. From the literary point of view life has always presented itself to the romanticist as a subject of powerful if impermanent sensations, a spectacle of inexhaustible variety and brilliancy, capable of an indefinite amount of emotional stimulation. It is so to Zola and Tolstoi as truly as to Victor Hugo and Shakespeare. As far as their reports yield any clear and consistent idea of it, they yield only such an idea as is proper to actuality itself—an idea of "natural" or mechanical congruity. In other words, while the classicist found his motive of literary order in the integrity of the human spirit, the modern seeks for his in the uniformity of nature.

To Sophocles, for instance, the course of human events would seem to have been regulated exclusively in accordance with some abstract principle of absolute justice, which provided automatically for the correction or suppression of the offender in proportion to the gravity and danger of his guilt. An offence once committed, it was as impossible for the offender to evade the moral responsibility by pleading the purity of his intentions as to escape the physical consequences; indeed, they were one and the same. The act itself was sufficient to imperil the moral order, as a civil crime is now felt to imperil our social order; and it was visited accordingly upon the transgressor, not with the discretion of a human arrest but with the same relentlessness and impassibility as what we speak of loosely nowadays as an infringement of "natural" law. Indeed, Sophocles' providence or fate or whatever it may be called, appears in its workings singularly like our "nature" save that it is thoroughly and inherently moral and relevant, for to such a conception there was naturally no accident. Character as such had no more to do with the one law than it has to do with the other; the child who holds his hand to the fire is sacrificed as inevitably as Antigone no matter how amiable his disposition. Man was all of a piece; what he was and did, was as much a part of him as what he purposed. Happiness was, therefore, a moral issue, success, an evidence as a result of virtue.

Naturally such a position is no longer tenable. With the modern notion of physical causation consequences have become in themselves morally irrelevant. Guilt or innocence is but an imputation. What happens is merely a term in a mechanical series and without moral significance of any kind. Let the statue of Mitys fall upon the murderer's head as it may, it will never quicken our conscience a jot. When the religious man like

Nicias goes to the wall, we conclude only that he has failed to hit things off somehow and we call him superstitious for his pains; his piety is beside the mark. Such a philosophy, however, if logically enforced, as it is in science, is felt to be fantastically superficial; it fails to satisfy the heart, it is dramatically impossible. In spite of such prepossessing names as "utilitarianism" and "Nietzscheism" the effort to dissolve humanity in nature has had but a partial success as yet; and where it has most succeeded, literature has most suffered. On the whole the serious drama has attempted to save the moral issue by a kind of compromise in transferring human responsibility from act to intention. Hence the tragedy of character. But even in this view happiness is nothing more than a clever adjustment to "environment" and illustrates nothing one way or another—except Darwinism. The unscrupulous may succeed; there is no power interested in frustrating them—indeed, they are more likely to do so than not, they are the least handicapped. And so, as a matter of fact, they do in Shakespeare's historical plays, where he was unable to tamper with his materials. On the other hand the scrupulous may go to the ground, as in a drama of the general type of *Hamlet*. From this dilemma again tragedy tries to extricate itself with greater and greater difficulty. We still have moral prejudices and we occasionally withdraw our situation from the domain of nature to that of conscience. We like to show occasionally that the villainous arithmetician may bungle his calculations like Iago. Or after all, like Claudius, he may not be so prosperous as he looks. But then unless we do violence to our logic of nature—as Shakespeare is not always adverse to doing when he can and as there is always great temptation to do—such a man's unhappiness must be subjective and so more or less unfit for dramatic exhibition. And so from all these compromises and concessions there results a kind of fundamental inconsistency and insincerity about our serious romantic drama—it is not tragedy at all, but a nondescript; for tragedy is impossible without an unflinching moral vision. The sole relief is to save our sympathy for the virtuous but unhandy hero and his cause and to cover his adversary with contumely. The resolution is purely human, it is a kind of *argumentum ad hominem;* there is no vestige of divinity about it.

But such speculations are premature. They only illustrate in the persistent *genre* of drama the two different conceptions of

life and its significance which determine romantic and classic literature. That this difference of idea may have occasional differences of form in the only sense in which the word has any meaning for literature—that is, of style and structure—I am far from denying. But the latter sort of difference is merely a secondary characteristic.

The principal and primary matter is the difference of view. And in the determination of this essential difference modern criticism, riddled as it is with the misconceptions and misrepresentations of romanticism, gives us little assistance. And yet with this uncertainty fastened upon it, without a clear understanding of the character of the fundamental interpretations which literature undertakes, how shall criticism hope to arrive at any final conclusion on any subject? Indeed, this is the reason that all our criticism is so uncertain, groping, and tentative the moment it abandons pure description and undertakes to deal with anything larger than an isolated phenomenon, a mere biographical or philological detail; it lacks the elementary generalisation, the basis of classification.

For these reasons I can not help thinking that one of the first requisites for a sound criticism in the future is a general rectification of values founded upon an examination of the ideas at the bottom of Greek and modern literature—not a squabble over classicism and romanticism in the narrower and sectarian sense of the words, but a comparison of the two dispositions of spirit illustrated by the two orders of literature as a whole. In a single breath, what we need is a fundamental literary criticism which shall differ from philology and history in being a criticism of principles and from æsthetics in devoting itself to the peculiarities of literature as distinct from the fine arts—that is to say, as a medium of ideas. And in this task it seems as though comparative literature might find its most useful occupation at the present time. I can not believe that it is by a confrontation of verbal or conceptual borrowings, or by a juxtaposition of haphazard parallelisms, much less by a nosing of recondite analogies through a maze of barren dialects in which a flower of poetry never bloomed, that comparative literature is going to quicken our gratitude or justify its high pretensions. But rather it is by the definition of certain universal ideas and principles which are appreciable only by contrast, much as our sensation is itself a matter of variety. And not only is the task I have ventured to

propose of such a sort—not only is it in itself a worthy and desirable work—but it is also one well worthy of the breadth, the learning, and the disinterestedness to which comparative literature lays claim.

Such a task is hardly to be accomplished or even undertaken by a single writer or all at once. But it may be performed little by little and by many hands. Every critic who attempts, however small his scope, to exhibit the vital connection between literature and life, who eschews mere formal and verbal dialectic to elicit his author's ideas, who keeps a sure hold on reality and illustrates his subjects by his experience, who judges not by caprice or convention but by principle—such a critic is contributing his share to the making of such a criticism.

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THE PROBLEM OF CONTROVERSIES

Controversy has been one of the plagues of society from the beginning. Nor have ages of civilisation availed to stamp out the plague of contention. In his *Descent of Man* Darwin observes, "Selfish and contentious people will not cohere and without coherence nothing can be effected"—a statement of which the events of yesterday and to-day in Mexico, Cuba, and Central America are sufficient illustration.

At the first glance it would seem that the solution of the problem of controversies, which is nothing less than the problem of civilisation itself, would lie in the largest use of the judiciary and that it should be the policy of the state to require a judicial determination of all disputes in courts of justice. Such an extension of the field of the judiciary, it would seem, ought to insure justice in all human relations and secure to every individual the exact portion due him. But this expectation meets with a rude shock in the actual attitude of the judiciary—an attitude that has existed for generations. The inflexible rule of the common law is and always has been to discourage the judicial determination of disputes and to encourage, in every way possible, settlements out of court. The rule is embodied in the statutory law in the American states. It is found in provisions for arbitration and offers of compromise and in the policy of sustaining agreements to compromise disputes irrespective of the terms of adjustment. Further, it is deemed an act of impropriety for an attorney to encourage litigation. The very tribunal that is equipped to do exact justice, hangs over its entrance door the injunction, "Keep out."

Is this attitude the result of whim and caprice or is it based on something more fundamental? Theoretically the object of the judiciary is to settle disputes and put them at an end. As a matter of fact the actual result of a judicial determination is often the beginning of endless litigation. The Iowa calf case where two farmers litigated until the costs absorbed their farms is not an invention. It is a very frequent occurrence for litigants to continue the fight until no possible benefit can result to either. Observation of such effects have impressed the judiciary with the

feeling that controversy is dangerous, that every effort should be made to arrest it before it gets into the courts and to settle it out of court after litigation is begun. Judges realise that the justice and equity of a decree avail nothing to stop contention when the controversial spirit is rife. Such a decree is decisive and final if the litigants are in an attitude to receive it. If they are under the spell of the controversial spirit, it is the beginning, not the end. Had the Dred Scott decision been supported by unquestioned premises and flawless reasoning, the result would have been the same. The temper of the combatants was such that settlement by judicial decree was impossible.

The courts themselves have not been able to resist the influence of the controversial spirit, and their lack of efficiency, as the peacemaker of society, is in part due to their own rules of practice and procedure. In theory a judicial trial is an investigation carried on in the spirit with which the scientist conducts his researches in his laboratory. Practically it is a fight conducted by extreme partisans and the judge is merely an umpire. The proceeding is controversial to the core. No sooner do the jurors take the oath to try the case fairly and impartially than the game of the opposing counsel begins to break down their judicial temper, to create sympathy for his client, to arouse prejudice against his adversary. The object to which the counsel's efforts are directed is to secure a verdict through personal favour. This system has created a type of trial lawyers who use effectively the art of the playwright and actor. They plan the surroundings for psychological effect. If the party has a family, the wife and babies are brought in to sit through the trial. The mother is instructed to have the children do little things that will attract the attention and sympathy of the jurors. In the examination and treatment of witnesses by counsel, the art of the actor is again brought into play. If the testimony is damaging the counsel suggests by his attitude and demeanour that his innocent client is being attacked by unscrupulous adversaries and that he himself can with difficulty restrain the feelings of an outraged conscience. Finally in the argument the climax is reached. Modelled on Anthony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar, it groups all the psychological elements in the trial to break down the judicial temper and create the partisan attitude. In all trials involving political, social, or personal elements the method is effective. In one field of litigation—actions to recover dam

ages for personal injuries—trials have ceased in large part to be judicial proceedings. In a recent opinion, the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, one of the ablest of state courts, declares that, "to speak of the common law of personal injury actions as a remedy for the problem is to jest with serious subjects." The combination of elements in these actions—bodily suffering, a contest between an individual and large aggregations of capital—is too great a strain upon judicial procedure as now constituted. The oath to weigh evidence impartially, to disregard perjured testimony, to ignore personal considerations, counts for naught. The verdict is the product of sympathy for the individual and prejudice against aggregations of capital.

No doubt this contention is hastening the enactment of workmen's compensation acts and is not an unmixed evil. The same statement may be made of all calamities. Scourges of yellow fever, malaria, and typhoid fever have stimulated the development of sanitary science and made human life more secure. And yet all this is beside the point. The question under consideration is the power of the courts to obtain the consent of society to settle controversies in accordance with judicial standards. It is a matter of common knowledge with experienced lawyers that controversies, intensely personal in character, especially those involving social and political issues, undermine judicial proceedings. In such instances the weight of the evidence does not control the findings of fact; or legal principles, the conclusions of law. In many instances the judges instinctively feel that the sentence of the law will not be accepted by society as final, but will be the beginning of interminable litigations.

No doubt the strain upon the courts would be to some extent lessened if the adversary character of law procedure were eliminated. If the atmosphere of the court room were the atmosphere of the science laboratory, if the trained investigator intent only upon the discovery of the truth took the place of the belligerent lawyer, the decrees of the court would be more effective to put an end to disputes. The success of the attempt at final adjustment depends in large measure upon the attitude of the parties and the manner in which the inquiry is conducted.

Moreover, if the function of the judiciary is to adjust and terminate disputes of society—and that is the principal reason for its existence—the procedure should be such as to further this end. Under existing conditions the judge is tied hand and foot.

He is not permitted to take any part in the inquiry. His training, his disinterested attitude, would enable him to be of the greatest service if he were to take the initiative in the investigation. His experience in trials, his knowledge of men, his capacity to weigh testimony would be of great service to the jury; but he is forbidden to speak. The man, whom the state has expended its funds to educate for this special service, in the investigation of the merits of the controversy, is required to sit in silence while untrained and inexperienced men, chosen by lot, often typical of the prejudice of the community, are the exponents of the judiciary.

Furthermore, if the judiciary is the peacemaker of society, if its function is to bring disputes to an end, why should not the judge use his office to bring about voluntary settlements? Is it necessary that he should be silent when he sees litigation degenerating into a quarrel and the process of the courts used to gratify personal feelings? It subserves the interest of the advocate to take all the initiative away from the judge and to make him a mere umpire in the fight. The advocate naturally desires absolute control over litigation. The judge represents the state; the advocate the individual. Why should not the state have a voice in matters so vital to its interests? The public is fully aware that the operating cost of a large amount of litigation exceeds the value of the property involved and is a waste of the time, the money, and the energy of the litigants. A proceeding less adversary in character would no doubt prevent in part this waste.

The adversary character of legal procedure will be an increasing element of weakness in the litigation of the future. Industry has become highly organised and centralised with the result that controversies between majority and minority groups are increasing. These are the most difficult to settle, for the real problem of society, as John Stuart Mill points out in his essay on "Liberty," is the capacity of the majority to deal justly with the minority. "The will of the people," he says, "practically means the will of the most numerous or most active part of the people; the majority of those who succeed in making themselves accepted as the majority; the people consequently may desire to oppress a part of their number, and precautions are as much needed against this as against any other abuse of power."

Politicians, whose positions present or prospective are neces-

sarily dependent on the favour of the majority, answer Mill with the hackneyed phrase, that the people are always fair. Possibly this is true if the case be judged on their own premises. The test of fairness in controversies is the willingness to stand aside and allow a disinterested tribunal to decide the issue. When the plaintiff acts both as a party and as judge, the result is naturally satisfactory to him. It is unnecessary to go deeply into the archives of history for illustrations of the unfairness of the majority. Reconstruction days in the South, the treatment of the negroes, of the Chinese and Japanese on the Pacific Coast, are sufficient to remind us that a selfish and prejudiced majority acts precisely as a selfish and prejudiced individual. The majority is merely a group of individuals; and individuals acting as a group do not part with their human nature. Angry men acting individually or collectively are incapable of administering justice.

Again, in the controversies with minorities it is difficult for the majority to understand its real position. Unconsciously it assumes that it is the public, unmindful of the fact that the public cannot be less than one hundred per cent. of the population. An incident in a recent political campaign illustrates this attitude. A rate controversy had been decided by a court in an action in which the public, nominally, and the railroad company were the parties. It was decided against the railroad company, and the judge who wrote the opinion was a candidate for re-election. In this controversy approximately ninety per cent. of the people were selfishly interested in reducing the rate; the other ten per cent. were selfishly interested in sustaining it. During the campaign the attorney-general of the state, who nominally represented the state, actually the majority interested in reducing the rates, totally oblivious of the judicial character of the proceeding, gave out an interview in the press eulogising the judge and pointing to the decision as an instance of his devotion to the public. Imagine the horror of the public if the decision had gone for the ten per cent. minority and the attorney for the railroad company had pointed to it as proof of the judge's devotion to the railroad. The published view of the attorney-general implied that it was the function of the court to register the wishes of the majority and that the proceeding was judicial only in name. The real situation was that the selfish interest of ninety per cent. was pitted against the selfish interests of ten per cent., and it was the

duty of the court to determine what was just as between then
For the judge to lean to either side was a violation of his oatl
The attitude of the attorney-general, therefore, implied that th
judge was unmindful of his oath; that he was not a judge but
friend of the majority.

Such an attitude is inevitable when a militant majority is
party to a judicial proceeding. The attitude of self-surrender
essential to the success of judicial decrees. This is precisely th
attitude a militant majority will not take. When litigants a
in this temper either the judge must bend to the dominant will
his decree does not terminate the controversy. In internation
disputes the dominant will still controls the result. While th
international court is in the making, states are not yet ready
accept the self-surrender attitude essential to the success
judicial procedure. It is natural that the attitude of th
dominant element of the public in international affairs shou
be reflected in its attitude in internal affairs.

Modern conditions tend to make this problem more and mo
perplexing. Before the advent of the daily press and th
telegraph it was not possible to focus public sentiment at
given moment. Now a dramatic appeal fires the mind fro
Maine to California on the same morning. Suggestion on
limited to small groups now plays upon the whole globe on th
same day and there has come in response the public moo
Emotional life in the individual is impatient of restraint an
emotional life in the public has the same characteristic. Regar
less of the preparation of the country or the possibility of
peaceful settlement of difficulty, the emotional American publ
drove the administration into war with Spain. It may be that
peaceful adjustment through diplomacy was not possible; b
whether it was or was not, the result would have been the sam
The dramatic portrayal of the conditions in Cuba in the dai
press applied the powerful current of suggestion and the resultin
public mood made its will irresistible. Immediate action w
demanded, whether or not military forces were ready or dipl
macy was able to effect an adjustment. If the force of suggesti
continues to play upon internal and domestic controversie
similar situations will arise and the will of the emotional publ
will be impatient of judicial proceedings. No doubt in th
process of time society will come to realise the cost of contr
versy and will learn self-control. When that day will arrive

one dares prophesy. While man is impatient of delay, the creative process seems to be indifferent whether a result is produced in a day or a million years. Public sentiment, the new power that is the product of modern conditions, rightly directed will energise society and make for progress. There is danger in it, for it is born of elemental passions which still justify murder under the unwritten law, the burning of negroes at the stake, the dynamiting of buildings filled with innocent occupants. It scorns the ideals of the judiciary and refers to them in contemptuous language as "the ark of the covenant." It grabs by force a site for an inter-ocean canal and it justifies the seizure on the ground that the public needs the canal and cannot wait on the slow process of negotiation.

The problem at the dawn of civilisation is the problem of civilisation still. Contention at the beginning was the destroyer of progress and its character is still unchanged. The political issues of to-day, banking, currency, tariff, regulation of trusts, on their merits, present problems far less complicated than the engineering problems involved in the construction of the Panama Canal. One is being worked out quietly, rapidly, and effectively; the others are hopelessly involved in controversy. Municipal administration here and elsewhere is continually threatened by the spirit of insurrection. Indeed the recall of public officers has become the platform of modern democracy.

These are the conditions which embarrass the judiciary, as the peacemaker of society. It has often failed because it lacked wisdom, experience, and foresight. Judges are human beings and have all the faults of human beings; but with its many imperfections and mistakes in the disposal of cases its ideals are still of incalculable value to society. It is the one department of the state dedicated to the proposition that the attitude of the judge shall be the attitude of the scientist in his laboratory. To measure up to this ideal the judge must not only acquire the scientist's point of view but must divest himself of every vestige of passion and prejudice. He must be not merely a disinterested inquirer after truth but a humanitarian whose sympathies are as broad as life itself. Otherwise he fails in the function of judge.

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THE SOCRATIC BERGSON

Perhaps the greatness of a great character is best to be seen i the multitude of analogies which it evokes; at any rate, th quality of suggestiveness makes secure draft upon our garrulou human interest and certifies for its possessor some substantia credit. More than any other man Bergson is the butt of ou contemporary curiosity; and since Bergson is by profession thinker, and since a thinker, unlike your man of deeds, is b profession never obvious, it becomes a matter of moment t discover just why he so touches us to the quick. The answer i indicated, I think, by a countryman of Bergson's, Édouard L Roy, who has put the names of Bergson and Socrates in suggestiv collocation. Immediately we grasp the analogy and guess th source of Bergson's suggestive power; for we remember Socrate own image of himself as a gadfly rousing the noble but somnolen steed to action. We have been long lost in admiration of th mighty thews, the glossy flanks, the high carriage of our intellec tual Pegasus; it has remained for Bergson to show him lumberin and scant of breath.

I

"'Know thyself': the ancient maxim has remained the devic of philosophy since Socrates, the device which marks at least tha initial moment where, bending toward the depths of the subjec it undertakes its proper work of penetration, whereas scienc continues a surface expansion. To this venerable motto eac philosophy, turn by turn, has given a commentary and an ap plication. But M. Bergson, more than any other, has pro foundly renewed the sense of this, as of all that he touches. These are words with which M. Le Roy introduces his analog and assuredly they are words that merit some pondering by thos who are in quest of the well-spring of that humanism which w carry back to the Greeks—too often, I suspect, with the lugu brious conviction that it was dried at the source.

Socrates, Augustine, Descartes, Kant,—yes, and Bergso each of these men is great because he has sought to know fir

of all his own soul. And all, save as yet the last, have inspired great edifices of philosophy, which we count as the treasure-houses of human thinking. They are men of a type: pertinacious questors in their central realm, indifferent to the learning which makes our average pride, eager for some internal truth where others rest content with outward show. The knowledge which they seek bears the better name of wisdom; for it is never that illusion of intellect which dissipates itself in chimerical consumption of second intentions, but always an intimate intuition so bound to conduct that it can point the effective way to men's salvation. It is knowledge that joins to action; it is humanistic knowledge in the only true sense of humanism.

Socrates, Xenophon says, would not dispute of that which the Sophists call "the world" nor yet of the laws which govern the movements of the stars; his interest was in human affairs, above all in justice and courage and temperance and wisdom. He "brought philosophy down from heaven," diverting men's attention from τὸ ὄν to τὸ ἀγαθόν, from ontology to morality. The world "below the Moon" was the world of his concern; and we must remember the sharp division which the ancients made of this sublunary realm; above the Moon is the region of motions eternal and incorruptible, below it is the domain not only of spatial change, of physical motion, but also of that change in time, generation and decay, of which the Moon's own crescence and senescence is, so to speak, an image. Θνατὰ θνατοῖσι πρέπει: surely mortal things befit mortality! and what is more truly ours than this precious transiency of love and birth and death? and what more alien to us than a Being transcendently aloof, whether in space or in thought, from all the change and season of our days? All the ontological scheming and proclaiming of the pre-Socratics —what trivial matter it seems when the "midwife of souls" begins asking after the Good!

In a recent number of the *Revue Néo-Scolastique*, an entirely devout Thomist assails the Bergsonian notion of time. "In reading the long and subtle developments given by the author to this thesis" (the intuition of time), says M. Farges, "it is impossible for a philosopher even a little familiar with the conceptions of general metaphysics and of ontology not to be struck by the number and gravity of the confusions of ideas there encountered. The most fundamental of our classic conceptions have been more or less emptied of their natural meaning, muti-

lated, topsy-turvied at pleasure, to such point of distraction as tc seize with vertigo an inexperienced reader. If we may be per mitted the expression, we would say—without wishing to impugr in the least the intentions of the author—that it is a veritable 'sabotage' of ontology." *Un vrai "sabotage" d'Ontologie!* And our Thomist goes on to show—with what pious horror best leave to surmise—that Bergson has violated all the categorical conven tions which make the philosophy of Aquinas the most categorica and conventional of all philosophies. Bergson will not play the dialectic game—the essence of which is to concede the dialecti ontology. Was it not just so that Socrates shocked the "phy sicians of ignorance"—Hippias answering questions of astronomy *ex cathedra* and Protagoras sulking because Socrates would no "sail on his sea of words, beyond sight of land?"

Astronomy and dialectic are no doubt noble exercises, be fitting the high court of philosophy; but it is God alone who ca always geometrise. For mere mortals the urgency of conduct i fundamental in life; leisure for thought follows after; ethics is th essential science; ontology and logic are luxuries of the fortunate And if at times we lose ourselves in the fatuous game of abstrac tion, forgetting the human scale of values and sacrificing ou energies in hybristic attempts upon the empyrean, then surel the best gift of philosophy is a recall to the senses. "Socrate autem primus"—these are the famous words of Cicero—"philc sophiam devocavit e caelo et in urbibus conlocavit et in domu etiam introduxit et coegit de vita et moribus rebusque bonis e malis quaerere."

II

The mind in search of analogies must surely be struck by th many analogies between pre-Socratic Greek philosophy and th philosophy called modern. Not a school of the one but finds i analogue in the other. The Milesian evolutionists could n have missed their kinship with Herbert Spencer, and τὸ ἄπειρ is clearly cousin german to the "Unknowable." Heraclitea flux and Sophistic scepticism find their parallels in modern se sationalism and the scepticism of Hume. The relationship of th Pythagoreans to our mathematical physicists is as obvious that of the Democritean atomism to our own prevailing materia ism. The Eleatics are the veritable archetype of Germa

Absolute Idealism; and if Hegel is the modern Parmenides, we no less securely identify a modern Zeno in Mr. Bradley, who with triumphant dialectic reduces his master's teachings to absurdity. I need not speak of the new school of Protagoras; they are everywhere self-proclaiming.

Plainly, the stage is superbly cleared for a modern Socrates—provided, of course, that we still have something to hope from philosophy; for to a certain type of mind the Greeks have long since pronounced the final philosophic dicta; henceforth human experience can but exemplify what they, in their primal wisdom, once for all enunciated. As Santayana expresses it—with an apodictic austerity which brooks no question—"the age of controversy is past; that of interpretation has succeeded." It seems to me that this is a familiar note; the gaunt and corded physiognomy of Mediæval thinking rises before me, ascetically humble before the oracular Authority of the Past, but savagely intolerant of the plastic and vital flesh which alone can give the impress of character to what else must be but caricature of our essential humanity. The main difference is that where your Mediævalist lays his stress upon the omniscience of Providence, our classicists extol the omniscience of the Greeks—and as the Greeks were undeniably human, *ipso facto* their disciples are humanists (indeed, I should add *the* humanists).

And human it is—to sigh for Saturn's golden reign, to remember Paradise with tears,—for dreams such as these mark the unconquerable idealism of a race which, mired in the black and stinking present, must yet project its vision of perfection into some roseate dawn of life. But is it less human to look forward? Canaan, Utopia, the Celestial City, which we can strive for as well as innerly see,—are not these, too, humane? and because they are inspirations to effort as well as patterns of delight, should we therefore cast them forth? If contemplation is the only virtue, if action is necessarily base, I am one who is not ashamed to be reckoned in with the anthropologists—horrific folk who, remembering that the Greeks anointed their bodies with ointment from flasks of gracious form and delicate design, with the same thought recall the strong butter which enriches the shining beauty of the black African, and thank their benignant stars that creams and pomades are more reticent than of yore.

Unquestionably Socrates would have enjoyed a voyage to Laputa. What a fine ironic speech he would have made about

it! But would he have discovered wisdom amid the star-gazers? "One man makes a vortex all round, and steadies the earth by the heaven; another gives the air as a support to the earth, which is a sort of broad trough. Any power which in arranging them as they are arranges them for the best never enters into their minds; and instead of finding any superior strength in it, they rather expect to discover another Atlas of the world who is stronger and more everlasting and more containing than the good;—of the obligatory and containing power of the good they think nothing and yet this is the principle which I would fain learn if any one would teach me."

I am not affirming that Bergson is in every respect the Socrates of to-day. In many respects William James seems more nearly to hold the character—with his eager and many-sided inquisitiveness, his wilful insistence upon the concrete, his inability to see ideas other than as principles of action, his power to seize and inspire his fellow men. James is like Socrates in all this; but the Socrates of to-day is a temper rather than an individual; it is actuating the thought of many men, demanding of them that their philosophic search be a search after the good, and a good that shall be not an object of contemplation but a pattern of conduct. In France—a nation whose social genius makes it a natural field for the Socratic spirit—this temper is most marked; and it is in France that Bergson has performed the needful and characteristically Socratic office of confuting the Laputians. The modern mind has been afflicted with a kind of spiritual astigmatism, impelling it to bifocalise the world from every angle of observation—"physical and psychical," "mechanical and teleological," "appearance and reality," all the nonsensical compartmentalising which we have been accustomed to call philosophy,—and invariably, as it would seem, to make the worse choice of some cosmic *Ansicht* the measure of our wisdom. Bergson protests against this. He reminds us that discursive reason is at best but a preparation for more thorough understanding, for completer *sense*, and that man's part is to know first of all his proper self. His "anti-intellectualism" gives much pious offense, but he seems to me only to be saying that genuine knowledge is humanly assimilable knowledge, νόησις rather than διάνοια. "By intuition," he says, "is meant the kind of *intellectual sympathy* by which one places oneself within an object in order to coincide with what is unique in it and consequently

inexpressible. Analysis on the contrary, is the operation which reduces the object to elements already known, that is, to objects common both to it and other objects. To analyse, therefore, is to express a thing as a function of something other than itself." Is not this plain statement of plain fact? If it be not so, the fault lies not in the fact stated, but in our own grotesque prepossession with that cellularisation of the mind which we call psychology, wherein we seek to reduplicate by art the artificial cellulæ into which we would compress the world. Plato's was a better inspiration; from the world of Ideas we can come with illuminated eyes to the spectacle of materiality, but never from the material world can we surmise the nature of that being whose definition is power. As Bergson puts it, from intuition to analysis we readily pass, but from analysis to intuition never.

III

From a different approach to the problem of knowledge Henri Poincaré made quite as sharp a distinction of intuition from analysis as does Bergson; and for the same fundamental reason. "In mathematics," he says, "logic is called *Analysis* and to say analysis is to say *division*, *dissection*. It can have no other instrument save the scalpel or the microscope. Logic and intuition have each its necessary rôle. Both are indispensable. Logic, which alone can give certitude, is the instrument of demonstration; intuition isthe instrument of invention." This is the distinction. The reason why it is radical Poincaré states clearly in another connection, where he is contrasting the analytic with the intuitive elements in our conceptions of spatial continua. After resuming the analytical definition of a continuum of n dimensions (viz., "an ensemble of n co-ordinates"), he proceeds:

"This definition makes a ready disposal of the intuitive origin of the notion of continuity, and of all the riches which this notion conceals. It returns to the type of those definitions which have become so frequent in mathematics since the tendency to 'arithmetise,' this science—definitions mathematically irreproachable but philosophically unsatisfying. They replace the object to be defined and the intuitive notion of this object by a construction made of simpler materials; one sees indeed that one can effectively make this construction with these materials, but one sees

also that one can make many others. *What is not to be seen is the deeper reason why one assembles these materials in just this, and not in another fashion.* The 'arithmetisation' of mathematics is not a bad thing, but it is not all."

Poincaré diagnoses precisely the weakness that besets all abstractive thinking. In mathematics it is "arithmetisation"; in philosophy—and, I suspect, at times in criticism—it is the scholastic passion for dichotomising. Over-conceptualisation, the word for the reality, the letter for the spirit—fascinated by the ease with which we can palm and shuffle the airy mintages of our intellect, we yield to the gaming instinct and stake our all . . . only to lose, say Poincaré and Bergson, for truth is cast in the firmer mould of active experience. If philosophy stood for no more than mental dexterity, it would have been long perished. But a living philosophy means life, as Plato knew,—and in the *Parmenides* what lordly sport he made of your unredeemed dialectic!

The "arithmetisation" of mathematics, which Poincaré contrasts with "intuition," represents, I believe, the last stand in a process of regressive abstraction which has been going on since the Hellenes first formulated the idea of physical science. It is a process so apt of application that I would briefly resume it.

The starting-point is figured by Archimedes' demand for a ποῦ στῶ from which to move the world. Such a ποῦ στῶ, such an immovable core of physical reality, seemed to the Greek physicists an essential of science. It is axiomatic, says Dercyllides, a truth "accordant with reason," that in the Universe some bodies are mobile and some immobile; that all are either mobile or immobile is beyond reason. Greek physics was reared upon this assumption. The unmoving Earth was placed at the centre and about it the revolving panorama of the Heavens. The Pythagorean suggestion of an Earth and a Counter-Earth revolving in unison about a central fire is only a variation of this, for Hestia, the Hearth of the Cosmos, but takes the place of the unmoving Earth. Even the atomism of Democritus and Lucretius accepts the same principle; for while the Cosmos takes its form from the swirl of sweeping atoms, this is entirely because their motion is a gravitational, a *downward* flow: the universe possesses an "up" and a "down," a fixed spatial frame within which all motions can be measured and computed.

The Greeks never passed beyond this conception; and indeed,

it is only to-day that we moderns—mainly under the guidance of Poincaré—have come to realise the fictive and conventional character of our formulation of the Cosmos as a function of absolute time and space. We have long been taught that Copernicus accomplished the great translation from the Old to the New; and in the field of morals (little as that was in his intention) this is near the truth, but I greatly doubt if the real life of his influence is not to be found in the stimulated interest in mechanical motions, which resulted in Newtonian physics. Newton made definite once for all the conception of a frame of absolute time and absolute space within which all change could be reckoned. He carried to its consequence Greek astronomy. The material ποῦ στῶ, in its gross planetary form, disappears, but its place is taken by the hardly less material shape, spatial and temporal, by which all possible events are measured and circumscribed. The cosmic stage is cleared for the action, and it remains only for Laplace, with his nebular gyres, to complete the *mise en scène.*

More effectually than any other, Poincaré has pricked this bubble. The axiom of Dercyllides, which in Newton's thought is denied for everything excepting the empty frame of Creation, he has negated *in toto.* Time and space, he has shown, are as relative and fluxional as atoms and ions; they expand with our grandeurs and contract with our modesties—or at least, we cannot know if they do not. To put it in other terms, there is a limit to our outer and physical knowledge, and that limit is set, not by the stations of the stars, but by our frail and changing human needs.

And the "arithmeticians?" Blind to the fact that the central meaning of life must be the concrete experience of living, and step by step driven from the vivid φύσις of the Greek naturalists, on through the welter of atomism, and thence out into the chill vacancy of absolute time and space—from this last resort banished, they still pursue their restless process of standardisation in a chaos of abstraction so transcendental that there is nothing left to standardise. They seek a Station and a Frame, altogether oblivious of the fact that their sole content is a chimæra *in vacuo bombinans.*

In a characteristic and eloquent passage Poincaré says: "Le continu physique est pour ainsi dire une nébuleuse non résolue, les instruments les plus perfectionnés ne pourraient parvenir à la

résoudre; . . . c'est l'esprit seule qui peut la résoudre et c'est le continu mathématique qui est la nébuleuse résolue en étoiles." The stars themselves are apparitions, singled by our limitations out of a Nature whose essence is fathomless to our gaze.

IV

From the ancient axiom of the mobile and the immobile, Aristotle derives a corollary of the utmost moment. "Evidently," he says, "those who say all things are at rest are not right, nor are those who say that all things are in movement. For if all things are at rest, the same statements will always be true and the same always false. . . . And if all are in motion, nothing will be true, nothing false." In other words, the frame of the physical world is also the frame of the logical; truth and error lock step with time and space.

The Greeks invented and Aristotle formulated logic. Like their mathematics it has proved a potent sharpener of the world's thought—but, as in the case of mathematical thinking, the blade is in some danger of being whetted to a nub. The "arithmetising" of mathematics finds its parallel in the scholasticising of the intellect. In each case the error is that of identifying reason with the form rather than with the matter of intelligence, forgetting that what makes our thought living thought is not its power of abstract construction, but its intuitive ability to perceive why experience assembles its materials "in just this, and not in another fashion."

The Greeks were many things, but no one will deny that they were not philologists. For them speech was barbarous or Hellenic; and as speech, so experience. This has been the misfortune of logic, which in a large sense has been merely a refinement from Hellenic discourse. That it has adapted itself to the like-tempered tongues of western Europe is perhaps as much due to the autocracy of Hellenic thought as to their own native genius. In any case, the analytic tendency, fostered in Low Latin, and carried to its extreme in tongues developed under Latin patronage is little more than the bitter exemplification of category and syllogism in their unredeemed application to human discourse. A highly inflected language like the Greek could sustain the syllogistic analysis without utter loss of life; but the lapidary zeal of the Scholastics, cutting, sawing, polishing their concepts

to nicest exclusion and closest interlocking, has tended to convert our instrument of speech into a cunning mosaic rather than the fluid reflection of thought; it is, as Plato might say, "thrice removed from the king and from the truth."[1]

The consequence to modern speech has been to make it hard and mechanical; language has become an *index rerum*, a kind of notation of experience, whose curious affinity to mathematical notations is hourly bringing mathematics and logic into more indiscriminate communion. Undoubtedly for practical affairs, for business, analytic speech is the most efficient human instrument ever created,—but the walls of the counting-house are not yet the pillars of the firmament; to the business of living there is to be added the art of living well. Our danger is a mere external fascination in the click and glitter of our highly polished verbal machine; so that our thinking resolves into a drone of Aves and Paters, each told by an undeniably solid bead and each devoid of all spiritual significance. The most horrible monument I have ever beheld is the Mormon temple in Salt Lake City; it is built with deadly symmetry of line and angle, every joint conspicuous and every unit in relief,—exactly as a child might build with blocks; and what makes it so horrible is just that it is infantile in conception and monstrous in size, the work of beings in stature men, who had yet never been able to put away childish things; we get from it the very shiver which the deeds of the Cyclopes gave the Greeks. Under the stringency of a logic which was no doubt a valuable criticism of a more plastic speech, our modern discourse, and the thought of which it is the image, tends constantly to sink into a like monstrous infantilism.

Aristotelian logic in its iron demand that words shall have that constancy of meaning—conceived by Aristotle as a sort of conceptual essence—which they never have in living speech, has constructed for the intellectual world a kind of frame, analogous to that established by Greek mathematics in the physical realm, with the principle of identity for its πού στῶ. It has enabled rigid thinking, but in substituting concepts for intuitions it has too often purchased elegance at a cost of sincerity and power. There is another form of expression, belonging to barbarous

[1] A crisp presentation of the relation of thought to language is A. D. Sheffield's *Grammar and Thinking*, esp. the section on "Analytic and Inflected Speech," while Aristotelian logic is exuberantly pilloried in F. C S. Schiller's *Formal Logic*.

tongues, disdained of the Greeks, which it is worth while to hold in mind if only that we may gauge the distance we have travelled. Polysynthesis or holophrasis, it is called, and a pertinent example, which I borrow from Jane Harrison, is the Fuegian *mamihlapinatapai* "looking-at-each-other, -hoping-that-either-will-offer-to-do-something-which-both-parties-desire-but-are-unwilling-to-do." The vital situation is the thing designated (if "thing" it may be called), the expression being moulded to suit just this, and not any possible, mutuality. If speech can hit off intuition, we can hardly imagine an apter conformity.

The so-called "anti-intellectualism" of Bergson is no more than a fundamental insistence that experience is primarily holophrastic. His criticism of the logomachies of the concept-mongers, his asseveration that the test of reason is intuition, above all his contention that *la durée réelle*, gathering in itself before and after, is the focus of reality, all this is but his studied protest against the artifice and inconsequence of our mental legerdemain. He is telling us—what we have often suspected—that the human spirit is never garrulous nor elegant in its tense moments of growth, but is rather awkward and stammering, frail of speech but gifted with a power more than of tongues to stir in men's hearts a responsive understanding. What, I wonder, would become of our tragedies, and the living strength of them, save for that energy of situation and action which always at the last outpasses the eloquence of words?

The lifelessness, the dramatic sterility, with which the mathematical method has invested the physical universe is the butt of Poincaré's criticism. The similar lifelessness and dramatic sterility with which our philosophy has been infected is the object of Bergson's attack. In each case the disease—which might well be called the fallacy of the "dividing intellect"—is of Greek origin, though arithmetisation and concept-polishing have alike gone far beyond the surmise of any Greek;—and that the disease is one and the same is well enough evidenced by our contemporary blurring of the boundary between logic and mathematics,—an identical bent is leading to identical conclusions.[1]

[1] "Mathematics as a science commenced when first some one, probably a Greek, proved propositions about *any* things or about *some* things, without specification of definite particular things." A. N. Whitehead, *Introduction to Mathematics*. *Fons et origo* of logic and mathematics are thus explicitly identified.

Bergson and Poincaré have each ministered to our ailment, starting respectively from its inner and its outer symptoms, but finding an identical cure in their critiques of our apprehensions of time and space, with the single implication of the primacy of intuition. Thus at last the ποῦ στῶ—whether of Archimedes or Aristotle—is rightfully banished to the realm of illusion.

As for the reputed "mysticism" of Bergson's notion of time, of *la durée réelle*, I may best reply by citing the naïve antagonism of my excellent Thomist. "At first glance," he says, "it would seem subtle and indeed paradoxical to wish to found a whole philosophy upon the notion of Time. But upon reflection, and especially remembering the marvellous Peripatetic synthesis entirely erected upon the notion of Movement—a concept so neighboring that of Time, one is tempted rather to give credit to the author,—not to be sure, without some misgiving, for if Movement is a phenomenon patent to the senses, this is not true of Time, the most obscure and mysterious perhaps of all natural phenomena. This contrast was indeed already remarked by the ancients when they said, 'Motus sensibus ipsis patet, non autem tempus.' Hence we may very reasonably fear that sophism could find naught more easy than to conceal itself amid these profound shades, and that in place of building upon a rock, as Aristotle, M. Bergson erects his house upon the shifting sands of conjecture." Proceeding, he quotes Aristotle's definition of time as the number of motion in relation to before and after, ἀριθμὸς κινήσεως κατὰ τὸ πρότερον καὶ ὕστερον, adding in comment: "This definition has regard for the time *which measures*. As to the time *which is measured*, it is no other than movement, in that it falls under the measure of the before and after. It is the same distinction as that of the *numbering* number and the *numbered* number, τὸ ἠριθμήμενον, τὸ ἀριθμητόν."

Truly, a completer justification of Bergson's intention could not be required. Bergson had diverted attention from the numbering to the numbered; he has recalled us from the formal measure to the reality which is measured; and he has given us to see that that reality is itself a movement which outruns all our measures in its creative evolution of a world. Ontology destroyed is cosmology redivivus.

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THE OREGON RECRUIT EXPEDITION

The object of early travel from the Missouri River to the region beyond the Rocky Mountains was, first, exploration, as in the example of the expeditions of Lewis and Clark and Frémont; second, trapping and trading; third, the colonisation of Oregon; fourth, the reaching of the California and intra-montane gold mines; fifth, the transportation of soldiers and military supplies for the protection of these enterprises from hostile Indians. Prior to the period of transcontinental railroad-building there were several rival experimental routes to the northerly part of those regions and more particularly to Oregon; but the Platte River route, known as the Oregon trail, gained supremacy during the decade of 1830–1840 and held it until the opening of the Pacific roads north of the first (Union Pacific) line divided the traffic. The military department of the federal government, including its engineers, had faith in the superiority of upper routes while the general traffic persistently preferred the Platte route. In this test native instinct and experiment seem to have been wiser than science unassisted by experimental knowledge.

On the 6th of February, 1855, Congress appropriated thirty thousand dollars "for the construction of a military road from the Great Falls of the Missouri River, in the territory of Nebraska, to intersect the military road now established leading from Walla Walla to Puget's Sound, but no action was taken upon this scant allowance.[1] In subsequent appropriations the eastern terminus of the road was fixed at Fort Benton, which was forty miles below the great falls and practically the head of navigation, and also an important post of the American Fur Company.[2]

[1] Fort Walla Walla, situated contiguous to the city of the same name on the Walla Walla River, about thirty-five miles above its mouth, was established as a military post, September 23, 1856. Whitman's mission, at Waiilatpu, five miles farther down the river, was established near the close of 1836. The original Fort Walla Walla, a post of the Northwest Fur Company (British) was established at the junction of the Walla Walla and Columbia rivers in 1818.

[2] Fort Benton was established in 1846, by Alexander Culbertson, as a post of the American Fur Company. On the 17th of October, 1869, it was occupied

It was only in very high water that boats could run to a point a little below the great falls.

On the 3d of March, 1859, Congress appropriated one hundred thousand dollars "for the construction of a military road from Fort Benton to Walla Walla," and another hundred thousand was appropriated for the same purpose by the act of May 25, 1860. Lieutenant John Mullan of the Second Artillery regiment, was detached to superintend the construction of the work.[1]

On the 31st of March, 1860, Pierre Chouteau, Jr., of St. Louis, contracted with Thomas S. Jesup, quartermaster, to transport from St. Louis to Fort Benton "about three hundred enlisted men, officers, servants, and laundresses, with their military stores and supplies, and to be paid one hundred dollars for each officer, fifty dollars per man, laundress, and servant, and ten dollars per hundred pounds for stores and supplies, including the subsistence of the men during the trip."

General order number 37, dated at the headquarters of the army, New York, March 31, 1860, directed the two departments of the recruiting service to organise, at Fort Columbus, and Newport Barracks,[2] four companies of recruits—two at each post—of seventy-five men each, "for the troops serving in the department of Oregon"; the recruits to be detached to Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, April 20th next; to move from St. Louis, April 20th, by the Missouri River to Fort Benton; and thence to Fort Dalles by the route being passed over by Lieutenant Mullan of the Second artillery; arrangements for transportation beyond St. Louis to be made by the quartermaster-general; the four companies to be armed and equipped as infantry at Jefferson Barracks and supplies to be obtained at St. Louis.

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as a military post of the United States. A town was laid out there in 1864. Trade and steamboat traffic fell off from the time that it became a military establishment; but they revived again in 1882–83. The river trade was destroyed and the town crippled by the advent of the Great Northern railroad.

[1] Lieutenant Mullan's regiment was already in Oregon on account of the Indian troubles. He received his instructions on the 15th of March, 1859, had organised his party and started from Fort Dalles on the 8th of June and began the work of construction on the 25th. On the 19th of March the adjutant general of the army directed General W. S. Harney, then in command of the Oregon department, to provide Mullan's party with a military escort and supplies.

[2] Fort Columbus was situated on Governor's Island, New York, and Newport Barracks in Kentucky, on the Ohio River, nearly opposite Cincinnati.

Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Robert C. Buchanan was assigned to the command of the recruits, but was superseded by Major G. A. H. Blake, of the First dragoons. Colonel Joseph E. Johnston, acting inspector general of the army, afterward the confederate general of our sectional war, was ordered to inspect the recruits prior to their departure.

The official reports disclose the fortunes of the expedition up the Missouri River and also its exploration purpose. For many years after the introduction of steamboats to the Ohio and the Mississippi, the more rapid and changeable current, the ubiquitous sand-bar, whose formations were more fickle even than political personal preference or public opinion, and the equally numerous and more damaging snags of the Missouri were the preclusive bugbear of steam navigation. The first steamboat to tempt this triplex obstruction and destruction was the *Independence* which started from St. Louis on the 15th of May, 1819, reached Franklin on the 28th, whence it proceeded as far as Chariton, about thirty miles beyond, before returning to St. Louis.[1]

It was the public purpose that the both famous and infamous Yellowstone expedition of the same year should demonstrate the practicability of steamboat navigation to the far upper Missouri; but of the four boats that entered the river only one, Major Long's *Western Engineer*, was able to get as far as the Council Bluff of Lewis and Clark; though the next year one of these failing boats, the *Expedition*, reached the same point with a full cargo. In 1831 five steamboats made trips throughout the season from St. Louis to the settlements along the Missouri, Glasgow, successor to Chariton, and Booneville being the principal upper terminal points. By 1836 from fifteen to twenty boats were regularly engaged in this traffic. As early as 1829 a packet boat ran regularly to Fort Leavenworth. In 1831 the *Yellowstone* built

[1] Franklin was situated on the north bank of the river, in Howard county, Missouri, two hundred and five miles, by the river, above St. Louis. Within a year after this demonstration of the practicability of steamboat navigation on the lower Missouri, Franklin became a very important and thriving place, as the initial and outfitting point of the Santa Fé trail. After it had enjoyed this monopoly for six or seven years the overland initial terminal was pushed up the river about one hundred and eight miles farther, to Independence, and Franklin rapidly declined. In 1832 the buildings were moved to a new location, two miles back from the river, which soon after carried away the original site.

by the American Fur Company for the upper river fur trade, went as far as the site of the subsequent Fort Pierre in South Dakota, but it accomplished the latter part of the voyage only by much lightening and through the pertinacity of Pierre Chouteau, Jr., who conducted the enterprise. The next season this boat reached Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone River. This was accounted a great triumph of transportation. Until 1845 an annual voyage of the *Yellowstone* to the same point was the limit of steamboat traffic to the high-up Missouri. In 1834 a boat had ventured as far as the mouth of Poplar River, about a hundred miles beyond the Yellowstone; in 1853, another—the *El Paso*—went a hundred and twenty-five miles farther—a little beyond the mouth of Milk River;—and in 1859, the *Chippewa*, one of the trinity of our Oregon recruit expedition, went still farther, to a point about seventeen miles below Fort Benton, the acknowledged head of navigation. The Mormon immigration to the Missouri River, beginning in 1846, and its subsequent settlement in Utah; the resulting traffic to Utah augmented by the transportation of vast quantities of military supplies to the army sent there in 1857 and 1858 to suppress the Mormon rebellion; the emigration to Oregon and California which reached a great volume in the latter half of the decade of 1840–50, and the establishment of a chain of military posts in the interior to protect this traffic from hostile Indians; the development of a considerable fur trade in the lower Rocky Mountain region; and the political organisation and resultant rapid settlement of Kansas and Nebraska had created by 1860 a heavy business for regular lines of steamboats to Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph, Brownville, Nebraska City, Omaha, and Sioux City. As far, then, as Sioux City our Oregon recruit expedition traversed familiar, and on to the Yellowstone not untried waters. The experimental stage of the journey was along the extreme upper reaches of the possibly navigable Missouri and was intended to test the relative practicability of the two rival routes to Oregon.

The official records of the war department tell us that, on the 3d of May, 1860, a detachment consisting of thirteen officers, two hundred and twenty-two enlisted men, under Major George A. H. Blake, of the First dragoons, left St. Louis for Oregon, via Forts Union and Benton and the waggon road commenced by Lieutenant John Mullan from Walla Walla to Fort Benton. "The detachment embarked on three steamers and the march

was undertaken to test the feasibility of that route to Oregon." The march was successfully accomplished and the command kept in good health, except some fifteen cases of scurvy and other diseases. These sick soldiers were sent back from Fort Benton on the returning boats. The expedition arrived at Sioux City May 23, the water being very low; Fort Randall, May 27, where it met a temporary rise of water from rains, which facilitated progress; Fort Pierre, June 2, noon, water very low again; mouth of Milk River June 22; Fort Union, evening of June 15; Fort Benton, July 2, where the boats remained until August 2. The *Nebraska City News* of February 23, 1861, notes, in a steamboat itinerary of 1860, that the fleet passed that place on the 15th of May. The *Omaha Nebraskian* of May 19, 1860, noted the passage of the fleet in its characteristically breezy style:

"On the 16th inst. a fleet of Steamers, consisting of the Spread Eagle, Key West and Chippewa, touched at this port on their way to the head waters of the Missouri—distant over two thousand miles. Each boat was crowded to its utmost capacity, with United States troops whose destination is Oregon and the territory of Washington. They will ascend the Missouri as far as navigable by the steamers above mentioned, and from thence will be marched across the Mountains to the forts of their destination. It will be remembered that this is the same route that the *Nebraskian* recommended to Oregon emigrants some two years ago, and it is a source of some gratification to know that our suggestions are properly appreciated by the general government, and to believe that this is destined to be the travelled route to one, at least, of the Pacific States. The trial trip was made by two of the boats mentioned, last season, in taking up a party of Government explorers. They then ascended the Missouri higher than any attempt was ever before made to navigate it, but we understand this fleet expects to ascend one hundred and fifty miles nearer the source of this mightiest of streams. The distance from the head of navigation on the Missouri, to the head waters of the Columbia, is only about three hundred miles. If the Mississippi be the 'Father of Waters' it is not too much to claim that the Missouri is at least the mother, the grandfather, the grandmother, the great-grandfather, the great-grandmother, numberless uncles, aunts and cousins, besides not a few poor relations."

Alfred J. Vaughan, agent of the Blackfeet Indians, in a report to the superintendent of Indian affairs, dated at the agency, August 31, 1860, tells the following concise story of the voyage:

"BLACKFEET FARM, August 31, 1860.

"Sir: In compliance with the regulations of the department, I have the honor to respectfully submit the following as my annual report for 1860:

" The fleet of steamers for the Upper Missouri, viz: Spread Eagle, Captain

Labarge, Chippewa, Captain Humphreys, and Key West, Captain Wright, all under the control of Mr. C. P. Chouteau, of the firm of C. Chouteau, Jr., & Co., contractors of the government troop's stores and Indian annuities. The troops commanded by Major Blake left St. Louis on May 3. We arrived safe at Fort Randall after a tedious trip on account of the low stage of the river. At this point we met a rise, which enabled us to make the balance of the trip without any detention. We arrived at Fort Union on June 15, and after discharging the Assinaboine annuities, went on our way rejoicing.

"In due time we made Milk River; the landing of the steamer El Paso was passed: the steamer Spread Eagle accompanied us some ten miles further and then returned on her homeward way, having been ten miles further up than any side-wheel boat was before.

"Our little fleet, now reduced to two, the Key West, commanded by Captain Labarge, in the van, boldly and fearlessly steered their way up what would seem to the uninitiated an interminable trip. At length the long expected goal is made, and on the evening of July 2 the two gallant crafts, amidst the booming of cannon and the acclamations of the people, were landed at Fort Benton with one single accident, and that was a man falling overboard, who unfortunately was drowned.

"Without wishing to be thought invidious when all do well, too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Captain Labarge and all the officers of the command for the untiring skill and energy displayed by them on this *remarkable trip*. Also to Mr. Andrew Dawson, partner, in charge of Fort Benton, for his forethought and sagacity in having wood hauled some sixteen miles below the fort, which enabled the two gallant crafts to land where no steamer was moored before."

Periodical communications from the fleet published in *The Century* are full of interesting information. The following is a synopsis of one of these letters, dated "The Expedition,—near Sioux City, May 20, 1860," and published in the issue of June 16.

Left St. Louis May 3, have made nine hundred and fifty miles in seventeen days, average per day, fifty-six miles; on some days eighty miles; water the lowest "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. If we had only this boat"—the *Chippewa*—"and the *Key West*, both stern-wheelers, drawing thirty-two inches, loaded as they now are, we would have averaged seventy-five miles a day." The delays are all caused by waiting for the *Spread Eagle*, a side-wheeler, drawing four feet and intended to go only to Fort Union.[1]

[1] The statement by the correspondent of *The Century*, as early as May 20th, that the *Spread Eagle* was intended to go only to Fort Union seems questionable. An article in the *Missouri Democrat*, written by Mr. A. J. Hull and copied in the *Peoples Press* (Nebraska City) of July 19, 1860, says:

"The mountain fleet arrived at mouth of Milk River Friday, June 22d, fifty days out from St. Louis, and, as the river had commenced falling, it was thought

Have seen some very pretty towns, "especially Omaha City." The party consists of three hundred and forty recruits, "collected from all parts of the Union, and not very strictly selected either"; one hundred boatmen and fifty officers, "passengers etc., gathered out of every nation under heaven."

The writer correctly predicts the drying up of river traffic by railroads—now at St. Joseph, next at Sioux City, then when the Northern Pacific reaches Fort Union that will be the starting point for steamboats. Besides the soldiers there were about a dozen passengers on the three boats, including Colonel Vaughan, agent of the Blackfeet, Major Schoonover, agent for the tribes near Fort Union, several employees of the American Fur Company and two New York artists,—Hays and Terry. The officers included Major Blake, Captains Lendrum and Floyd Jones, Lieutenants Cass, Livingston, Smith, Kautz, Carleton, Upham, Hardin, and Stoughton, and Doctors Head and Cooper, all going to the Columbia River, and Captain Getty and a lieutenant for Fort Pierre. The "navy of the Missouri" was under "Commodore Chouteau," with Captains Labarge, Humphreys, and Wright.

The next letter, appearing in the issue of July 5, and dated June 2, at Fort Pierre, notes progress since May 20, of six hundred miles, an average of only fifty miles a day. All agreed that starting so early was a mistake. If they had waited at St. Louis until about May 15, or until a rise of water began to show itself, two weeks time on the river would have been saved. There were only twenty-six inches of water on the bars at the Sioux City bend, so that it was necessary to unload the *Chippewa* and lighten the *Spread Eagle* to get them over, causing a delay of three days

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advisable to send the 'flagship' back. Accordingly, we transferred the balance of our freight to the Chippewa and Key West. Mr. P. W. [C. P.] Choteau then proposed that the Spread Eagle should make a pleasure trip above the point where the El Paso landed several years since [1853]. And with the officers of the army, and most of the officers of the boats, we run about fifteen miles above El Paso point. The Spread Eagle has now been higher up the Missouri River than any other side-wheeled boat, and Captain La Barge has the honour of being her commander. On our arrival at the point two guns were fired, a basket of champagne was drank by the officers and guests, and one bottle buried on the point. I suppose any one who goes after it can have it. The Spread Eagle could have very easily got higher up—indeed it was thought at one time she would reach Fort Benton, the river rose so rapidly, but Captain Choteau did not wish to risk so much merely for glory."

in making thirty miles. Just above this point the fleet met a rise of eighteen inches, and the next day as much more, the increase alone being sufficient to float the two smaller boats. Consequently, for the following three days seventy-five miles a day were made, and Fort Randall was reached while the voyagers were "highly elated with the prospect of a quick voyage through." At the fort "the full band of the Fourth artillery greeted our arrival . . . and cheered us as we again started towards the wilderness with the echoes of "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Girl I Left behind Me." About thirty miles farther on, a terrific storm of rain and hail forced the boats to lie by under shelter of bluffs for a day and a half; but while the resulting rise lasted ninety miles a day were made. "We travel, of course, only by day, though the high water and almost total absence of snags would make night travel easy if the channel were better known."

Above Fort Randall it became difficult to obtain enough dry fuel for the boats. Between this post and Fort Pierre—two hundred and forty miles—"not a human being lives, except some white cedar log-cutters, and the reason of its desertion by Indians is evident in the almost total absence of game." Fort Pierre was nearly half way—1450 miles—from St. Louis to Fort Benton.

The next letter published in *The Century*, July 26, 1860—was dated, Missouri River, "Fifty Miles from Fort Marion, Nebraska, June 19, 1860."[1] From Fort Pierre progress had been at the average rate of fifty-nine miles a day, "including long delays from being obliged to cut all our wood where it was often very scarce and from stopping to unload freight at the American Fur Company's Forts Clark and Berthold. . . . The water has risen constantly and rapidly, so that it is higher now at Fort Union than ever before seen at the arrival of the arsenal of boats which have previously reached there only during its fall. And though the great river there divides, the Yellowstone, which had contributed half its volume, no longer helping us, yet the upper Missouri seems scarcely diminished in breadth or depth, the boats winding boldly along without fear of striking. The answer

[1] This point was probably at Marion's bend, about ten miles above the mouth of Poplar River, now in Valley County, Montana. The *Spread Eagle*, the slowest boat of the three, and the *Chippewa* made the voyage in 1859 to a point "a few miles below Fort Benton" in ten days less time. The *Spread Eagle* went as far as Fort Union and there transferred her cargo of about one hundred and sixty tons to the *Chippewa* which completed the voyage.

to the sounding-bell is almost invariably that forcible, if not exactly nautical phrase, 'no bottom.' "

A letter dated "Mouth of Milk River, Nebraska, June 22, 1860," was published in the same issue of the magazine as the preceding. The *Spread Eagle* was to start back down the river from this point the next day. The expedition had already advanced two hundred and fifty miles above Fort Union, a comparatively high point; but in that region of magnificent distances the superlative objective was still five hundred and thirty-two miles beyond. The correspondent was encouraged by progress already made to believe that "boats can easily be built which will make the trip from St. Louis to Benton, thirty-five hundred and fifty miles, in thirty days." Wood was scarce for about one hundred and fifty miles above and below Fort Pierre but increased in amount northward. Above the great bend (now in South Dakota, there were "large groves of that excellent wood, the red cedar, much of it now dead, and ready for fuel if there were inhabitants to cut it." Lieutenant Warren was in error in saying in his topographical report to Congress that this valuable tree disappeared at the forty-sixth parallel, for it reappears again at the forty-seventh and becomes more abundant above the bend, growing thirty feet high and near a foot in diameter, accompanied by the low carpet-like juniper. . . . "Milk river is named from its whiteness caused by a great quantity of alkaline mud it always contains, and which gives to the Missouri below most of its turbidity, in colour like weak coffee and milk. Above the Musselshell it will be found quite clear. . . . The artists left us last week having already painted some beautiful heads of animals." Our correspondent, whose name was concealed in the initial signature, J. G. C., sketched views almost daily and also busily collected specimens of natural history.

A letter published in the issue of August 2 informs us that the expedition arrived at Fort Benton July 2, sixty days from St. Louis; and that boats of proper draught would have made the trip in thirty days. Assistant Surgeon S. F. Head, U. S. A. and Dr. Cooper of New York were attached to the expedition. The issue of August 9th contained a letter dated "Camp near Fort Benton, July 3, 1860." The fleet advanced from Milk River at the average rate of sixty miles a day. Large groves of Oregon fir, excellent pitch pine, and red cedar began to appear a few miles above Milk River. They only bordered the river

where tracts bare of grass protected them from fire. It was necessary to cordelle the boats up much of the rapids below Fort Benton, three hundred men hauling by the ropes "to help the steam." Lieutenant Mullan would not be able to get through —over his new road from Walla Walla—before the end of a month. He could get oxen enough for only twenty-five, instead of the needed forty waggons for transportation for the expedition.

On the first of August Lieutenant Mullan's expedition arrived at the fort, "the road of six hundred and thirty-three miles from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Benton being opened." On his arrival he turned over all his waggon transportation to Major Blake; but he retained a force of about twenty-five men with which he returned over the road in advance of Major Blake's command, starting August 5—"having seen that the party to descend the Missouri were properly provided for their trip. . . ." He had previously reported that he had at Fort Benton "a ninety-foot keel boat, which I shall use in sending my party down the Missouri."

On November 1, 1860, in a communication to the assistant adjutant general, headquarters department of Oregon, Lieutenant Mullan sought to demonstrate that in future it would be more economical to use Fort Snelling as a rendezvous for troops destined for the easterly posts of the department of Oregon, the supplies, however, to be transported by steamboat to Fort Union and Fort Benton. In the course of his demonstration he states the experimental case of transportation of troops via the Missouri:

> "As you are aware, during the summer of 1859 and 1860 the Missouri River was proved to be navigable to within one hundred miles of the Rocky Mountains, and during the present season a military detachment of three hundred recruits, under Major Blake, ascended in steamers as high as Fort Benton, where, taking land transportation, they moved safely and in good season to Fort Walla Walla.
>
> "This demonstrated that the Missouri River, together with the intervening land transit to the Columbia, could be used as a military line whenever the necessity for a movement existed, and provided the proper season for navigation be taken advantage of. But in future years, or until the condition of the interior shall guarantee an abundance of land transportation at the head of navigation on the Missouri, the element of uncertainty must ever enter into the movement of any body of troops to this coast via the Missouri and Columbia. During the last season it was practicable because we had land transportation at hand for the movement westward."

This objection is probably overrated to accommodate a prepossession.

In a letter following Lieutenant Mullan's, Colonel Wright of the Ninth infantry concurs in his views, and he adds that the passage of a body of troops from Fort Snelling to Washington Territory would have an excellent effect upon the Indians on the route, checking a disposition to commit hostilities.

"A Report on Lieutenant Mullan's Waggon Road . . ." by Major E. Steen to Quartermaster-General Joseph E. Johnston, dated at Fort Walla Walla January 5, 1861, states the case for the overland road in a manner which discloses a somewhat bitter feeling between partisans of the rival routes:

"General: I take the liberty, and feel it my duty, to call your attention to the Fort Benton waggon road, as I believe, from experience in the service, and, crossing the plains frequently for the last thirty years, that the cost of sending recruits or horses to this coast by that route will be ten times as much as by the route from Fort Leavenworth, via Forts Riley, Laramie, Hall, and Boisé, to this post; for by the boat to Benton each soldier will cost one hundred dollars, and each waggon the same; then to get mules or oxen for the waggons would be double the cost that it would be at Leavenworth.

"Purchase your horses, waggons, and oxen or mules to transport your supplies at Leavenworth, and if the transportation is not needed here on its arrival, it can be sold at public auction for its full value in the States. By this means each soldier will hardly cost ten dollars, whereas by the Benton route each one would cost three hundred by the arrival here.

"One more suggestion. Could not the one hundred thousand dollars already appropriated, and not yet expended, be transferred to the old road I speak of? It is much the shortest and best route and emigrants come through every season, arriving here by the end of September, their animals in very good condition.

"A post is to be established at Boisé in the spring, and there will always be troops at Fort Hall to protect emigration, and all that is needed are ferries at these posts, and very little work on the road.

" There will then be grass, water, and all that is requisite for a military or emigrant road.

"I do believe, if the one hundred thousand dollars is expended, and the Benton road finished, that not ten emigrants will travel it for twenty years to come.

"But suppose you make the road from St. Paul to Benton, then you must establish a line of posts through the Sioux and Blackfoot country requiring at least fifteen hundred soldiers, at a cost of half a million annually, and if there would be a war, at a cost of three or four millions more.

"In a conversation with Major Blake, of the army, who came by the Benton route with three hundred recruits last summer, he spoke favourably of the route, and said he would apply to bring over horses from St. Paul, via Benton,

to this department. Now, I am satisfied that the cost by that route will be ten times as much as by the route from Leavenworth, via Laramie, Hall, and Boisé, and, in addition, the major's route is much the longest; and in the months of May and June, from St. Paul west, say one thousand miles, you have much wet and marshy prairie, which I consider impassable.

"Starting in July, then, you could not come through in the same season; and wintering in the mountains northeast of us would cause much expense, the loss of many animals, and much suffering amongst the men."

Against Major Steen's unsupported statement that the cost per soldier from Fort Snelling to Washington Territory would be three hundred dollars, Lieutenant Mullan shows an estimate in detail that it would be only fifty-four dollars. The road was used but little for military transportation, though, contrary to Major Steen's prediction, it became a very important highway for emigrants to Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. The construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1883 in the main superseded the Mullan road. The arrival of the Northern Pacific railroad at Bismarck in 1873 greatly reduced the traffic from Sioux City, and the last through trip of a commercial steamboat from St. Louis to Fort Benton was made in 1878. Steamboat traffic on the river was reduced and its main initial points changed by the successive arrivals of railroads at the Missouri River from the east,—the Chicago & North-Western at Council Bluffs in 1867; the Sioux City & Pacific at Sioux City in 1868; the Northern Pacific at Bismarck in 1873; and the body blow was struck when the Great Northern reached Helena, Montana, in 1887. In his booklet, "Nebraska in 1857," James M. Woolworth said that Omaha "is at present the head of navigation of the Missouri River." A very promising commercial traffic by barges has recently been established between Kansas City and St. Louis.

In explanation of the fact that the high-up Missouri River points mentioned herein are placed in Nebraska, it should be said that until the territory of Dakota was established, March 2, 1861, Nebraska territory extended north to the Canadian boundary and west to the Rocky Mountains. The Lieutenant Warren mentioned became famous afterward in our sectional war. He was chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac and ordered the occupation of Little Round Top on the Gettysburg battlefield, a point of great strategic importance. He participated in the famous battle of Ash Hollow, Nebraska, in 1855, and made important surveys in the territory in 1857–58. *The Century*

magazine was published at New York and gave special attention to military affairs. Copies of it are in the public library of Chicago. Its issue of June 16, 1860, describes the *Spread Eagle* as a side-wheel vessel drawing four feet; therefore it could not keep up with the *Chippewa* and the *Key West*, which had stern wheels and drew only thirty-two inches. According to Larpenteur, the *Chippewa*, the crack steamboat of the Missouri at that time, reached Fort Brule, six miles above Marias River and sixteen miles below Benton, July 17, 1859. The boat was burned at Disaster Bend, fifteen miles below the mouth of Poplar River, June 23, 1861. "She was a stern-wheeler, 160 x 32 feet, owned by the A. F. Co., W. H. Humphreys, master."

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THE INTRUSIONS OF SCIENCE

It is not infrequently related that human arrogance was sadly but not unjustly rebuked by Darwin and the evolutionary science of the Nineteenth Century. And indeed from the point of view of pure science there was arrogance in an assumption that the enveloping intelligence of the universe looked upon mankind as its *terminus ad quem* to which all parts were subordinate—in an assumption that men were made in the likeness of an over-ruling power that worked by ways which, paradoxically, even that likeness was fain to call mysterious and incomprehensible. Science seemed to make these ways less mysterious, less incomprehensible; but the price paid was a fall of that pride of place. The biological continuity of man in the hierarchy of the beasts that perish was a little hard to bear, and it had to be borne.

And yet, now that we are able to pause, and look back upon the half-century in which science has outlived the astonishment it created, the advantage it had on the ground of its humility appears to have been indeed only verbal. It would be hard to find a humility more arrogant than Clifford's, more self-assertive than Haeckel's, more truculent than Spencer's.

"We conclude, then," says Spencer at the end of his famous essay, *What Knowledge Is of Most Worth?* "that for discipline as well as for guidance, science is of chiefest value. . . . To the question—What knowledge is of most worth?—the uniform reply is—Science. . . . For the due discharge of parental functions the proper guidance is to be found only in—Science. For the interpretation of national life, past and present, without which the citizen cannot regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is —Science. Alike for the most perfect production and highest enjoyment of art in all its forms the needful preparation is still —Science. And for the purposes of discipline—intellectual, moral, and religious—the most efficient study is once more—Science."

And if we should look, as we might have looked any time these fifty years, into the psychology of that surprising intellectual revolution, we could find a self-satisfaction no less towering in those men whose talk was of fossils, of carbon, of mammals, and

of evolution, than in those whose talk was of virtue, of wisdom, and of the discourse of reason. For human arrogance hardly dwells in the object of pride, but rather in the human consciousness. In both cases the pride was the pride of accomplishment, the pride of discovery, the pride of having adjusted and trained the mind to the grasp of valuable truths. It was, I dare say, as purely a self-satisfaction when the subject of discourse was objective scientific data as when it was the human spirit itself.

The significant thing, however, is not the distribution of invidious terms, but rather the recognition of an important truth of which this arrogance is the curiously decisive witness. For this arrogance, whether of scientist or humanist, bears evidence that human knowledge, scientific or humane, attains its only importance through the estimate put upon it by the human consciousness. Arrogance is but an expression of the estimate. Science, however, seemed long to forget, in its own preoccupation with the external world, that this was an activity of the consciousness —this decision that science was momentous. It seemed long to forget that it owed its own importance to the approval of that consciousness. It seemed long to forget, that is, that it itself was humbly subordinate—that the judicial consciousness was the superior.

No doubt there was great attraction in the first promises of science. It seemed to offer hope of an ultimate philosophy of life. The conception of hierarchies of laws leading to a universal law seemed at last to give assurance of that resting-place that the human spirit craved beyond all things. The mystery of life was solved, so science seemed to whisper. What a seductive whisper to one whose spirit was wearied with the baffling search after an order that as yet seemed to be but faintly coagulating in the structureless fluidity of human life. It was possible in the rapt contemplation of that hypothetic spectacle to forget for a time its bearing, its whole implication, as it is always possible in the presence of grandeur to be for a time wholly self-forgetful. But the mountain dweller soon finds the magnificence of his view insufficient to satisfy all the needs of his being. Life must go on, and the spectacle stales. Our interest in life is more than spectacular, though a spectacle may enrapture us for a moment. In the end we find that our interest comes back to humanity. Even our gratification at the spectacle is a gratification of our own spirits and significant only because our own spirits are gratified.

What other end, when at last we recover from the intoxication of that self-forgetful moment, and inquire calmly into the bearings of the situation—what other end is imaginable? Who else is to be pleased, helped, served, made better, made happier? When we hunt down all the criteria by which the worth of things is ultimately established we find them homing at last to the human spirit. The scientific revolution of the second half of the Nineteenth Century was essentially a moment of intoxicated self-forgetfulness.

Though the present moment is not without signs of a sober return to the fuller concerns of life, yet our intellectual inheritance of to-day is still representative of the mood of rapt wonder. That mood was strong enough, and definite enough in its point of insistence, to have got itself heard above the other voices of the time. Once dominant it had in its power the means of persistence; it commanded the training of the new generation of intellect. There is something to be said for the splendid militancy of the earlier generation of scientific controversialists—for the Huxleys and Tyndalls of the first decades of the revolution. They were not themselves, without some sense of the valuable points in the attitude they were opposing. That they bore so heavily upon their own end of the beam was due to the dead weight upon the other. But they were taken surprisingly at their word; there was a great shift of weight—perhaps dead weight—and the balance was overthrown. The newer generation of scientists, however, born and bred under the scientific régime, has not, naturally enough, had a keen sense of other than scientific values, not having been informed of them. The very momentum of their propaganda has been sufficient to keep them preoccupied, to keep them from inquiring too minutely into the ultimate bearing of their philosophy. Success has bred success. Contemporary honour, popular confirmation and encouragement arising out of the industrial situation, and the establishment of an imposing material equipment in every seat of learning have all tended to make for an unquestioning acceptance of the scientific dogma.

The attitude of the new generation of scientists, who fell heir to the earlier conquests is not without psychological interest. Their training has been wholly a training of the intellect. The whole liturgy of the scientific service has been made up of variations upon the theme of minute care untiring patience, infinite

pains, to the end of absolute accuracy. The preoccupations of science have been with material things—things so definite that such accuracy is approachable if not really attainable. Indeed the whole ideal of scholarly procedure attained in science is one of the noteworthy accomplishments of the period. But the reaction of such exclusive attention to definite and tangible things has been curious. Perhaps the scientific inheritors are the victims of the said perfunctoriness which follows success, and follows the more quickly the less protracted the struggle, and falls the more inevitably upon those who are bred in established tenets and accept them as a matter of course rather than as a matter of deliberate judgment. However that may be, the thoroughness with which their training has ignored the humane aspects of life and the thoroughness with which it has inculcated the virtue of absolute accuracy, has taught them to mistrust the exercise of the intellect in those humane fields where the data are less tangible than material things.

Beside the apparent pride of the humanist, there were other coincidences in the scientific revolution that lent a verbal if not a real colour to the contrasts of which science was able to avail itself. Literature was ever the humanist's theme, and the humanist's mode of expression, the object of his concern, and the ground of his discipline. And literature—that term, alas, that covers so much that is mean and paltry and unworthy, as well as much that is great and noble—had come, fittingly to the scientist's dialectic purpose, to cover something that would be hard to defend from any point of view. Romanticism had done much to spread the conception that literature was, not a matter of intellect dealing with life, but a matter of sensuous pleasure, of æsthetic enjoyment.

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know,"

sang Keats; and the scientist of intellectual vigour could well feel assured that if the end of literature were a mere dallying with the emotions, a mere titillation of the sensibilities, he for one could not subscribe to that creed as sufficient for his guidance in the more serious business of life. The great names of Wordsworth and Shelley could do nothing to win his respect for literature, or make him critical of his master, Spencer, when he pronounced

literature a play activity. There was little enough in the literature or the literary judgment of his time to counteract the tendency to mistrust the exercise of the intellect in the humane field.

Of other literature he knew little or nothing. His formal training did little or nothing to acquaint him with it, and little to make him understand its point. His tastes hardly sent him to it; rather he was prone to accept the word and the spirit of Spencer as indicative of the proper scientific attitude; "Never stopping to ask what has been thought about this or that matter, I have usually gone direct to the facts as presented in Nature"; —or again, with respect to Plato: "Time after time I have been tempted to read, now this dialogue and now that, and have put it down in a state of impatience with the indefiniteness of the thinking." The indefiniteness of the thinking! Put to it, the humanist could hardly point to more definite thinking in his own field than Plato's; and if that were the case the scientist felt that he could hardly think well of the humane field as a place for intellectual exercise. All in all he found little to alter his preconception that the serious intellectual concern of life was scientific, and that literature was a matter of play.

To such a conclusion he was further predisposed by something deeper than these external influences. He became, himself, in his human relations, a thorough-going romanticist. It is the quality of the romanticist that he values supremely the intensity of certain of his emotions. Finding that the exercise of his intellect is not in itself conducive to the exaltation of these feelings, but rather that its tendency is to guard and restrain them, he is inclined to think of the intellect as a harsh, unwarranted restriction upon their supreme spontaneity. So felt Rousseau; so felt Wordsworth; and so, in effect, has felt the romantic temperament in all times. It is needless to say, therefore, that the romanticist has chosen as the field of his indulgences those themes that are most prolific of emotion—human relations. Where he has concerned himself with things it has been wholly in the search for beauty. Now it would seem that the scientist, whose whole serious preoccupation has been intellectual, would be perhaps the last to fall into the ways of the romanticist. But the peculiarities of his training have been of a kind but slightly to interfere with his falling into those ways. He has eschewed the exercise of his reason among data less tangible than things; his hard-headedness has confined itself largely

to things to which the romanticist is indifferent. There is little, therefore, to keep him from being romantic in the romantic field.

On the face of it, it might seem probable that the scientist's training would leave him hard-headed in every relation of his life. But there are circumstances which interfere with such universal hard-headedness. The intellect is not spontaneous: it is a faculty, as the scientist knows, dependent for its value upon specific training. The test of its value is exterior to the thinker himself; its test is truth, and the thinker succeeds or fails as he attains to a measure of truth. Propound to a chemist the problem of analysing a given fluid, and though he may take pleasure in the operation, the test of his success lies not in the pleasure but in the degree to which his report corresponds to the reality. It is externally measurable, and is of value as it is found by others to be true. Truth can be attained only by knowledge and training among the specific data involved in the problem. Hard-headedness is therefore the fruit of specific training, and is perfected only in the matters in which it has been trained.

With the romantic emotions, however, all this is different. Their end is the pleasure of their own exercise. The final test of their success is internal to each individual and then only as to his own. There is no external standard to which he must attain or fail. Of two lovers of art sitting in silent rapture before a Madonna of Raphael's who shall judge of the more perfect attainment of the romantic aim. Each is the measurer of his own success. If each has thrilled to his utmost, that is as much as can be said. But which utmost is greater no one can say. And such perfect success is open to all, since the emotions are spontaneous, the fruit of indulgence, not the fruit of discipline.

The point of such a discrimination is that the scientist is not, by virtue of his intellectual training, excluded from high romantic privileges in fields where his intellect is not disciplined. The romanticist may be a romanticist pure and simple, and avoid the scientific subject matter; but the scientist cannot be a scientist pure and simple, and the one subject matter that he cannot avoid is the romantic subject matter. He may, in effect, leave his disciplined intellect behind when he wanders into strange places; but he can never leave his common humanity behind. And here in the realm of his common humanity he cannot leave behind his inheritance of sensations, tastes, appetites, emotions, his desire for happiness. His perfected hard-headedness is not

scientifically applicable here. And because here in the midst of his inevitable human relations the type of reason that is applicable has not been specifically disciplined, and because here the emotions are most prolific, his tendency is to be a romanticist in the humane field.

All this is but to apply the scientist's own principle of specialisation. To the trained doctor the empirical practitioner is an abhorrence; to the scientist the lay dabbler is a subject of disgust. The mere impressionism of the amateur could never have attained to the atomic theory, the ionic theory, or the discovery of bacteria and antitoxins. It is, therefore, far from illogical to apply the same principle to the human problem. The scientist can indeed endeavour to escape the taint of amateurism, of romanticism, by the plea that in human affairs he is a human being, and by virtue of his common humanity is inherently fit for wise counsel and wise action. But he cannot in truth escape the sense that in such a plea he is denying the logic of his own scientific position, and allying himself with those impressionists in science whom he so justly despises. He cannot quite blind himself to the realisation that life, if left to the casual impressionism of the untrained, would never have attained to whatever degree of nobility men have brought it to.

Such an arraignment is indeed ungracious, or must seem so to those who feel a sting of reproach in the term "romanticism." That the world owes an incalculable debt to science is a truism that goes without question. Mediæval speculation over problems of the physical universe are as laughable to-day as a sophomore's. Science has done much to fight in its own field the vicious obscurantism that has survived from the Middle Ages. To know the things about which speculation is sophomoric is something; to have disciplined a generation in a knowledge of such things is much. None the less science has not won the whole intellectual battle, and to suggest the insufficiencies of science and of the scientific discipline is but to carry farther the very service which it has so effectively rendered to a single part of life and thought. It is but to assert the value of a rational discipline for that part of life which science must ignore, and with which to-day romanticism is making such havoc.

And yet, in the curious but not incomprehensible blindness which we all experience in matters with which our eyes are familiar but into which our minds have not been taught to pene-

trate, the man of science is loth to admit just the element in the human field which is the determinant of all that is of moment there. Had he and his revolution fallen upon an age when that aspect of life in which he was untrained was in the hands of its own proper guardians, he might have found, in the culture of educated men, in the literature which the time elevated to the general respect, in the scholarship and criticism of his colleagues, a force to counterbalance his instinctive tendencies toward loose impressionism when he wandered from home. Instead, he fell upon a period in which not only had the human garden been let run wild, but in which all the traditional oracles to which men looked for wisdom praised wildness as the form proper to gardens. Dionysus was enthroned; and though many sang in the name of Apollo, they were in truth but wreathed Bacchæ. The romanticists were the spokesmen for all that part of life that lay beyond the range of his trained competence. They had captured literature, and with it all those quiet voices that spoke to him in moments of seclusion and contemplation. They had captured education, and with it those voices that bent his pliant spirit in its youth. They whispered nothing to him of a discipline of that spirit; they whispered nothing to him of a field of austere thought that comprised all great literature, and dealt with matter larger, and to humanity immeasurably more important, than the science of things; they whispered to him only subtle flatteries of his own innate instincts—seductive flatteries that drew his thoughts from the presence there of an element that was the most momentous element of all.

There were other flatteries, less subtle, addressing themselves to the more rational part of his nature, which did little less to seal the scientist's content with the segregation of his intellectual life. He saw those whose avowed intellectual concern was with human experience hastening to enlist themselves under the banner of science. He saw erstwhile humane scholars comporting themselves strangely, though to him not strangely, in their desire to appear in the current scholarly fashion, imitating the scientific gait and manner, and more importantly, proclaiming the objective point of science to be their own objective point. Such imitation could do little but confirm him in his sense that the one mode of thought capable of worthy results was the one of his own predilection.

It was not, indeed, that he thought of intellect as having no

place in the ordering of human relations, but that he saw those relations gathering under the wing of sociology—a branch of scholarship that promised to care for them in the name of science. He could, it is true, lift questioning brows in the presence of a science so indefinite in its data as to be capable of no reliable generalisation. Yet he could look with tolerance, even with sympathy, at its endeavours to do its best with matter so unsystematised, so various, so incalculable as humanity. If the matter was to be dealt with, that was the manner in which results were to be attained. With a little more discriminating scrutiny, however, than he was quite prepared to give it, and a little more humour than he was accustomed to apply to the objects of his serious preoccupation, he might have smiled at its solemn proposal to deal with humanity as its subject, and its prompt exclusion from that subject of the very element that made it human.

To make a merit of excluding Hamlet from the play is but sorry fun for the spectators, however much it may simplify the problem of acting for the players. The sociologists, however, little enough aware of the subtler values that qualify the human outlook, saw no humour in their exclusions, saw nothing but grim necessity driving them, if they would deal with humanity after the manner of science, to cast overboard all the incalculable factors of thought and genius that have elevated mankind to the possibility of even sociological pursuit. They have not, even to-day, naturally enough, been able to sink all such contraband cargo, but they have done pretty well. They have largely limited themselves to savages, barbarians, and the least intelligent strata of civilised society; and though even these simple peoples have contraband qualities they have succeeded not badly in bringing them through under friendly labels. None the less, by narrowing their field they have pretty well evaded the confusion that would arise from an attempt at scientific treatment of that surprising, spontaneous, incalculable element in men which at its highest we call genius and which in its lower degrees characterises every man's conscious actions. For the accredited scientist, however, with his predisposition to think of the reason as trustworthy only when dealing with tangible, calculable data, sociology has done much to quiet whatever lurking sense may have troubled him of a need to take care of a part of life which humanly he could not ignore.

If he had, with orthodox scientific doubt, still been left unquiet in his mind by a glimpse of the insufficiency, the fundamental evasion, of the sociologists, his lingering questions might have been stilled by the eagerness with which another class of scholars in the field of human experience gave up their older methods as unfruitful, and allied themselves to his forces, with every confirmation that specifically trained intellect could give of the sufficiency of the scientific mode to deal with the human problem. Sociology was new; it was without traditions; it was a product of science itself. And moreover it might logically claim for itself simply those aspects of humanity that fell short of the humanising qualities of thought and genius. History, however, was anciently established, had its origin in humane impulses, and had long-established traditions. Still more importantly its subject matter was almost exclusively that human experience that had been moulded by the very thought and genius which sociology so selectively eschewed. History was predominantly the history of civilisation, not of savagery and barbarism, and one important branch of history was the biography of men whose only distinction from other men lay in the quality of their spontaneous genius. It was patent, therefore, to the scientist that here at least was a body of trained scholars whose subject was not exclusively one aspect of life, but was life as it has been lived, and life as it has been significantly lived. With his strong inherent sense that life as it is commonly lived is an amateur affair, his lingering sense that perhaps it needed intellectual direction could hardly fail of satisfaction at the accession of the historians. The spectacle of that shift to the scientific ideal and the scientific method, that ideal and that method which had come to mean to him the difference between chaos and order, was but a promise that at last something was to be done to orient the chaos by those whose concern for it was most serious and whose competence was most established.

More amazing, if anything, than the historians and still more confirmatory of the modern attitude, are the scientific scholars in the field of literature. And yet there are conditions in the field of literary scholarship which make it a fair question whether the subject of that scholarship is not even less susceptible than history and sociology to the scientific mode of treatment.

Science itself is not, indeed, uniformly scientific. We may—to be for the moment wholly elementary—watch the sciences

shading off from one to another as they grow less and less accurate in their powers. And we may witness a progressive attempt to evade the less calculable elements that disturb the reliability of their generalisations, and a disposition to fall back upon the more definite sciences. Mathematics we speak of as the exact science because its data are controllably definite and ideally stable. Astronomy, physics, and chemistry are next and tend to become more and more mathematical. Next stands biology; and here the scientist begins to be troubled by an incalculable element; a given amœba does not act so calculably as a chloride or a ray of light; it may surround and not irritably repel a grain of inorganic matter. But the biologist is not concerned with the spontaneous individuality of his amœba; he deals with its internal unconscious reactions, and reduces these more and more to matters of chemistry and physics and mathematics. Even when he comes to man he limits himself to those same internal calculable facts that make up human anatomy, histology, embryology, physiology, and related sciences. He would shift the less calculable elements to, let us say, the sociologist.

The sociologist nominally accepts them; but he again divides his human material into two classes—on the one hand those in whom the incalculable elements are comparatively low, and who live so close to the immediate demands of physical life that in the mass and on the average their actions may with some degree of accuracy be predicted; and on the other hand those among whom the intelligence is high enough to lift them above an exclusive attention to the demands of physical life. Among these latter the characteristic activities are so far determined by the genius of its leaders and the ideas that they propagate that it is impossible to reduce to laws the actions and reactions of the mass. And so the sociologists have limited themselves consciously or unconsciously to the former class, and shifted the latter to the care of some one else. History accepts what is, scientifically speaking, too incalculable for sociology. History is primarily the history of civilisation. Now it is the very quality of civilisation that it is the addition built by the spontaneous genius of men upon the substratum of instinctive animal life. It is true, however, that the historian must take into account both the superstructure and the substratum. Both are important in determining the development of a people however civilised. It is to be admitted, therefore, after watching the gradations of

science to the less and less definite, that there remains over for history an element that relates it, however remotely, to the skirts of science. Its main subject is something else, something not so calculable, but it has this calculable element attached to it though in a wholly subordinate way.

Literature is trebly distinguished from science by the nature of its origin, of its subject matter, and of its reception. It does not spring from a set of natural laws with which science can grapple. M. Lanson's "law"—"*Le chef-d'œuvre est moins un commencement, qu'un terme*"—infinitely contestable though it is, in no way even tries to explain the capital fact of the masterpiece. That it becomes a masterpiece at all is not that it was "influenced" by a mass of "sources"; those "sources" existed in the presence of every contemporary of the writer, and in the consciousness of hundreds. The existence of the "sources" even in the consciousness does not work as a natural law, automatically, to the production of masterpieces, though the law has that delightfully preposterous implication, and literary scholars seem to believe it. That it became a masterpiece at all is due, of course, to the spontaneous genius of the writer; its very essence as a masterpiece is the addition which that genius has made upon the inert particles which constitute the "sources." And that spontaneous genius science has found to lie beyond its scope. Moreover, the subject matter of literature is again that same incalculable element in men. If the writer is concerned with the scientifically calculable elements in humanity he is writing biology, not literature. His work becomes literature when he is concerned with human life as it is lived under the direction of the spontaneous elements of the consciousness. And finally in the hands of the reader it attains to its rank as a masterpiece by virtue of his recognition of its value through its appeal to those same elements in his own consciousness. Nowhere, therefore, in its whole "life history" does literature, the thing itself, touch even the skirts of science. It has its rise, its substance, and its destination beyond the scientific pale.

All this has, it is true, failed explicitly to recognise a distinction which would no doubt make the whole difference in the mind of the scientific scholar. What this difference is we may see by a scrutiny of the present academic situation. Though our literary faculties are dominated by what has, with perhaps justifiable petulance, been called the philological syndicate, there are tol-

erated on every faculty two or three representatives of another type of mind. These men are concerned with literature itself as distinguished from philology and literary history, and in literature itself they are concerned with its æsthetic and emotional values. In this way there is established what is commonly called a "balance"; for it is believed that the "artistic side" of literature must not be ignored. The establishment of this "balance," however, is curiously indicative of the attitude of the accredited scholar. Apparently, to him, being himself romantic in his attitude to life, literature itself is purely "artistic," purely æsthetic and emotional; and those whom he provides to take care of literature itself seem aware of only those romantic values. For his own part he has, as is well known, a tolerant contempt for the emotionalists. And in truth he may well have such a contempt. There is something weak and effeminate in the cultivation of the sensibilities for their own sakes, which a person of intellect cannot but scorn. He himself devotes his energies to more intellectual tasks. He is a philologist or a historian of literature, and as such feels himself to be concerned with matters of genuine import and masculine worthiness. This balance which he has established, however, is indicative of his conception of what literature is, the thing itself, what is its worth, and what is its proper treatment.

It is the failure to have recognised that the scientific literary scholar is not really concerned with literature itself that will make the distinction of the foregoing section seem unjust and somewhat beside the point. And indeed literary history must rank as of high importance. The production of a masterpiece as an historic event stands eminent among the occurrences of the past. It were fatuous to slight the importance of the historian's work, and to slight the importance in this connection of the scholarly virtues that are called scientific. They are important here though in a less degree, just as they are important in the field of society and political history, and in the same way. But it is hard to escape the sense that they are important because they establish with accuracy the circumstances that surround the occurrence of something that is in itself important. Their service is subordinate to the significance of the fact that they establish.

What the historian may find of the circumstances that preceded and surrounded the production of *Hamlet* surely gain

their point from the greatness of *Hamlet*. And what is the greatness of *Hamlet?* Why search so patiently for the "sources," for that ur-Hamlet that is so ardently believed in —for all the links in the chain of revenge-plays that eventuated so gloriously? Suppose they were all found, what then? The question is not hard to answer from the humane point of view, but for the scientific scholar it is disconcerting. The practical answer would be to go on to something else. But such an answer, though the one that is made, is something of an evasion. If all that scholarship could hope to know were known, what would be the point of knowing it? What is *Hamlet* that all this pother of research should go on about it? The syndics have put themselves in a way to make it hard for them to reply. They have indicated their sense of the significance of literature by the type of men they have put on their faculties to deal with the thing itself; and they have indicated their attitude to the thing itself by their scholarly contempt for the activities of these men. It is, we might say, a little inconsistent to act on the belief that the production of a piece of literature is momentous enough to warrant the existence of a whole body of historical scholars, but to believe at the same time that literature itself is a mere matter of pleasurable emotions, of an effeminate titillation of the sensibilities, and unworthy the serious occupation of earnest men of intellect. Yet such is, in effect, the attitude of scientific literary scholarship to-day.

How wholly the modern official literary scholar has, in his eagerness to be scientific, effectively denied the existence of all scholarly values except those that inhere in the establishment of facts is shown perhaps nowhere so strikingly as in the modern concern for Mediæval literature. That most of the matter dug out of that dark period is intrinsically worthless is well known. But the circumstances of its production, its *Quellen*, are notably obscure. To find an old play or tale or poem which men had willingly let die; to trace its "origin", after the analogy of the biological sciences, in its resemblances to other plays and tales and poems; to hunt down parallels in contemporary and antecedent literature; to range as possible sources and influences a nicely graded list of works the author, if he is known, had read or might have read, men he had known or might have known, conversations he had held or might have held—such is the activity of those to whom the establishment of facts is the sufficient

exercise of literary scholarship. It is all done with an earnest solemnity that apparently asks no disconcerting questions; never ventures to lift an inquiring eye from the details in the foreground; never, in the flush of its accepted success, has come to murmur the *cui bono* of disillusion. To its protagonists the facts are sufficient—the things to be worked with, the things to be worked for.

Were we concerned to understand this curious activity, so vigorous, so ceaseless, so unmorbid in its freedom from wearying thought, this busyness over things so obscure, so worthless, we might see, in this ignoring on principle of the spontaneous and the incalculable in the human spirit, the decline of the very judgment by which in the reader the better and the worse are intuitively recognised. Once such a decline is complete the critical judgment is overthrown and whatever has attained to the external form of literature becomes worthy of treatment by the scientific mode of thought; for the element of fact is as large in the worse as in the better. However we may explain it, the spectacle remains of an indiscriminately vigorous activity over literary products whose only importance lies in the opportunity which they afford for that activity itself.

The particular result of the official half-truth that the discovery of "sources" and facts is the sufficient exercise of literary scholarship has been to elevate the ethics of the drudge into the law of the masters. It has been to do nothing for those rare spirits who have in them the germ of the master; it has been to sacrifice the best for the many, to proclaim as the fair shining body of truth the shoe latchet which those many can indeed be taught to unloose. The more general result has been to cultivate a generation of literary scholars who take their place beside the historians of the scientific school, beside the sociologists, and beside the natural scientists, and who with those others at their side search for more and ever more details to wonder at. It is to encourage a forgetfulness of the fact that the details, even the perfected, unified spectacle itself, has no significance save in its relation to that larger synthesis which takes place in the human consciousness. It is to forget that the enrichment of that consciousness is the only conceivable end of all their preoccupation. It is to complete the circle of those who ignore in that synthesis the supreme significance of an element that makes even that scholarship possible—personality, the spontaneous play of the

reason, the genius of the individual. And more than all, because literature is the field wherein that genius which they ignore is the sole actor, it confirms those others of the closed circle in their predisposed sense that that genius, that personality, is, like the romantic sentimentality to which they have thrown a contemptuous sop, but a trivial accident of the human situation. It leaves uncontradicted in the place where contradiction would most logically appear, the impression that gazing at the facts is the end of intellectual activity, and leaves unbroken the moment of intoxicated self-forgetfulness in the wonder at the objective accumulation.

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THE LITERARY INTERREGNUM

In a Phi Beta Kappa address given last year before certain university audiences of the middle west, the head of the Columbia School of Journalism, Dr. Talcott Williams, made something of a text of the dearth of contemporary literary activity of the highest order. His reference was chiefly to poetry, but he seemed to feel that there is now relative sterility nearly everywhere in the literary field. The period seemed to him not perhaps so much an interregnum, for that holds promise of succession to vacant thrones, as a period of decline; and this decline he felt to be bound up more or less directly with the waning of humanistic study consequent upon the substitution in the colleges of the "New" learning for the "Old." Thirty years ago, he pointed out, advocates of the retention of classical study as basic in education made the prediction that with the relative elimination from the curriculum of the "humanities," tested by centuries as an inspiring influence in education, there would come decline in the intellectual output of our colleges and in literary creation. This prediction, he added, has come true. Where now, he asked, are our Longfellows, our Lowells, our Emersons, our Laniers? At how many colleges do students discuss across the table at mealtime the current poem of some great poet? Here would be a topic which the modern student never discusses nor dreams of discussing. The present generation has neither the students nor the poets. Nor has it critics; nor, he seemed to fear, since the death of William James, has it philosophers. He implied, though not perhaps stating the belief in specific words, that the discarding of the 'humanities" in the modern college curriculum and the absence of strong present-day literary inspiration stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. The two are interrelated and their falls have synchronised.

The present is not a period of especially fresh or high literary creation, and there are many who share the misgivings of Dr. Williams regarding the relative inspiration of the new learning and the old. Yet it is difficult to concur with that distinguished journalist and educator as regards both his diagnosis and the outlook for recovery. Surely no single cause may be held re-

sponsible for the comparative barrenness of the present. The restoration to their old place of humanistic studies, or any other alteration or alterations, by prescription, in the college curriculum would probably avail little. Only in small degree may changes in the realm of the spirit come by manipulation. Also, too much must not be made of the influence of the college curriculum on literary creation. The main function of the higher institution of learning is to impart and to preserve knowledge; to keep alive the learning of the world, that asset of civilisation. It seeks to improve the quality of those who emerge from it to become citizens; that is fundamental; but in particular—often as this is forgotten in these days—it must keep the scholar from becoming extinct. The university cannot guarantee, however, to send out creators of inspired literature; it cannot expect to produce poets and dramatists and novelists as it does teachers and scholars. Indeed, the two attitudes of mind, the scholarly or critical, fostered by the institution of learning, and the imaginative or creative, that of the author, are generally incompatible. It is the student's business to learn, the teacher's to teach, the scholar's to know, and the critic's to appraise, if appraisal must be made; and all these—students, teachers, scholars, critics—are the concern of the university. But to hold the educational institution mainly responsible for somnolence in literary creation is to forget its main function, and to charge it with failing to do something which it never has done, as such, with much success, and perhaps never may do.

The cause of the present lull is not simple, nor are educational institutions mainly responsible. There always have been and there always will be in literary history "periods between," when the old is decaying and the new not yet risen. It is these periods —periods of incubation rather than retrogression—which we are accustomed to label by the somewhat hackneyed term "transitional." Of that type is the period in which we are now. The nineteenth century seems to us, as we look back from the twentieth, to have been peculiarly rich in the variety and quality of its literary performance. This is especially true of English literature, which could boast at the beginning of the century the poets Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Scott, Shelley, Keats; which brought the early Victorian novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, the essayists Carlyle and Macaulay, the Victorian poets, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne, and

the later Victorian novelists, Meredith, Hardy, Stevenson. It is true also of American literature; for here, after a long period of preparation, social conditions had become secure enough to be favourable for a genuine creative period, one which might give expression to the new nationhood. After so many decades of high and sustained literary energy must succeed a time of reaction or waiting, such as there was before the creative outburst came. The law of rise and fall is a law of life. For a longer or shorter time must come the interregnum. Often, too, the depth of the wave of reaction is best measurable by the exaltation that went before. The more luxuriant the florescence, the more barren and desolate seems the prospect when the splendid foliage has been shed.

Sometimes there appears to be a certain degree of analogy, at least as regards lyric poetry, between the early seventeenth century lull succeeding the Elizabethans and the lull of the present. Then as now, if the great voices were still for a while, there were many minor voices singing well if somewhat faintly. Interest had not died, nor had activity ceased; though instead of strong and positive notes there was fluctuation and experiment. Then as now, the chief concern was with things that were pretty and decorative, or echoic, or ingenious, but not vital; the direction ultimately to be taken seemed in doubt. It is true of modern lyrists like William Watson, Alfred Noyes, Arthur Symons, Le Gallienne, Kipling, as it was of Carolan like Lovelace, Wither, Suckling, Carew, that among them there is steady singing, often lyric fervour, and grace and equality of performance, though no member of either group may be called great.

During these intervals or periods of comparative inertia, the reactionary critic or scholar inclines to be despondent. There are many who like better to face the past than to look forward to the future. The past seems very good; what lies ahead doubtful and slow to come. The ebbing of the old wave seems stronger than the rising of the new. The result is a feeling of depression. Arnold felt in elegiac mood, like the speaker cited at the opening, when he wrote in *Memorial Verses at Wordsworth's Death:*

> "Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece
> Long since saw Byron's struggle cease.
> But one such death remained to come,
> The last poetic voice is dumb—
> We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb."

Or again, in *The Youth of Nature:*

"But the valleys are flooded with haze.
Rydal and Fairfield are there;
In the shadow Wordsworth lies dead . . .
Well may we mourn when the head
Of a sacred poet lies low
In an age which can rear them no more . . .

"He is dead, and the fruit-bearing day
Of his race is past on the earth;
And darkness returns to our eyes . . ."

Yet, in the year when the lines first quoted were written, *In Memoriam* was published; and the decades that followed were rich in creative activity, though of another kind than Wordsworth's. Unless for poetry, over which Arnold's elegy, though somewhat premature, was truer than his contemporaries believed, the founts of inspiration were not exhausted. Arnold's own critical prose was to be a powerful force in the half century that followed.

Perhaps chiefly responsible for the literary interregnum of our day is the exhaustion of material—the well-worn character of the prevailing subject matter—and the exhaustion of old modes. It is not that many people do not write well now. Rather, never in the world's history were more people writing, with so high an average level of performance. The spread of education, the diffusion of reading matter among all classes through newspapers and periodicals, has brought seething activity. Everybody writes, and nearly everybody writes well; but it seems as though the very quantity of production interfered with the highest inspiration. It seems to be true that when too many can succeed with a certain form of art—as when everybody at the close of the Sixteenth Century wrote sonnets, or as now everybody can write novels or short stories—the knell of that form has been sounded for awhile, the vein worked out. The student of literary history becomes convinced that the chances are rather in favour of a decline, or a temporary decline, of a form of expression on which many people wreak themselves. "Over-fecundity cheapens the product." The new notes struck at the beginning of last century—for instance praise of wild nature as medicinal for the vexed human spirit, the revival of the romantic past, the revolt from convention, the praise of freedom, the latter finding

a belated echo in Swinburne; also the poetic motives that followed, the note of spiritual incertitude and wistfulness as in Arnold, relative acquiescence and advocacy of harmonious reconstruction as in Tennyson, expressed by him with a new fastidiousness and dexterity of technique—all these notes, and many others not enumerated here, have been iterated and reiterated. Having a good model, many can do well a thing once done.

> "Most can raise the flowers now
> For all have got the seed."

But zest for old things passes. If poets of the present send us to wild nature as a refuge from social *ennui*, we either give little attention or prefer the pages of those who celebrated that refuge so many decades ago. If a new poet were to compose idyls on mediæval material like Tennyson's, no matter how well, few would read them. If a new poet were to give us psychological studies of the human mind, like Browning's, we should probably still turn to Browning, not to his follower. As Brunetière has pointed out, those who count in the history of literature and art are those who do something different from their predecessors, not those who are willing to do the same thing as their predecessors.

The old material has been worn out, and the new has not yet come; or at least we do not recognise it, though it may be germinating. But it will come. These things are inexorable. Not any conscious human ordering will bring the new literary fruitage, for the latter cannot be produced by training wholly, nor by dedication to purpose, nor even by leadership; although much in new literary movements does depend on leadership. Rather is it bound up with the rise and fall of ideas; and the play of these over the stream of human society is variable as the winds. There must be definite new thoughts to enshrine or interpret, definite new tendencies to express, new needs to be met. Reiteration, no matter how skilful, will not do. Shakespeare summed up, we say, and interpreted the sixteenth century, and in so doing proved himself to be a master interpreter of human thought and feeling. But there was first the wonderful sixteenth century to express, that age of unparalleled intensity and fresh impetus, the culmination of the English Renaissance. Wordsworth and Coleridge and Byron and Shelley may have interpreted for us the early nineteenth century; but there was first the early nine-

teenth century to express, that seething period of initiative and tremendous impulsive force, when in men's minds were yet fermenting the ideas of the French Revolution. The Victorian period succeeded, marked by the upheaval and transformation attending the Darwinian doctrine of biological evolution, a doctrine having far-reaching consequences in all departments of thought. The right man, the genius, is never enough. He must be in the right place, and he must come at the right time. That right time is not the interregnum, a time of feverish groping, when there is little to interpret and no clearly defined needs to which to minister.

It is well to recall also that the day of the poet, technically speaking, of the writer of measured verse, may be over for a very long time. The outlook for a period of supreme poetry in the near future is hardly favourable. The day of poetic monopoly has passed; there will not soon again, if ever, be the relative demand for it that there once was. Discouraging as it may seem to idealists, in literature, as in everything else, the commercial factor plays a governing part in the mass and the quality of the output.

"There are four motives which may inspire an author to do his best," pointed out Professor Brander Matthews in a recent address, "the necessity for money, the lust for fame, the impulse for self-expression, and the desire to accomplish an immediate purpose. Sometimes they are all combined, although many of the greatest writers—Shakespeare for one and Molière for another —seemed to have cared little for the good opinion of posterity. The impulse for self-expression, and the desire to accomplish an immediate purpose are both potent; but neither is so insistent and inexorable as the necessity for money. In every country and in every age, men of genius have been tempted to adventure themselves in that form of literature which happened then and there to be most popular, and therefore most likely to be profitable." Bound up with the new and overwhelming demand for plays came the florescence of the drama under Elizabeth. The same explanation holds for the dominance of the periodical essay under Queen Anne and her followers; and bound up with the demand for that relatively new species, the novel, comes the great period for the latter form under Victoria. It is the demand for magazine literature of the present day which has turned contemporary activity into the kaleidoscopically varied but

slighter forms which the magazine endeavours to supply. It may well be questioned, however, whether among these varied forms poetry will soon again play a high part. Many who might once have become poets now enter commercial pursuits, or give their energies to sociology, to history, to philosophy, or to journalism. Till about the middle of the eighteenth century poetry had nearly a monopoly of the best creative activity. Indeed it was not until this period that a good prose was developed, a clear and orderly prose, constituting an attractive medium of literary expression. With the development and popularisation of literary prose, poetry found a formidable rival; and now the former claims hundreds of readers to one reader of verse. The old order has been turned about. The stream of readers that followed Sir Walter Scott, when he turned from his verse romances to the no less exciting prose narratives of the Waverley novels—that stream of readers never returned. It is not solely because of lack of high quality of production that modern critical journals give so little space to reviews of new verse, so much to whatever may appear in prose. It is because interest in the latter mode is now so much the stronger, and therefore the impulse to its creation the more compelling. The place held by poetry before an attractive and multifarious prose literature was developed will not soon be regained.

In America the outlook for poetry seems particularly unfavourable. Even if our social conditions furnished the right atmosphere, the leisure and the stimulus for poets, as they do not, it must be acknowledged that prose seems the form of literature most suited to the aptitudes of our direct, vigorous, unemotional race, a race having if anything too well-developed a sense of humour. Prose seems properly enough the literary mode of a democracy; and as its forms have developed a greater and greater capacity to satisfy the needs of the masses of readers, it seems destined to keep for itself these readers, and therefore to annex for its creation the strongest minds. But even in England, it now seems doubtful whether poetry was, for the later Victorian era, the most vital literary mode; that which will seem in the long run best to express and characterise it. The poets Tennyson, Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne, gained their laurels partly by turning away from the external life of their time. Even Browning shunned much dealing with contemporary problems, preferring to turn largely to the past, and to wreak himself on the psycho-

logical interpretation of selected souls. Before the energy of such analyses of contemporary English life as Meredith's and Hardy's, or the battle-scarred works of the strong minds that created, on the continent, *Ghosts*, or *The Doll's House*, *Le Debâcle*, *Resurrection*, *Die Weber*, the drawing-room complacencies of the Victorian poets shrink to side importance. The one group seems hardly touched by the wash of the larger currents of the age. The second, writing in the spirit of science, with open vision, steady temper, and determination to face reality, is the better reflection of its time. The deeper and truer vein, in the last half of the nineteenth century, ran not through its poetry but through its prose.

Criticism seems able to speak with most security when distanced from its subject. Among the Victorians themselves the forces at work were too near to be very clearly distinguished. Their judgment of their own activity will doubtless be in part reversed by time. So it is—it is perhaps well for us to bear this in mind—with us to-day. Not the present generation but those who see our time in perspective, will have the true conception. The judgment of the present is nearly always out of focus. What we think of present conditions, what we feel to be in store for us may miss the real truth; much positiveness as regards contemporary tendencies would be premature and uncritical. But prophecy is tempting, if venturesome, and a few conjectures may perhaps be hazarded.

For poetry and the drama prediction is easiest regarding form. In both certain external changes seem now to be going on. In poetry the signs are that rhymeless lyric verse is gaining favour. The great traditional forms of English verse can hardly be carried farther than they have been by the masters of technical verse culminating in Swinburne. The harmony which has been developed will always control our lyric verse; but it seems likely that metrical regularity, the counting of syllables, will play less and less part. Poetic diction, too, will be broadened even farther than it was by Browning and Whitman; or perhaps it would be truer to say that our last clinging to a conventional poetic diction will be given up, and the whole vocabulary of our language become available. In the drama the changes taking place seem too obvious to be overlooked. The four-act, the three-act, and now, in our own decade, the one-act play have succeeded the stereotyped five-act drama derived from the model of classical

antiquity. The short play is a new literary form which we may watch striving toward some sort of fixity, waiting perhaps for some genius to stamp it with permanent significance. The gradual rise to orthodox standing of the vaudeville stage, having its special needs to be met, the growth of photograph dramas, with their emphasis on "dumb-show" and spectacle, can hardly fail to bring definite changes of some sort in dramatic art. Here is that economic element working which after all is so potent a factor in literary creation.

With regard to the substance and temper of the new literature, one is inclined, with Mr. Irving Babbitt, to look for a movement that might be termed centripetal, a movement toward the centre. For nearly a century now, there has been, he points out, an almost exclusive play of centrifugal forces; of exploration into the remote and outlying regions, whether of nature or of humanity. Some day there must be a counter-movement toward the centre, a "subliminal uprush" in the direction of centralisation, instead of miscellaneous expansion. One of the striking tendencies of the day is the drift toward socialisation. Modern thought no longer considers the individual detached from his fellows, glorified by his isolation, his chief duties toward himself, as in the philosophy of the individualists, or of transcendentalists like Emerson. It considers rather the world itself, in whose betterment every man must actively do his part. Modern legislation concerns itself to a marked degree with the responsibilities of large associated bodies, such as the great corporations, toward society. The social question as it confronts us to-day is: "How to maintain each without sacrificing the other, how to be a person and at the same time an efficient member of the social body; how to realise personality in terms of the common good." This brings with it a return to something of the eighteenth century perspective view; of its conception of the individual as a social unit, not as finding his chief importance to the world in the development, at whatever cost, of his individual soul. Sooner or later, it would seem, this shift of emphasis, already claiming attention in legislation and in ethical and religious thought, must find more adequate expression in early twentieth century literature.

Perhaps—whatever changes are to come in subject matter and form—from one standpoint we ought to hope that our interregnum will not soon be ended. It has often been remarked that in its great forms literature seems somehow bound up with a

time of strain and upheaval. It is not the gentle period of unbroken prosperity, but the period of sudden and profound changes, of national struggle, that brings strongest imaginative inspiration; much as with the individual genius the highest reach in artistic creation seems often to be brought by deep passion and high excitement within itself.

> "Wer nie sein Brot mit Thränen asz,
> Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
> Auf seinem Bette weinend sasz,
> Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlichen Mächte."

Out of great ferment, for individual or race, comes the leaven of great ideas and transfiguring energy. It is not the turmoil and the stress that bring the effect on literary creation, but the ideas which are called forth by the ferment. But if change is to come only after deep stirring of our national spirit, after strong revolutionary impulse, or desperate struggle and deep desire in the spirit of man, why should we crave that change too ardently, as ardently as though it might come wholly without cost?

That it will come, we cannot doubt. Sooner or later the pendulum will swing. We shall awake to find style revitalised, and subjects hitherto undreamed of brought within the range of art, fertilised by all the fresh ideas, social, political, religious, which characterise a new era. Even in America there will sometime be high results to chronicle. That America, the commercial and industrial inspiration of the world, will ever be the home of supreme excellence in any form of art, may seem for the present scarcely likely; certainly a prophecy hazarded to that effect would find but scornful support among our European contemporaries. But the issue remains to be worked out. Three or four centuries make only a beginning. How can we say what is to come? Already a strong and great nation has been built up, stronger and greater perhaps than the most sanguine of our forefathers dared to dream. "The future belongs to America." Can it be that the future in literature may belong to America too? The present is an inauspicious time for such augury; yet it is possible enough that an American literature, worthy in originality and magnitude of the land and the people, embodying the national life, and finding its inspiration in the national ideals, may yet take its place among the classic literatures of the world.

LOUISE POUND.

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MAGNACUM CONFUSIONE

Compelled to oppose nature or our social institutions, we must choose between making a man and a citizen, for we cannot make both at once.
ROUSSEAU, *Émile*, Book I.

"——And I carried away from college a suit case of clothes and a packing case of notebooks. These were all I had left after paying my commencement bills, for the notebooks had no commercial value, nor any other, so far as my use of them has shown, as I have never looked in them since. And is n't that a fair allegory of your college education?"

Jones was speaking, a little bitterly for him, for usually he was the most sunny of high-school principals. We had been exchanging reminiscences during the last courses of an excellent luncheon served by a domestic science class in a large city high school. There were three principals present, and I. But I was there on sufferance; for I had once been a teacher in the self-same school, and as such might as easily have aspired to a seat on Olympus as to a luncheon with the principals. Now I was a guest of Nevius and the Arnold school; and he had invited me to a part of the principals' conference.

The last part of the speech was aimed at me. "I wonder if you really know what the aims of a college education are," I began lamely enough. "Now these much despised notebooks——"

"Notebooks," snorted Jones. "You college professors are obsessed by the idea of notebooks. You take our poor graduates, who with us have learned a little of orderliness and obedience, two of the cardinal virtues in a community as well as in a school, and you herd them into undifferentiated classes; come into contact with them an hour or two a day; turn them over to inexperienced assistants; talk to them at random on this subject of antediluvian interest or that; assign them vague, impossible, and at best useless tasks; do not inquire if your assignments have been met. You plunge these unfortunate novitiates into a vortex of whirring notions, throw them a notebook as life-preserver, and call the result education. I say you are sticking the cause of true education under the fifth rib. You 're as mad

as a mob of hatters, only there is no one among you to tell you of it."

The attack was not a new one, nor from a novel direction. I had long known Jones, that he was a man who nursed no illusions, that he was the most plain-spoken of principals, so much so that his superintendent was not a little afraid of him, and made the necessary supervisory visits as brief and formal as possible. Yet Jones had ideals and hobbies; just now they meant having the Roosevelt the most orderly and efficient school in the city—and it was.

Besides I liked him hugely; so I was carefully selecting the words of my reply. "I wonder if you secondary school men are any more sure of the aims and ideals of secondary education." But I saw that Maxwell, the principal of the Morgan school, was nervously tapping the table with his fingers, somewhat as he would call a class to order—I knew the sign, so left the question unasked and turned to him.

Maxwell was a dapper little man with an excessively polite, almost affectionate manner, which did not inspire confidence, and at times was irritating. It might almost be called obsequious. Yet it made him popular with the many rich patrons in his district, the wealthiest in the city. He was a model in manners, they said. I never knew him to disagree with any one directly; yet he had a way of gaining his ends. "I am afraid," he said smilingly to me, "that Mr. Jones is very near the truth. Now in England"—(Maxwell had just returned from his first visit abroad)—"where they have the lecture system, they have also tutors who help the students individually in their reading, they call study by that term over there, you know; and thus bridge the gap between student and professor While in Germany—" I leaned back to cover a yawn. As though the question had not repeatedly been threshed over in our many faculty discussions. It was maddening.

"While in Germany," he went on, tenderly almost caressingly toying with his coffee spoon, "the professor often gives his lectures to empty benches, but redeems it all with a stiff examination. Does n't it look a little as though the colleges had copied all the vices of Germany without the virtues?"

"I know, I know," I broke in hurriedly, "there everything but higher education has the taint of socialism. The individualism in their universities is the leaven which energises the lump,

the one lost sheep which gives the ninety and nine orderly ones in the fold some recompense for their nice lives and keeps them from stiffening with *ennui*. Now weak and irresolute as we are, is it not true that our effort, if we show any, is directed toward scholarly independence?"

"Yes," muttered Jones, "you take away the ground from under their feet—the ground we have been so careful to make firm, while we have had them in the preparatory schools—and you call the result independence." Jones was from Amherst, and it was one of his delights to attack our overgrown universities of the middle West. But this was a new direction. He usually pointed his scorn at our lack of traditions, our bourgeois ideals, and above all at our miscalled Colleges of Agriculture, but not at our ideals of scholarly independence.

I could see, however, that in one way he was right. But he was not going to let me off without the whole of it. His school-directing experience had made him almost downright and pedantic in his courtesies as well as in his logic—a striking contrast to the young Amherst graduate I had first known fifteen years ago. But secondary schools and progressive platforms are alike in this at least, they require of their leaders an easy mastery of the obvious. So dropping into a tone of voice he might assume before a parents' guild, or a class of belligerent pupils, he went on dispassionately: "True independence or individualism in its best sense, is an impossibility in this country, even were it something to be desired—as it is n't, for we have no body of tradition and culture which any considerable number of us recognises, or desires to recognise. There is no such thing as an American tradition, save the one we are trying our best to suppress, general boorishness and lust for personal prosperity, the two evils which grew up in Puritan New England, and which alone we have cherished, letting go of all its many admirable traits, which we to-day cannot understand. This Jack London animal surliness or equally animal affection, both blind and utterly unreasoning, is at the very antipodes of independence. It is social and individual suicide. It is as deadly to the individual who glories in it as it is the utter bane and negation of society.

"For true independence consists not in the throwing aside of every tradition and convention, making of oneself naked before the world, but in a respect for tradition and culture founded upon a thorough understanding of the logic of their continuity and

progress. And this is what I say you university men are not giving to your graduates, and this, moreover, I say is quite impossible in this country to-day. You boast your independence of scholarship, and your students learn to despise tradition, because they see it only in its narrow, musty, Wagner-like, parchmenty archives; and that too only from afar off. They are given no opportunity for guidance in the morass of courses, which, like German measles and whooping cough, beset their innocent paths. They rarely see and never come into personal contact with a real man. They think in terms of credits, diplomas, parties, co-eds, and bull-dog pipes, and you would name the result the independence of scholarship."

Maxwell was again drumming on the table. We turned toward him. "I am not so sure, ' he began, looking with a polite and deprecating smile at Jones, "I am not sure that I quite get your point that true independence is not desired in this country, even were it possible. Certainly the tendency now is in the direction of a close solidarity. Everything is being unionised, all that remains is to affiliate all the unions, and then legislate for the body corporate through representatives from all the various unionised interests. The proposal has been made, not once, but repeatedly; and the experiment is being tried in places. I like to think of the beauty of well-recognised and practical fraternal relations.

"But what interests me most now is my school and the effect of the education we are giving upon its graduates And I am afraid so long as we of the primary and secondary schools and you of the colleges and universities work at cross-purposes, so long will our education do as it is now doing in the progress of this country—nothing. The people who are thinking on social problems, and whose thinking is bringing about the revolution in our civil life, are doing it in spite of our educational confusion. Now if we were to crystallise, if we were to have an educational brotherhood, as it were——"

"God forbid," broke in Nevius. He had drunk deep of the well of German philosophy and romantic idealism, and had been battle-scarred in a struggle with scientific materialism. His soul now had two windows one which looked up toward the absolute, the other which admitted the reflection of matters of everyday life and interest. He was not a man to take a second place in any conversation, and it had excited my wonder not a

little that he had restrained himself so long in the presence of his guests. "God forbid,' he exclaimed yet more heartily. "An educational union would mean, as it has meant in every industry, a standard of efficiency, and before that bar you, Maxwell, might be brought, for keeping too good a school. But seriously, standardisation is the most serious evil that can beset any industry, and worst of all is it for us when he have, strictly speaking, no product at all, but capacities for living, young people who are to be taught how to live. I agree perfectly with all the strictures we have made against the universities and colleges; and nearly all thinking university men will say what we have said. The difficulty with us, the difficulty with our whole scheme of education, is that we have two and perhaps incompatible ideals. There are two varieties of studies more or less clearly marked, studies which train for future manhood, and studies which train for effective and productive citizenship. And because the line between these has not been clearly drawn, and the significance of each clearly pointed out, we have all this uncertainty to-day, uncertainty which is not so much greater in the colleges than in our own well-managed and disciplined high schools."

He waited a moment, looking at me. But I shook my head. "I quite agree with Jones," he went on, "that independence as he defined it, or barbaric individualism, as I should prefer to call it, is the bane of our age and country. But I quite deny that true individualism, the individualism which involves a respect for tradition and culture, is impossible; and it is because I see in the colleges and in them alone a blind and probably weak and staggering attempt to preserve this tradition, that I say they are nearer the true education than are we."

"But they don't do it," insisted Jones. "They don't see any light themselves—not many of them—and they still less desire to point out the light to others. For, you see, the ideal of education is changing. It was all well and good in the old days, when we still had the ideal of a cultured and leisured aristocracy, to give an education which taught, as you say, how to live, how to get the most out of life, how to see the meaning and worth of life, and all that It was excellent then, I say, to drink great draughts as you and I did of the classics. But how much good did these same classics do us in our work?"

"More than you and I can ever know," quickly interrupted Nevius.

"No," went on Jones, "they kept you for fifteen years from getting the position you now have. The school authorities, I imagine, felt not at all sure that you would favour those new departments which make education more practical, more efficient, which bring education out of the skies to put it to spreading butter on workingmen's bread. But the classics now have nearly disappeared from our curriculum. We retain them out of a blind respect for tradition; but we are slowly getting our eyes. That mental opaqueness to new ideas which comes from too great a respect for Latin and Greek we are slowly getting rid of."

"And the result," broke in Nevius impatiently, "will be a race of well-dressed and well-fed Barbarians."

"No," replied Jones patiently, "but a race of men and women who will first of all be efficient, and then have a sense of social solidarity, the greatest desideratum in our country to-day. For the first we have our courses in the mechanical arts both for girls and boys, and then our courses in the commercial or business field. Why, our graduates from these two departments are snapped up immediately by wide-awake business firms. The city to-day has a fair sprinkling of expert workmen and clerks who got their first training from us, and were thus saved the wearying apprenticeship which others must submit to. Why, with well-organised technical and commercial courses we could put every boy in a position where he might at once begin the work of life."

"Yes " snapped Nevius, "but he can get no farther than his training."

"In the second place," went on Jones, ignoring the thrust, "we have our courses in civics, practical ethics, elementary economics, and sociology, which teach the duties that each individual owes to the community. So we train for citizenship, the exercise of the ballot, moral responsibility, and all the manifold duties which go with our modern complex social conditions. It would be a great dereliction in duty should we, when the public demands that we make our schools drill grounds for efficient citizenship, abandon that ideal, and strive to store the mind with useless lumber, or with things which might be well for the ancient Romans and Greeks but are quite out of date in this progressive age.'

"All this sounds plausible enough," Nevius again broke in, "but the number of our so-called educated men who stay away

from the polls is increasing every year. Your theory may be excellent; but in practice it breeds callous citizens."

"There is at least one thing," interrupted Maxwell as he toyed with his ring, "that we can get from the Greeks which might counteract this slackness Nevius has called attention to; and that is education through art, a thing, too, which Goethe saw in his *Wilhelm Meister*. To them art was the means by which they sought and did achieve, for a while, social solidarity. The Pan-Hellenic exhibitions and contests were primarily artistic in essence. Now it seems to me that some of our school men are right in stressing the ideal that by means of our music, painting, literature, dramatics, and gymnastics—yes, even athletics—we shall do more to teach social sympathy and social service, the beauty in human life and human relationships, than in all of our ruder and more purely intellectual courses. In all of these the ideal is the value of team work and the appreciation of the beauty of sympathetic co-operation, and sympathetic understanding. For this reason we have our mass singings, our painting exhibitions, for a painting is made solely that it may carry the message of the painter to the man who sees and enjoys it. Thus we have our literary society meetings, and are turning our classes in literature into debating and programme clubs. What, too, is more important in bringing out all the latent social spirit than a well-conducted play on a school stage? Why, my manual training teacher spends weeks of his time painting the scenery and making the furniture for our plays. Athletics call out perhaps the ruder virtues at times, but we soften them by talks on the essential solidarity of both contesting teams on the gridiron, insisting that the purpose of the team work is not to win the game but to co-operate in the spirit of brotherly love.

"All these things will go farther, I believe, to do away with our crass materialism, our rude manners, our extravagant individualism, the ugliness in our lives, in our cities, in our architecture and institutions, than any other force we can wield. Europe will have nothing on us in the way of social beauty, if we can but learn the lesson of the ultimate worth of art in all its forms. And we are doing it to-day. The number of art schools in this country has increased by leaps and bounds. Art is taught in all public schools of any size. The students who specialise in it are numbered by the thousands. I am considering the advisability

of recommending that it shall be made a requirement for all pupils in our schools."

"But don't you see where it might lead?" inquired Jones. "Art is, at least in its higher manifestations, essentially individualistic. A great book, or a poem, or a painting, while it may raise the hearts of thousands, will also raise that of the artist still higher. And the lesson which history teaches, is that artistic states have ever been individualistic states. The social solidarity of Greece is a figment of the imagination.

"We need not blind ourselves to the truth, either, you, Maxwell, with your æsthetic ideals, and Nevius with his love of tradition, much as we might like to we cannot direct the real work of our public education in a large city. With our divergent views we should bring quick shipwreck to the system; and system it must have if it is to go anywhere. For this reason we may deliberate here to our hearts' content on methods of management and variations in the courses of study; but let us lift our hands against the principle that education is to promote first of all technical efficiency and secondly train for a certain kind of citizenship, the kind which will permit the least of inefficient government, political economy in the narrow sense of the word, and we should be lost. We might as well be frank with one another at least. What these workmen and business patrons want is more first-class workmen and better government, that is, less graft and less disorder.

"Beyond these they do not care that we go. Your notion, Maxwell, that Art will make for greater social sympathy and social understanding, that literature will soften our ruder manners and give our life the graces that now are seen in Europe, that our institutions, our architecture, and art will in consequence become more like those in the old countries, is all so much folderol. The average business man is afraid of art and literature. He sees in them a new force that he does not recognise. The only beauty to him is the sensual, the other he fears. And as for the labourer he has no time or inclination for it, for it has no 'cash value,' and interferes with his trade. They both tolerate your pretty exhibitions of paintings and plays, and literary pyrotechnics; but were they to see that through them you were leaving undone the things that should be done,—why the Morgan school would be looking for a new principal.

"That is why Maxwell's suggestion for a union of educators

is quite impossible to-day, for we are the servants of the two otherwise hostile groups, the business men and the labourers. They are our masters, they are the educators. Should we try to oppose their ideals and to form a union—were such a thing possible in spite of our conflicting theories—we should at once be crushed between the upper and the nether millstone. No, the thing is doubly, trebly, impossible; impossible because of our differences, impossible because of our helplessness, impossible because of our masters."

We were silent for a while. The thought was not a pleasant one for any. Nevius pushed back his chair noisily and half rose. His face was drawn, for he had long nursed the thought that the teacher was the intellectual leader in a community. He sat down again, pulling savagely at his moustache. I could hear him muttering, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth . . . "

Finally Jones went on dispassionately: "It was precisely for this reason that I said what I did of the impossibility of our having an individualism based on culture in this country. You know I come from a college where the tradition is still strong. God bless her. She is one of a very few lights in this wind-blown darkness. I hope, too, that I still carry about with me some of her ideals. But I recognise only too clearly now their utter futility and real danger. This is a democracy, and a democracy always has been and always must be built upon the principle that the health of the whole body is more significant than that of any of its members. Its death, when it has come, has always come through the rise of individuals who place their welfare above that of the mass. For this reason it was but following the law of self-preservation that led Athens to banish Aristides, the Just, as well as Themistocles and Miltiades. They were individualists. And her fall came quickly when she permitted Pericles, Plato, Socrates, Sophocles, and Phidias to reside for one day within her borders. Much as I love culture, I love my country still more. And when culture, individualistic culture, for the highest culture is individualistic, comes to this country, the social bonds will be loosened, our solidarity will be gone. In times of stress our men of power, instead of obeying the voice of the demos, will, like Goethe, be writing *Fausts* and *Meisters*, and fraternising with the French."

"How many men were left in your college," inquired Nevius, "when the call to arms came in the sixties?"

"That is hardly a fair question," replied Jones. "First, the spirit of individual culture had then sunk no deep roots anywhere in America; and then the fight for both the North and the South, was one with a lofty ideal. It might almost be called a conflict of two ideals of culture, however badly they were understood. But the fact still stands, that no truly cultured state has been long lived. I have already pointed that out in art. Only I would go farther and say that art not only does undermine true social solidarity, but also when misunderstood, as it usually is, by uncultured people, brings in its train a thousand week-kneed principles that endanger the very morals of our state. Dilettanteism in art usually is followed by dilettanteism in morals. Not that I do not respect art. But art is not a plaything. It is a serious thing, more serious than anything in the world. For it touches the hem of the garment of religion. There is really no place for art in a democracy that would endure."

"And no place for religion?" I inquired.

"That I am not ready to say," said Jones. "At least, I should say that there is no place for the ecstatic, or personal forms of religion, such as we usually associate with the term oriental, for they are essentially individualistic."

"Thus we are forced to the belief, are we," Nevius inquired slowly, "that a democracy must have a quiet impersonal unemotional religion, no art, no culture? It must be a place for material and social progress, for business men and labourers, and nothing else?"

"At times I feel that way," replied Jones, shaking his head, "at least the logic of the case requires it.'

"And our teachers are to be disciplinarians," went on Nevius, "and experts, who minister to the physical, social, economic, and political needs of our people, with just as little stirring of mental, moral, and spiritual waters as possible?"

"You put it a little extravagantly," said Jones, "but barring that I believe you are not far from right. You see we want to endure; and to endure we want as little volatile energy as possible. We must be as nearly static as our normal progress will allow."

"But the people are spoken of as the *mobile vulgus*, the most volatile thing in the world," put in Nevius.

"Not when they are untouched by the windy doctrine of some

individualist. Alone they are as content as the peasants of India. But we have gone a long way from our point of departure," went on Jones. "Let us get back; all this sounds a little lugubrious. We are school men, you know, and not philosophers."

We sat silently wondering if such a democracy were after all the only possible one; and if it were worth our affection. Finally Maxwell turned with a smile. "Jones," he exclaimed, "you are the only social propagandist I have heard of who despairs, till despair creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates. Is n't it a double rôle, and an unfair one to yourself, you are playing, this mingling the logic of Karl Marx and the tears of the weeping prophet? It is your Amherst training still clinging about the neck of the heart which your socialising logic would deny."

"I have allowed the dark side only of the picture to be painted," went on Jones after a time. "Have we thought of the possible progress in industry and science which such a condition would allow, with its trained experts? And we are hired to train these experts. And we do so by taking over entirely or as nearly so as possible the whole of their training.

"All of us have doubtless noticed the pretty general breakdown of the home as a unit in society. With it goes the last stronghold of individualism. Discipline of the children at home is pretty nearly, in the cities at least, an unknown thing. The father is busy in his office, the mother has her clubs. The modern labour-saving inventions have reduced housekeeping to a routine in many homes. The children have literally nothing to do in the home. The chores that used to keep us busy after school, are now all done by mechanical devices. Hence has come a gradual breakdown in home solidarity. The children are on the street if not in worse places. It is a great relief for parents when children are in school, for then, at least, they are not in mischief; while at home they must be watched, if they are to be kept straight; and you know there is nothing worse than an idle child.

"You see what we are coming to. The state is taking over the complete education of the child. We have already our supervised playgrounds. We have our compulsory education laws, and officers for looking up delinquent children. We are studying the causes of retardation in children who seem unable

to take an education. Thus we make children over. Many of our grade schools are equipped to feed undernourished children, and to sleep those who are not strong. In other words, we are stepping in to supply the manifest deficiencies in the family. Naturally that gives us a long lever to raise the children to the levels for which their natural aptitudes fit them; for we are wiser and more disinterested than the parents.

"But we are going to do more than that. We are going into the actual formation of their minds. Home study, because of the difficulties found in many homes, is already a thing of the past in nearly all grade schools, for it involves waste of time and energy, as well as a certain amount of unpleasant difficulty on the part of the children. We want the school work to taste well in their mouths. So we are going to do away with home study entirely in the high schools also, only we shall lengthen the school hours and thus keep the children a little longer off the streets. Thus we shall not only feed their bodies, when they require it, but shall also feed their minds—in our own way. With the children kept under our discipline and under our mental guidance for thus long each day, what may we not hope to accomplish? Where will there be room for the refractory child? Instead of the loafer, the criminal, we shall turn out the expert workman, the clerk, the stenographer, the man or the woman who shall take his place as a producer in this world of business and industry."

"Yes, and nothing else," snorted Nevius, who had with difficulty restrained himself during all this discussion.

"We need nothing else, now; do we?" quietly replied Jones. "It is this old and quite out-of-date theory of education for a class, that has worked such confusion in all of our ideas and practice. I say again, public education, given for the people, and by the people, must take into consideration the welfare of the people; and that in a democracy is nothing more nor less than training them to earn a decent livelihood and to co-operate in the state."

"But why," I asked, "did that form or ideal of education, as you call it,—training I should call it,—not find its way into our older academies and high schools say, of fifty to seventy-five years ago? It was never even whispered in the old New England before the Civil War."

"Because we were then a republic and not a democracy. There is all the difference in the world between the two forms of

government. You have read Montesquieu. A republic is a government of the people by its chosen representatives who are its leaders, men in whom the people have a confidence, and who have a respect for tradition, and who are usually elected to office term after term, the people contenting themselves merely with the right of franchise and choice of leader. A democracy distrusts and hence dispenses with leaders, with representatives who are given any real initiative, and keeps men in deliberative assemblies merely to record its will. The Civil War settled the question whether this is to be a republic or a democracy. For the past fifty years, since the days of Lincoln, there has gradually been the growing conviction that if this country is to endure it must be in fact as well as in theory a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; and that every check that once was set up against the immediate assertion of the popular will, must be removed and direct action and direct legislation encouraged. Hence education must respond to the popular demand, and let the people rule Though we may not like it, the fact still stands, the people are our educators, we are mere instruments."

"What a pitiful profession then is ours," exclaimed Nevius, "if all you say be true. We are mere recorders of the popular will in the training of children, not teachers or the propagators of an educational tradition. If the people demand eugenics and efficiency, or postum cereal and prohibition, or Theodore and 'trust busting,' it is good, and we must hear the music and join the parade. To be a good educator, or trainer, we must cast off as far as possible any claims we once might have had of originality or individuality. You say democracy must abandon art, literature, religion, tradition, culture, everything that makes life worth while, and now to be consistent we must also cast away the only means by which these undemocratic ideals, as you call them, can be attained, and throw overboard education. In its place we shall set up what, as you say, the democracy for its health demands, training for efficiency and citizenship or social solidarity."

Then after a long pause, for none of us seemed to care to continue the discussion: "And I went into this profession, because I saw in it the only means of checking the wave of barbarism and socialism. And our Arts or Literary or Academic Colleges, them I regarded as our strongest and last strongholds— I wonder if

you are right. Are we the victims of the great confusion; or is it, as you say, that the way before us is only too plain?"

He was the son of an Episcopal dean and as we rose he was murmuring, "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

PHILO M. BUCK, JR.

University of Nebraska.

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LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

In these days of "scientific method," when there is so little literary activity of a genuinely critical sort, it is a good deal easier to say in what such activity does not, than in what it does, consist. That literary criticism is not identical with a study of words or language, or yet of texts or "documents"; that it is not to be confounded with philology or with the exploration of origins or derivations, or the investigation of manuscripts, or a determination of the details of literary history—all this ought to be reasonably clear on the face of it, and when stated in so many words, would probably be conceded even by those who have done most to cause the present confusion. That such subjects and pursuits are very interesting, very important in their way, there is no gainsaying. The study of etymology alone has been of great, if indirect, assistance in the comprehension of literature, although to an hundred etymologists there is probably no more than one good critic. But still literature is something more than words and lives with another life than theirs; they are but the appurtenances, and neither phonology nor phonetics will ever furnish the basis for a satisfactory criticism of literature, any more than a chemistry of pigments will suffice for a criticism of painting.

Nor is this general statement less applicable to the study of "literary" than of linguistic sources, rudiments, and developments, however useful the former, like the latter, to the indirect appreciation of literature. Unfortunately it is only too easy to overrate the importance of primitive and dialectic "literature"—of "communal poetry," for example, or the early Germanic

"epic"; or rather, to rate them in inappropriate and misleading terms. Even the name *literature* in such a connection must be taken in a cautious and qualified way; since it is just the want of a term to distinguish the "documentary" from the literary, which has confirmed, if it has not induced, the current misapprehension. That a piece of writing may have a relative or historical value without any absolute or literary value, is anything but an uncommon occurrence; indeed, most writing is of this kind. On the contrary, it happens only too often that this tentative and rudimentary "literature," these gropings and strayings of an immature or defective culture, which we are naïvely expected to admire nowadays, are perfectly indifferent to criticism—that is, to a better sense of the permanent significance of life, and are of interest solely to scholarship—that is, to a knowledge and reconstruction of the past. For such, after all, is essentially the difference between the functions of scholarship and of criticism: the former seeks to determine the fact; the latter, to interpret it. While scholarship endeavours to reconstitute the past in its habit as it lived; criticism attempts to liberate the idea, to set free the message it has to communicate. In this sense scholarship is "scientific," if one likes the word; it deals with facts, with the thing itself; it is impersonal and in its own manner final. Its results, when once obtained, are definitive and are taken up into the common stock of information, though their original form and method may be superseded and forgotten. On the other hand, criticism, as an affair of ideas, is necessarily individual and relative; for although literature is itself essentially in the nature of a permanent contribution to human experience, its application will vary from one generation to another and its interpretation will change with the age—to say nothing of the farther circumstance that its meaning is always exposed to a personal reaction. How close the connection, then, between scholarship and criticism, is at once apparent. But though it is perhaps no wonder under the circumstances that the two offices of verification and interpretation should be confounded—particularly in view of the unwarrantable extension which has been given of late years to the province of philology; yet the two are, in reality, distinct, and the integrity of our thought requires that they should be kept so.

In this way the remains of Gothic, consisting of a few biblical translations and a legal instrument or two, constituted an

historical find of some importance since they served to fill a gap in our knowledge of the Germanic dialects; but as literature they are naught, and may be neglected by a sound criticism without our suffering the slightest intellectual inconvenience or the smallest arrest of moral growth. Even *Beowulf* itself, that venerable monument of Teutonic ingenuousness, is, I believe, more interesting as history than as literature, though treated with exaggerated respect by our modern philological scholarship. At all events it ought to be spoken of in other and more moderate terms than its admirers commonly use of it, as though it were in any sense comparable with the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. "Scientifically" they are both, no doubt, the products of a barbaric "culture"; but the inability to feel their moral incommensurability is in itself a sufficient critical disqualification for speaking of them at all. To the scholar, to the student, even to the critic himself, an acquaintance with these imperfect expressions of the human spirit is valuable, it must be confessed, after a fashion—as valuable as a familiarity with the history of his institutions to the statesman. But in the same manner that the one sort of knowledge is not statesmanship, so the other is not criticism. The critic should be thankful for every scrap of information, no matter how scanty or hardly gained, toward a better understanding of things as they are, of which not the least useful is that which informs him how they came to be so; but the means must not be mistaken for the end—a grasp of the facts for a comprehension of ideas. It is all very well to know the recipe of the pudding; but if we are to avoid mental bewilderment—and that is perhaps as much as we can expect to do in a world where truth is largely a matter of convention—we must remember that its enjoyment is quite another thing and requires for its expression an entirely different set of terms.

On the other hand, just as it is necessary to guard against mistaking philological or historical, for literary, inquiry; so too it is equally necessary, in the interests of intellectual clearness, to beware of a like confusion between criticism and some ingenious analogy or illustration of the "natural" sciences. That the course of literary development furnishes a suggestive example of the principles of organic evolution, is undeniable. But undeniably too, though so serious a mind as Brunetière has failed to see it, the illustration is biological, not critical. And in like manner as Brunetière delights to recognise in literature the

familiar phenomena of the differentiation and modification of *genres*, the growth and transformation and degeneration of species, we may too, if we please, exercise our ingenuity in trying to show how Dickens's novels grew out of the work which preceded him and how they mingle the romance of Fielding with the sentimentality and realism of Richardson. But after all that is not what we read Dickens for—if, indeed, amid the constant solicitations of modern scholarship we have sufficient literary virtue left to read him at all. Or again, we may amuse ourselves in thinking to surprise the origin of the English novel as a whole in a kind of cross, such as Brunetière has so much to say about, between the comedy of manners and the social essay, such as Addison wrote, cleverly deducing from the former its turn for modern detail and from the latter its moral seriousness. But to say nothing of the fact that such transitions or transformations are in themselves quite unintelligible and explain nothing, this sort of thing yields no just sense of the tragic import of a *Clarissa Harlowe*.

And the case is no better with the "psychological" interpretation of literature than with the "physiological." To be sure, a work of genius is, in a manner, a psychological product as, in another, it is a physiological one. But while such a scientific study of genius, as it is pleasantly called, may throw a good deal of light upon the processes of composition and may even establish a kind of extrinsic mechanical order among the phenomena of literature, it fails dismally to express its essence or spirit; and leaving such a residuum, it can not be properly reckoned as criticism. For though literature is to some extent a physical and psychological product, it is to a much greater extent a moral one, of which in the exact sense of words there is no science possible. It is an affair of principle, not of law. What are known nowadays, ridiculously enough, as the moral sciences have to do, as far as they are capable of exact formulation, not with the moral order proper, but only with certain physical manifestations or accompaniments of the moral nature. In other respects they are purely descriptive and hence essentially literary in character. How much of the effect of Professor James's *Psychology*, for instance, depends upon the dexterity of his phrasing! And how much of the contents of any modern psychology consists of ordinary commonplaces done over into a kind of special jargon or cant—a sort of perverted rhetorical exercise, a misty intellectual algebra!

For this reason it fares little better with the sociological criticism represented by Hennequin and in a modified and milder dose by Leslie Stephen. To Hennequin's mind and to some less extent to Leslie Stephen's also, literature is merely a form or mode of social expression, in which society, working through the individual author, records its own psychology at a particular moment or period of its history, so that criticism becomes a kind of *Volkspsychologie*, as the Germans call it, and the author himself a mere transmitter or mouthpiece. In measure, of course, the contention is correct. In some manner a book is undoubtedly the outcome of a certain society and may be explained to some degree in function of the society contemporaneous with it. Such was Taine's idea, which, narrow and inelastic as it was, was at least more liberal than the dogmas of most of his successors. At best, however, society is but the condition, and, like all conditions, does not originate but influences. To say nothing of the merely empirical objection that it is often the author who is, in all seeming, the first to divine and rescue truth and is frequently obliged to impose himself upon his audience if he would be heard at all, so that he appears rather to form his public than to be formed by it—it is evident, in addition, that a work of literature in the strict sense of the word is something exceptional by its very nature. It is the difference—or as we still say, rather condescendingly, the genius—which gives the book its value. It is not the newspapers which constitute the literature of a period. Mere unison, what everybody is saying, as well as imitation, reproduction, repetition, fail to count. "There is nothing in the drama of Rotrou," says Brunetière, "which is not to be found in that of Corneille; if the work of the former did not exist, there would be nothing lacking to the history of our theatre . . . and that is why his tragi-comedies may interest a few of the curious, but have not a place in the history of French literature." Only the contribution, the distinctively personal vision, is of any permanent importance—and it is the work of permanent importance alone which is properly literature, since literature is obviously literature by virtue of its message to us who read it and not by virtue of its expression of local and temporal peculiarities. Pope is still poetry, not because he voices the ideals of Anne—it is just in as far as he follows the fashion of his day that he has been repudiated—but because he voices certain ideas that humanity would not willingly forego:

"And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine,
A soul supreme in each hard instance tried
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

It is sentiments like these, the sense of human dignity, that still constitute Pope a poet, not the *Dunciad;* while, on the other hand, Addison, the image of his time, is only less of a classic by that very fact.

Of this theory Paul Albert, himself one of its more unsystematic advocates, has such an amusingly inadvertent refutation that I can not refrain from quoting it. "Before all," he says of criticism, "the first thing to seek in a work is what makes its life, what is the soul of it. But how to discover this without replacing the work in the *milieu* where it was produced, without reconstructing the religious, social, and political life of the people who saw it born? It is because the work was in intimate harmony with the society for which it was made that it is thought beautiful." Very well. But in another moment, when brought face to face with the reality, how easily and unconsciously he relinquishes a contention untenable in fact! *A propos* of Molière he declares that "genuine art is a happy mixture of the particular and the general, of the real and the ideal. By many traits of detail Harpagon and Tartufe properly belong to the seventeenth century; the total of their physiognomy consists, however, of types of all times and all countries." Precisely so. That is the distinction to which the "sociologist" himself is finally driven between great literature and small—its relative persistency. It is still literature by its appeal for us who read it, not by its appeal for those who read it in the past. Indisputably Sophocles is an Athenian as Shakespeare is an Elizabethan; and their plays are full of local and temporal allusions and insinuations that we nowadays find it difficult or even impossible to understand or detect—for it is extremely doubtful whether we ever see in the past, with all the assistance that scholarship can give, just what was seen by its contemporaries; so that if Sophocles and Shakespeare were nothing more than Athenian and Elizabethan, they would not be literature. While on the other hand it is more than probable that we have come to admire them for many a quality which their own generation and indeed they themselves never

suspected. For it is only as they yield a meaning or significance for posterity, as they assist their successors to a better comprehension of life, that they continue to be literature. They are literature only as they are explicable, not in terms of some other subject or interest, but immediately and for themselves, and as they have succeeded in surviving the society in which they arose, while their literary characteristics are those which remain when the peculiarities of such a society are abstracted. Even Taine himself is compelled in the end to grade the arts in accordance with the duration of the fashions which they commemorate. In a word, literature is literature by virtue of some exceptional and permanent significance; any discussion which fails to bring out this appeal or which, instead of bringing it out, substitutes other concerns, such as philology or evolution or psychology or sociology, is irrelevant from the point of view of criticism. I do not say that such a discussion may not be fruitful—that it may not assist us in understanding Sophocles's significance or Shakespeare's; but the main thing critically is that significance, and whatever is not concerned immediately with that significance, is not criticism.

In a sort, no doubt, the biographical criticism, so much affected by Sainte-Beuve, is in much the same case. To be sure, a study of the author's life comes nearer to the springs of his inspiration than does any of the other studies that I have mentioned. But all the same the impertinence, though more subtle, is still impertinence. In any case what gives the writer his sole interest for criticism is his book. If he happens to be more remarkable as a character, he belongs on that side to history, not literature. Otherwise, the light by which he shines is reflected and has its source in his writing, where it may best be sought, not in his life. I am tempted even to say that a book which requires a knowledge of its maker for its enjoyment is necessarily of an inferior order. It is no particular recommendation that so much of Swift's work begins and ends with Swift. Even Goethe himself is open, in many instances, to the same reproach; to some extent he has allowed himself to become subdued to the tyranny of his own being. But then Goethe is by all odds a more significant figure as a human being than as an artist. An intimate acquaintance with the personal peculiarities and doings of authors is recognised, and correctly so, as the property of the special student rather than of the general or cultivated reader.

There is felt to be something technical and professional about it. To think otherwise is to confound literature with life. The hero, the statesman—and the poet too, it may be—belong in part to the world, whose recorder and critic is the historian; the poem alone belongs to literature. And while it is well that the literary critic, zealous of every side-light, should know his man too, yet his task is largely a special one and requires an amount of scaffolding quite incommensurate with the size of his edifice when finished. And so it is—to put a term to my enormity at once—that in reading Sainte-Beuve I am filled with impatience at the frequent obtrusion of the writer's private preoccupations and the constant exhibition of the critic's workshop.

At the same time I would not go to the other extreme, as many do, and because literature can not be wholly contained by an exact terminology, protest that criticism is nothing more than an account of the manner in which a book happens to strike us individually. In this view—the view of Anatole France and Walter Pater—the taste for literature is entirely an affair of personal liking; criticism is altogether capricious, illogical, and unreasonable—a story of adventure in a library. The only thing that can be said with certainty about a piece of writing is that we do or do not care for it. But not only is this impressionism as erroneous as any of the other conceptions of which I have spoken, it is, if anything, more vicious because it is more licentious and unprincipled. For even though literature is not amenable to scientific formulation, it does not follow by any means that criticism is wanton and unscrupulous. Life, for instance, eludes as a whole the symmetrical categories of science for the reason that it belongs in large part to another order—to the moral, not to the physical, order with which science deals. And yet the irreducible discriminations of the individual consciousness are subject after a fashion to principle though not to law—so much so that there is nothing more contemptuous than to call a man unprincipled. At all events, though our actions may be unprognosticable, we are able at least to give them some kind of consistency, to justify or excuse them on general considerations after the fact. But our impression of a book is, after all, only a portion of our mental life, as the book itself is of its author's, and is naturally constituted in the same manner as the rest of the experience to which it belongs. While literature, further, is a representation or more broadly a treatment of life

as a whole and consists of the various conceptions or visions or interpretations, not of the life of a particular time or age exclusively, but of the life of humanity at large, including not merely its active or objective life—its manners, customs, and usages—but also its inner or conscious life—its thought, emotion, and reflection; and its author's merit is measured by the value which his view of these matters has for the race. Is his view of life conformable with moral experience, is it elevated and sustaining, does it help to free us from the tyranny of appearance and of the phenomenal, does it aid us to bear misfortune and prosperity, injustice and flattery, does it strengthen and confirm our spirit and save us from ourselves; then it is good literature and a permanent contribution to human culture. For however it may be with the physical world with which science undertakes to deal—whether its order be inherent or imputed; it has been necessary at all events for man to organize for himself the moral world, the world in which he lives the most. The knowledge of himself and of his proper aim and activity, the distinction between the human and the brute, the sense of a social nature, of principle and duty, of right and wrong, even the feeling for seemliness and beauty—all these acquirements have been the result of a long and uncertain development, the contribution of many hands. To be sure, there is confusion enough as it is. But these acquisitions of the human spirit, these partial dispersals of chaos, have been confirmed and perpetuated by literature, which, even if it has not created the moral illusion, has given it form and currency.

It is for this reason that any serious discussion of literature should have to do, first of all, with the conception of life included in the work—not with life alone, for literature is not life itself but its reflection in a consciousness essentially moral; and not the book alone, for the book is merely the record of a reflection—but with the relation between the two, or, in other words, with the attitude of literature to life. Should this relation be broad and general, as in the case of an entire national literature like the Greek, or, rather more restrictedly, of some large literary movement like German romanticism; then the criticism will be broad and general too and will aim to show the manner in which this national literature as a whole or this literary movement as a whole has confronted the problem of existence. Or the relation may be narrow and particular or even individual, as in the case of a single author like Shakespeare; and under these circum-

stances the criticism, adapting itself to the subject, will become individual too and will have to show what Shakespeare answered to the most pressing questions which life proposes. Naturally such a criticism will not expect of literature a replica or pastiche of actuality. It will look rather for the harmonious adjustments of the human spirit, the establishment of a rhythmic conscious order among the promiscuous elements of experience. And in so doing it will have no hesitation in calling in assistance from any department of investigation that is likely to throw a light upon the matter—whether physiological, psychological, sociological, or what not; though it will try to avoid mistaking such answers as it may get from these sources for answers to its principal inquiry. And inasmuch as the life which is both the subject and object of literature, is neither scientific nor yet unprincipled but broadly moral; our criticism will be neither scientific nor impressionistic, but will consist in a free play of the intelligence just as life does. It will be based on general principles, which, though elastic, are broader than the observation of a single case, and which are capable of being explained and justified, as our conduct is, rationally and intelligibly, if nothing more.

Now if these considerations are just, though only in a limited and partial measure, it would seem to be high time that criticism were busying itself with the foundations of such a study—or were at least establishing certain common grounds or postulates to which its conclusions might be referred with the effect of ending all critical divergencies or at least of justifying their existence. In comparison with the age and the pretensions of the subject is it not astounding that there is yet so little substantial agreement with regard to the significance and rationale of the simplest literary phenomena? To all appearance it is still impossible for any two critics to agree as to the proper relation in general of literature to life, as it is to appeal to any accepted canon by way of settling their disputes. One opinion proceeds on the assumption that literature and life are or should be identical; another, that they are diverse, though without venturing to define the difference. Of the former party, one assumes that it is the closeness of the imitation that makes literature; another, that it is the technical skill, the trick of style, the verbal coquetry of the rendering. Of a stanza of Browning's *Lovers' Quarrel*, which retails the heroine's costume, Mr. Chesterton observes that it "would almost serve as an order to a dress-

maker and is therefore poetry," while a reviewer cites the remark as an amusing illustration of Mr. Chesterton's ignorance of the very nature of poetry. But Mr. Chesterton is either right or wrong. If he is wrong, there should be some way of bringing him to terms. If he is right, there should be some way of silencing his detractors. It is scandalous that at this time of day a man may make any statement about the rudiments of literature without fear of shame or ridicule. Is there another subject of consequence in which such recklessness would be tolerated, much more applauded as though it were an admired qualification in an authority?

And yet this is a problem which lies at the very roots of criticism; for how is it possible to determine the merits or even the character of a piece of work while the aim and intention of its existence are uncertain? How can we form an opinion about a literary product before we know what literature in general ought to do—or at all events what it actually has done? Nor is the problem insoluble, much as the factiousness of modern criticism may have embroiled it. At least there ought to be comparatively little difficulty in stating it fairly, even though it may not be possible all at once to reconcile individual prejudices or preferences for one literary position rather than another. Community of opinion in all such matters is, like every work of construction, an affair of slow and laborious cultivation. Right reason gradually prevails; a canon finally develops. But it must be preceded by copious discussion, by a clear recognition and exhibition from every side of all the facts in their proper character.

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COLLEGE STUDY OF ENGLISH

I

College study, as we judge it by the quality of intellectual leaven that our young graduates bring into society, is still a theme of discontent. In particular, we feel that the college study of literature and of the literary medium foments no genuine social demand for books and writing of the highest scholarly and reflective type. The criticisms voicing this discontent, it is true, often imply unreasonable expectations as to what the college can achieve with studies elective and students not particularly elect. "We require it to do all sorts of things for all sorts of people, and then wonder why it misses doing an ideal sort of thing for a special sort of people." But the discontent springs from a sound conviction that the college, after all, has a central cultural aim, and we can sift the unjust criticism from the just only by giving that aim a sound definition.

Like other social ideals, the aim of college work has an accepted name, for which, however, an acceptable definition is hard to draft. An ideal differs from a scientific idea in that the qualities to be included and excluded in defining it are matters of partisan feeling. Thus "liberal culture" cannot be settled as a working conception by considerations of logic alone, for each disputant will accept as describing it only that complex of items which he can feel to be charged with a distinctive value; nor will he relinquish to any rival definition the name of "liberal culture," carrying, as it does, the associations of value even when the conception is left vague. A judicious educator, therefore, is apt to offer noble or neat characterizations of his aim rather than precise definitions. Huxley, for example, describes the liberally educated man as one "whose body is the ready servant of his will, . . . whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, . . . whose mind is stored with . . . fundamental truths of Nature, . . . whose passions are trained to come to heel, . . . who has learned to love all beauty, . . . and to respect others as himself." Justly as this passage is esteemed for its emphasis on the *scope* of an ideal training, it nevertheless shows disputable items, once it is offered as a

conception of the scientific type that Huxley would have us base our work upon. So, when President Hadley describes the college as a place where young people "learn things they are not to use in after life by methods that they are to use," he stresses pithily the disinterestedness and discipline of college studies without committing himself as to their plan. Many such formulas could be quoted in portrayal of a "liberal education" without telling any more in the upshot than that it prepares not for a livelihood but for living. Clearly, the college cannot shape a definite programme towards an aim left so vague.

One source of uncertainty in this aim lies in its complexity. Culture has some elements that are directly producible by academic tasks; others, that are in their nature by-products. A knowledge of history, literature, and science, and some critical competency in dealing with facts, are the immediate products of work with books. To create them is the college job. But the spirit of learning, integrity of mind, a taste for literature of distinction, and the breeding habitual to men whose commerce is with ideas, are matters that supervene upon the direct achievements. They grow—if at all—adventitiously, out of the contacts of college life. This fact seems to be one of the hardest for our educational practitioners to accept resolutely. Cultivated tastes and habits strike us so patently as results that abide in after life, when all the specific knowledge and competency may be forgotten, that we will not see that singleness of aim at the latter is the condition of winning the former. Yet we have its parallel in the field of morals. One does not achieve nobility of character by acts done with an eye to self-ennoblement: they would build not a personality but a prig. In the field of intellectual endeavour itself we have the evidence of women's clubs. Here is no lack of zeal; nor shall we account for the barren outcome by calling the zeal "amateurish." What is specifically amateurish here is a preoccupation with the effluences of culture to the neglect of its substance. The atmosphere of an intellectual coterie is a real value; so is good talk struck out between informed disputants: but where everybody is satisfied with a subject once it has yielded the sensations of urbane debate, and with her own competency once she can add a piquant comment, the life of the mind has fled. Culture that counts as a force in society springs from undivided efforts to transmute irresponsible opinion into opinion that will "cash in" as purposive

thinking. All else is mere *snobisme*, valuing ideas not for their consequences but for their esoteric status as the latest things talked about.

That criticism of a college, therefore, which consists in calling upon it to be a belletristic club irradiated by fine "personalities" merely clamours for the glow without stoking the fire. Professors who emit personality directly through class-room sermonettes are dubious apostles of culture. I would not belittle the appeal of timely *obiter dicta*, or hold the lecturer too rigidly to his specialty. For many heedless youngsters the "inspirational" digressions of a Norton doubtless serve as a sort of upper-class welfare work. But students capable of an interest in the business of the class-hour must feel it belittled when treated habitually as a point of departure. Of the same misleading tenor is much current talk of leisure and spontaneous reading as the really fruitful things in a college career. It is easy, of course, to multiply the testimony of those who, in retrospect, extol the influences of their college life to the disparagement of their college tasks: but such retrospects are usually too superficial to afford any valid conclusions for the ordering of either. Even the trustworthy accounts of profitable idling leave one to ask whether idling would have taken so literary a turn but for the tonic air of a place where, after all, work with books was taken seriously. Four years of life—even when lived in the tradition of a leisure class—are too valuable to spend merely basking in genial influences. The college justifies itself to the better conscience of the community only by having a work to do—work that entails *essential* refinement as an indirect result. As to the hall-marks of refinement—the marks of "gentleman" and "lady" as socially construed—the college can only blend its imprint with that of its students' homes and social *milieu*. For itself, it should insist that learning is a greater thing than social status, and that, in any case, the latter is not its concern. The college sheds a fostering atmosphere for the growth of all that is gentlemanly, but is not professionally responsible for it.

So much of preamble seems necessary, if we are to appraise one of the college departments in the light of the whole college programme. In 1871, when President Woolsey of Yale declared that "the general idea of what a college ought to be is tolerably fixed," the curriculum showed for English merely a weekly prescription of rhetoric and in the upper classes some reading of

"masterpieces." When one views what is offered under the rubric "English" to-day—courses in the early stages of the language, surveys of literary history, courses dealing with the literature intensively by periods, courses in American literature, in rhetoric, in versification, in critical theory, in the technique of various literary types—one has misgivings, not only that the college "idea" of 1871 has got lost from sight, but that if other departments have undergone a like elaboration they no longer unite to promote any college idea whatever. The departments have grown up as the natural units of teaching efficiency, but they can grow to a solidarity and independence that make them intractable to any common aim. A statesman was recently described by his rival as standing "uncertain as to what the public needs, amid circles of lobbyists who know exactly what they want." The college presents somewhat the same aspect, with its central aim undefined, and its courses meanwhile planned by men who, naturally enough, know exactly what they like to teach.

II

Liberal culture, as a rich summation of ideal tones and overtones, is, then, too complex a harmony to be described by any neat formula, and will be missed, in practice, by efforts to strike the overtones. But if any tones are to be struck, we must see them in black and white on the score. An ideal not presentable as a working concept cannot call for a plan of action. If, then, the college is to do anything definite, its primary function must get a definition. This may be stated, probably without challenge, as the initiating of qualified young people into the thinking of the world. But the formula needs expanding to be clear, and when clear is not so sure of assent.

"The thinking of the world" means here that work of enlightened minds which in every country is advancing the higher intellectual concerns of the race. Society lives intellectually in several strata—strata which by no means fall in with those of social status. All of us live some of the time, and some of us all the time, in the level of immediate facts and traditionary opinions about them. A man's thinking here is to be accounted for by its affinities with his antecedents and surroundings, not with ultimate purposes. But there persists, meanwhile, a common life of the mind in the level of cultural movements. "In proportion as a man's interests become humane and his efforts rational, he

appropriates and expands" this common life, "which," as Professor Santayana continues, "reappears in all individuals who reach the same impersonal level of ideas—a level which his own influence may help them to maintain." All the major spiritual values here define themselves, in a zone where past and future meet, as ideal forms which experience and action ought to take. The ascetic, humanistic, and scientific views of life, the aspirations of chivalry, patriotism, mysticism, the scholastic and romantic insights, must here find their ultimate validity before they can justify their social appeal.

Fruitful work among such ideas presupposes the "initiating" that my definition calls for. One may get an acquaintance with them—at least as story-material—by mere magazine reading; one can arrive by desultory study at some notion of their scope; but the college man draws from the discipline of the class-room a sense of their relations, a dynamic import that "gets by" the self-educated. This discipline derives from three features of study at college: college study presents its materials in such order and selection as to afford a winnowed experience, freed of the irrelevancies among which a self-directed reader blunders; it *interprets* authorities critically, where the self-taught can only *add* their testimony; and it keeps a wary mind for the misleadings of words. Initiating, finally, is a matter not only of opportunity but of the candidate's quality, so that a college respects its function only when it retains in its class-rooms those intellectually fit to work with ideas. Such a proviso, of course, goes against our democratic bent for giving opportunities to anybody that will get *something* out of them. But in the service of ideas the fewness of the best is not offset by abundance of the passably good, and where everybody may add his smoky little light true illumination will fail. The realm of the intellect is not democratic. If this fact pains us, we have only the consolation of Piccarda, in the lowest circle of paradise:

"The manner wherein we are ranged from grade to grade in this realm suits the whole realm, as it does the king who gives us will to will with him. And in his will is our peace."

III

That initiation into the world's thinking involves the study of literature hardly needs to be argued; but it by no means fol-

lows that literature in English needs to be studied in an English department. We assume the need only from our careless habit of talking about a piece of literature as if it were a simple product of "art," eliciting a simple response of "appreciation," whereas it is a very complex thing, answering to a variety of concerns. What we call a "classic" is psychic history as well as art, and offers subject-matter for studies as diverse as ethics and philology. If the "critic" thinks of *Samson Agonistes* as choral drama on a biblical tale, the historian looks to it as an expression of the fallen Puritan cause, the biographer gathers from it Milton's thought on his blindness, his unhappy marriage, and his obscured life—

> "Under change of times,
> And condemnation of the ungrateful multitude,"

the philosopher notes its purport of tragic catharsis, and the philologer, its seventeenth-century idiom. Division of subject-matter, therefore, between the departments of literature, philosophy, and history, is not a division between courses that deal with literary texts and courses that do not, but between courses that stress one concern with them and courses that stress others. Evidently, the department of English can show valid ground for its existence only where important concerns with English prose and verse are not otherwise provided for.

Three such concerns can, perhaps, be fairly made out. First, there is the tracing through literature of this or that strand in our cultural tradition. If it falls to the teacher of philosophy to give the ideas and influences that have made civilisation their more ultimate appraisal, and to the teacher of history to show their efficacy as the "formal causes" of institutions and events, it falls to the teacher of literature to marshal significantly the writings that express them as poignant—if partial—insights. Chivalry, for example, the aristocratic ideal of feudal manhood, gets its orienting as a formative conception in society, only when seen first in its rough actuality in narratives of fact, then in the fantasy and preciosity of romance, and finally in such passages as show its residuum of abiding value for the spirit.

This final bearing, be it noted, gives the study so planned a pedagogical warrant in that it brings literature under view with reference to what boys and girls can feel to be realities in the world about them. Any college freshman can be interested in

chivalry, if he takes it up as something still operative in opinion and usage, and can then read Arthurian legend, *Chevy Chace*, the *Knight's Tale*, and the *Fairie Queen* with a roused understanding. Literature thus approached as *relevant* to something engages a respect that it fails to enlist as mere "good reading." Too often it gets in the class-room a bid for interest about as follows: "Here are the classics, sanctioned as such by a noble army of cultivated readers. If you would be accounted a person of taste, love them and eschew the ten-cent magazines." The appeal takes little effect; the boy finds the writings of an elder time, thrust so abruptly before him, too alien and remote to attach to anything in his own life: so he turns with a light heart from Spenser to Jack London, while his baffled teacher cries out in blame upon a material and philistine *Zeitgeist*. If, however, the boy once realises that while his likes and dislikes are his private affair, his opinions on specific issues of life will depend for their weight on his command of the literature relevant to them, he will read with the conviction of a definite aim. Neither the college nor society will test his "appreciation" of books; but society will, and the college should, test his grip of ideas—not only of such codified ideas as puritanism, neo-classicism, democracy, but of the great basic themes: ambition, loyalty, sympathy with one's kind, and love between man and woman.

In choosing texts for such a course the teacher must guard against confusing the portrayal of ideas with the portrayal of human nature or of manners. Raw human nature and the manners of a time are but the potential medium of ideas. Drawn simply as picturesque material—as in *Tom Jones* and *The Pickwick Papers*—they may be most entertaining, but they are not significant and have no place in a course of *study*. Even books relevant to ideas should be read only as far as they serve the ends of the course. Certain themes, moreover, should be treated either in alternation or by collaboration between the English department and other language departments. On the score both of expense and of over-specialisation the college cannot afford three courses—in English, French, and German—in the Romantic movement: its responsibility is to lodge in the undergraduate mind the concept of Romanticism—a concept that draws its definition from all three fields.

The second concern with English writings that can be claimed for the English department is a biographical one. A man of

letters may have a vision or message of his own as spokesman of the spirit. We then think not of his works but of his work, and may profitably make this the subject of a course. Our only danger is that of overdoing the thing. Shakespeare, certainly, deserves three hours weekly through a year; Spenser, Pope, Wordsworth, and perhaps Browning deserve half-courses. Actual biography, to be sure, is here of doubtful value, however preoccupied with it our critical leaders may be. If the author's life bore to his message the typifying relation that gives significance to a fictive hero, its details might be held to actualise the message with a natural and graphic suasion that it would lack as a disembodied idea. Some such conviction as this doubtless led the late William James to urge the college to stress biography not only in literature but in history. Men of genius, he says, set the patterns which the rest of us follow, so that "the rivalry of the patterns is the history of the world." The genius in affairs, perhaps, enacts his message, and must be studied in his personal contacts; but the genius in literature is precisely he who can body forth his ideas in detached yet graphic print. Were it not for the great exceptions of Dante and Goethe one might almost say that the measure of his success is the irrelevance of his personal career. Certain it is that biography in the class-room, under the sentimental pretext of enlisting "sympathy with the author," amounts to little more than sublimated gossip. The vogue of Boswell has lent an apparent sanction to anecdotes and personalities as a substitute for analysis of thought.

Since in expression form is a condition of the sort of thought that gets expressed, the English department has a third distinctive concern in the historical study of literary types. The rise, the fixing, and—where it occurs—the disintegration of such structural types as the ballad, the drama, the novel, so answer to shifting conceptions and valuations in the substance of letters that their study comes to close quarters with literature as an art. Study of the contemporary types is best done as advanced work in composition—as almost the sole work in composition that falls properly to a college department of English. With composition, indeed, we touch on a vexed and difficult subject. The large freshman course that colleges now devote chiefly to the cure of illiteracy has been called into being rather by annoyance with the symptoms than by interest in their organic causes. It should give way, as teaching in the lower schools improves, to a more

intensive course, teaching the expressive resources of speech by a rhetorical theory that is part semantics, part applied logic, and part prosody, and by enough practice in writing to fix principles in mind and to "try out" the student's thinking on the ideas opening upon him at college. Advanced courses are warranted only by having advanced theory to teach, not by the mere offering of farther practice. Hence the general course just described, qualifying students to *share* in a common critical insight into the nature of the literary medium, can be followed by short courses qualifying those of special aptitudes to *contribute* their own convictions through this or that type of literary form.

IV

What is here urged in the upshot is that college study of belles-lettres is justified only in as far as it makes a drastic selection of writings according to their *relevance* to specific wakening concerns. Put thus flatly the thesis may seem to dwindle into a pedagogical truism. But a glance at the courses which English departments address to the wakening undergraduate mind will disclose the fact that in practice it becomes confused with a very different thesis. The usual freshman course takes the form of a rapid survey of the history of English literature from Chaucer to Browning,—a sort of "seeing literature" tour. Its design is two-fold: it would excite an interest in books and authors by acquainting the student with samples from various periods; and it would ensure a scholarly ground-plan of the subject by offering names, dates, and valuations as plotted out according to lines of literary "development." Implicit in this design is the thesis that young people know why the literature is important; that they will recognise at sight its bearings upon life. But young people do not know life, and the bearings of literature upon such of life as falls within their ken is precisely what they need to be shown. The classics are a shadow-world; whereas their own world, meagre and superficial as it may be, presents a field of funded thinking that is electric with the feeling of actuality. Here are incipient philosophies of life: dim patterns awaiting congenial facts to fill. Until these funded interests are stirred into expectancy a boy's learning is sterile. You may stuff his memory with facts and opinions about literature, but you will not impel him to any thinking that is either fruitful or honest. The "survey" course, in fact, tries to interest him in

the *relations* between books before he is interested in the books themselves. In "the history of English literature" it deals with a highly sophisticated abstraction—useful, indeed, to the specialist, but somewhat artificial for all that. Literature has no such independent existence that we can talk of the influences of early books upon later ones as constituting a "history," except by a rather tenuous figure of speech. As far as the general survey gets any real continuity, it is not "seeing literature" but—as some one has put it—"seeing history by its literary lanes." Candidates for the doctor's degree could get from so specialised a concern something of real cultural discipline; freshmen get from it merely a hurried sampling of the *materials* of culture,—at best a sort of intellectual bargain-hunting that leaves the masterpieces shop-handled and staled.

Much the same objection applies to courses dealing with chronological "periods," such as the "Restoration," the "Eighteenth century," the "Romantic period." To pass in review some decades of literary activity merely as such—for example, the age of Johnson, Goldsmith, Gibbon, and Sterne, is to get an essentially random sequence of ideas. It is true that the period often has a dominant cultural trend that demands study; but the literature expressing it never falls within the period's bounds, and some periods are not adequately expressed in popular literature at all. This is notably the case in the Middle Ages. The great eras of scholastic construction and spiritual passion are represented in our literature courses by tales addressed—if not to the "tired business man"—to ignorant court ladies; and young people unaware of the existence of *Dies Iræ* suppose themselves to be getting "mediæval thought" in the *Romance of the Rose*.

Conspicuous in these courses, and treacherously apt to develop in the whole outlook and influence of the English department, is a derangement of values rising in the ambiguity of "literature" as its field. "English literature" means sometimes the whole vernacular record of thought, including the non-technical literature of politics and scientific speculation. As teachers of this literature we deal freely with sermons, annals, periodicals, controversial pamphlets, and philosophical essays; and we consequently stand before our students as voicing responsible opinion in the whole field of cultural ideas. Strictly, however, our personal tastes and professional competency are with "literature" in the limited belletristic sense. The limitation

is quite to our scholarly credit; but it means that at times we are understood as social philosophers when we are speaking merely as *littérateurs*. It is in the latter capacity that we sometimes talk as if we rated success in our courses by the number of students who become "lovers" of Wordsworth or Thackeray—forgetting that what is of moment is not a vagrant "love" of Thackeray but an interest in ideas that Thackeray, among others, may sustain. As members of the literary guild, we attach an exaggerated importance to literary activity *as such*, and can easily impose on our students a sort of loyalty to current belles-lettres as a loyalty to ideas, with Masefield, Strindberg, and H. G. Wells erected into spokesmen of modern *thought*. For these writers and for others who can be said to afford at least intellectual diversion, there is doubtless a place in the leisure-reading of college life; but college work serves its high end only by holding austerely to prose and verse that affords insight into race ideals.

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THE RUSSIAN MERCHANT MARINE

The rise of the Russian merchant marine is more intimately bound up with national politics than is that of any other of the merchant marines of the world. It will be necessary, therefore, in discussing its development, to call attention to the political conditions which furnished the impetus to the development of the merchant fleets of Russia. The subject, in other words, is not purely a business one, but is in part political.

Of all the great powers Russia is least favourably situated for foreign commerce. So severely has this handicap been felt that the history of Russia since the time of Peter the Great has been the history of a struggle to overcome this handicap, due to geographical situation, by extending her territory in every direction toward the open seas. To this national impulse no one can take exception, the fault is with some of the methods that have been employed. That much has been accomplished cannot be denied; for three centuries ago she did not have an outlet upon the Black or upon the Baltic Sea. Now she is the dominant power upon both and has extended her territory well towards the Persian Gulf and still holds Vladivostok on the Pacific.

Yet after all this extension of her borders, which has been due in part to "land-hunger" but in greater part to "sea-hunger," there is still much to be overcome in order to put her upon something like an even footing with her competitors for international commerce. The exit of her ships from the Black Sea is at the mercy of other powers; the same statement is true of the Baltic; and her best port on the Pacific is frozen up during one-half of the year. For a time she held Dalny, which is an ice-free port; but it is extremely doubtful if she will ever again hold it. These disadvantages of Russia as a commercial and naval power are well-known, as are also her military attempts to remove them; but by no means so well-known are her efforts to build up a merchant marine, in spite of disadvantages. Hence it is the latter efforts to which we wish especially to call attention, for although they are not so dramatic, they are none the less interesting.

Up to the last century the Russian government does not seem

to have awakened to a realisation of the importance which a merchant marine would be to her in the career of expansion upon which she had embarked. During this latter period her active aid has been extended to three companies, which by the nature and sphere of their operations and the amount of their tonnage claim especial attention. They are: the Steam Navigation Company, the Volunteer Fleet, and the East Chinese Maritime Service. The history and status of these companies contain many points worthy of notice. The formation of each of them corresponds to a stage in the maritime development of Russia.

The Steam Navigation Company is the oldest and by far the most important of the navigation companies of the empire. It was founded in 1857 by the initiative of Admiral Arcas and Novoselsky. A part of the capital for this enterprise was furnished by the government, and in consideration of its maintaining regular services it was granted an annual subsidy of 1,900,000 roubles. The company began operations May 2, 1857, with five ships and established a regular service between the Black Sea ports and those of the Levant and Egypt. During the year it increased the number of its ships to thirteen, which in 1858 was still further increased to thirty-five and which in 1859 reached a total of forty-one.

The formation of this company by the government has not improperly been called a political afterthought. The significance of it becomes clear when we recall that as a result of the defeat of Russia in the Crimean War she was forbidden by the treaty of Paris, in 1856, to use the Black Sea as a naval base, and the fleet which she could maintain in it was limited to a few small ships. Under these conditions, if her flag were to be carried to the ports of the Near East, it must be carried by her merchant fleet. So the dictates of prestige reinforced the demands of commerce.

Two of the finest ships of this company were present at the opening of the Suez Canal to the commerce of the world; and in the following year it availed itself of this new highway of commerce by establishing a service between the ports of Russia and those of India and China. Unfortunately for the commercial success of this enterprise, the industrial development of Russia had not reached such a stage as to make necessary a very great volume of trade between it and the Far East. Russia was not then, and, in fact, is not yet, a manufacturing country and there was then no demand for her raw materials.

During the war of 1877 the ships of the Navigation Company were given an opportunity to prove their usefulness in another line than that of carrying merchandise. Four of them were converted into auxiliary cruisers and did effective service principally as commerce-destroyers. After the war several of the company's vessels were used as transports in conveying 138,000 men and 22,000 horses from Turkish to Russian ports.

By a contract entered into between this company and the government, January 1, 1891, it was to receive 116,000 roubles a year for fifteen years, that is, until December 31, 1905. In consideration of this subsidy the company agreed to maintain a regular service and to increase its fleet by ten new vessels of a collective tonnage of 30,000 tons. The greater part of the ships of this line ply between the ports of the Black Sea, the Sea of Azov, the Grecian archipelago, and the Levant. In the development of the commerce of this section the company has been an important factor. To such an extent has it been successful that between Russian and Turkish ports alone it carried in 1900 a total of 557,631 tons, amounting in value to 2,500,000 roubles.

But it has not confined its operations to the Eastern Mediterranean. It has a line between St. Petersburg and other Northern European ports, and another between Vladivostok and other ports of the Far East. Both of these lines are operating without the aid of a subsidy. It also maintains a line with tri-monthly service between Odessa and the ports on the Persian Gulf. This line is subsidised and may fairly be said to be supported mainly for political reasons, as its traffic is very small in bulk and value. It is aided not only by a direct subsidy, but exports over it receive a reduction of 25 per cent. in freights over the Russian railways. The government and company have issued a special circular to the leading merchants and manufacturers of the empire appealing to them for their co-operation in this enterprise which, in the language of the circular, is "not only to introduce the Russian flag in those parts now frequented almost exclusively by the English flag, but also to open new outlets for the products of Russian industries and bring into a close relationship the Russian producer and the Persian consumer." The company has decided to establish in the main ports of the Persian Gulf "Russian Commercial Museums," in which will be exhibited the leading products of Russian industry. To each of these museums will be attached agents with special instructions. It is not sur-

prising that this activity upon the part of Russia in the region of the Persian Gulf should have awakened the attention and to some extent the suspicions of England, where it was commented upon in nearly all of the journals, which found in it an indication of the political designs of Russia upon Persia and a new evidence of the constant co-operation of the merchant marine in political work.

In addition to the deep-seated jealousy of England, there was a special reason why the Russian government should have promoted this enterprise at the time it did, in 1901. This special reason was a necessity for counteracting the effect of the Bagdad-Bassorah Railway, a concession for which had just been secured by the German Bank. It seemed clear to the Russian government that if it were to secure a share of the commerce of southern Persia it would have to enter the field ahead of the railway. If Russia were shut out from the commerce of the Persian Gulf, she would have no excuse for pushing a railroad southward through Persia to some point on the gulf, and there can be no doubt that this is one of her political dreams.

Turning from the Steam Navigation Company to the Volunteer Fleet, we come to a division of the merchant marine which stands in a still closer relation to the government. This had its origin in circumstances purely political. The action of the Congress of Berlin in 1878 snatched from Russia the fruits of her victory over Turkey. The Russian nation felt that this was due largely to her lack of sea power. Having learned during the war the usefulness of merchant vessels in naval operations, a part of the patriotic outburst of sentiment took the direction of rendering aid in the establishment of a volunteer fleet.

The centre of this movement was Moscow, where the "Imperial Society for the Encouragement of the Russian Merchant Marine" was formed. The name Volunteer Fleet was chosen by the committee of this society. From Moscow the sentiment spread throughout Russia. The demand for thus strengthening Russian power upon the sea was everywhere accepted as a correct expression of the national thought. On March 9, 1878, the society asked the government for authority to open, in every locality in the empire, subscriptions for the purchase of ships. The Emperor Alexander II gave them authority. No time was lost, for on the 22nd of the same month the members of the society met in extraordinary session and decided to institute at

Moscow a central committee to receive gifts and to offer to the grand duke, who soon after became Alexander III, the honorary presidency, which he accepted. To Prince Dolgoroukoff, governor-general of Moscow, was given the active presidency of the committee. Pobiedonostseff, the Procurer General of the Holy Synod, was made vice-president. They further decided to solicit aid from the orthodox clergy, ministers of all other religions, the nobility, the zemstvos, etc., and to ask all the governors to appoint local committees to act in conjunction with the central committee at Moscow in distributing literature explaining the purpose and rôle of the fleet and to collect funds.

It was decided by the committee that the ships to be acquired should be such as would be useful in time of peace to serve the needs of commerce and in time of war should be put at the disposal of the government in the capacity of auxiliary cruisers, and that the receipts realised in time of peace should be set aside for the acquisition of new ships.

By the end of the month of June, a million roubles in gifts had been received by the Czarevitch, Grand Duke Alexander, and two million by the committee at Moscow. Ships to the number of sixty-seven were offered for sale to them. But as the committee had not the time to examine these ships one by one it laid down certain requirements which had to be fulfilled. These were a minimum speed of thirteen knots, bunker capacity sufficient for twenty days, sufficient solidity to receive cannon of medium calibre, a maximum price of 650,000 roubles.

The greater part of the ships offered for sale did not conform to these requirements. Hence some of the commanders of the future auxiliary cruisers were sent to foreign countries for the purpose of having each buy his ship, its armament and the necessary ammunition, and bring it to the place designated for it. The first three ships were bought from the Hamburg-American Company, and their armament from Krupp. These ships were of 5000 tons each and of from thirteen to fourteen knots speed. They were delivered at Cronstadt by the 10th of June, examined and accepted by the Czarevitch, had exchanged their German for Russian names, and run up the Russian flag. So within but a few days over two months from the institution of the committee and but six weeks after the official opening of the subscription there was formed the nucleus of the Volunteer Fleet, some of whose ships, particularly the *St. Petersburg* and the

Smolensk, caused so much excitement by their unwarranted interference with neutral shipping during the recent war.

As the Navigation Company, so the Volunteer Fleet followed the line which the political aspirations of the country marked out. It resolved to fly the Russian flag upon the Pacific, for by this time the political centre of gravity had shifted from the Near to the Far East. The Minister of the Interior contracted with it for the transport of exiles to the island of Sakhalin; and the Minister of Marine awarded to it the carrying of the equipment for the port of Vladivostok. In 1880 it opened a passenger service between Odessa and Vladivostok and secured a contract from the Minister of the Interior for the transport of colonists to Ussuri and the Siberian provinces along the Pacific, which Russia was at that time deeply interested in colonising. It also secured a share in the carrying of tea from China, and Russian wheat to the ports of Southern Europe.

But the traffic which it secured was not sufficient to enable it to pay expenses. And to make matters worse it lost one of its vessels by shipwreck. But in this crisis (1883) a subsidy was granted it, proportioned to each thousand miles run by its ships, and an extraordinary subvention for the purchase of a new ship to replace the one lost. In 1886 the Imperial Council promulgated regulations as to the nature of its service and the amount of the subvention which it should receive; its control passed to the Minister of Marine. The old society was dissolved and a new committee formed. At the time, it possessed seven ships representing a capital of 4,200,000 roubles.

For a time after its reorganisation it extended its service in several directions to Brazil, to France, Belgium, and Scandinavia. But in these directions it was unsuccessful and soon returned to its old lines with the Far East, where was the principal field of its activity at the breaking out of the recent war. Its freight increased, but its passenger traffic had greatly fallen off on account of the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

The Volunteer Fleet has had great difficulties to contend with. The speed required of the ships in order to make them useful as commerce destroyers in case of war is greater than is profitable for freight traffic or for passenger traffic, unless with a large percentage cabin passengers, whereas, in fact, the large percentage of its passengers was steerage passengers. Its ships could not, therefore, compete successfully with others economically better

fitted for the character of the work to be done. By the aid of government contracts and an annual subsidy of 600,000 roubles it has been able to increase the number of its ships to fifteen, valued at 1,500,000 roubles.

It has been utilised for naval purposes twice; in transporting troops and munitions of war from Vladivostok to Taku during the operations for the relief of the embassies at Pekin, and during the recent war. No actual fighting has ever been done by its auxiliary cruisers; and, in fact, they are not capable of doing much fighting, but will have to be utilised as commerce-destroyers, transports, and scouts. It is fair to say that the Volunteer Fleet has not realised the expectations of its founders, yet as an expression of the patriotic sentiment of the nation it is an interesting object of study. Other nations can well afford to avail themselves of what is to be learned from its successes and failures. As far as can be seen, Russia still holds to the opinion of Alexander III, expressed in a report concerning it: "It is a very useful national work, and it would be a mistake to abandon it to the arbitrament of chance."

In accordance with the spirit of this report there has recently been approved by the Imperial Council and Duma an appropriation of money for the maintenance of periodical steamship communications between Vladivostok and the ports of China, Korea, Japan, and between Vladivostok and Nikolayefsk on the Amur. The provisions of the law carrying the appropriations are:

"I. The Minister of Commerce and Industry shall conclude a contract with the Volunteer Fleet for the maintenance by the latter, during eleven years beginning June 15, 1908, of periodical steamship communications on the following lines: (1) Vladivostock-Tsuruga, two voyages per week, the aggregate distance being 101,820 miles; and (2) Vladivostok-Shanghai, stopping at Fuzan and Nagasaki, one voyage per week, aggregate distance 118,560 miles. The conditions shall be as follows:

"1. The Volunteer Fleet obligates itself to maintain the said steamship communications, during the period mentioned, by means of steamships sailing under the Russian flag. Moreover, the steamers must maintain a speed of not less than fourteen miles an hour, after having shown a speed of not less than sixteen miles an hour on trial.

"2. During the first sixteen months from the day of publication of the present law, the Volunteer Fleet may maintain the said communications by means of vessels sailing under a foreign flag and having a speed below that mentioned in the foregoing paragraph.

"II. The Minister of Commerce and Industry shall conclude a contract with the Volunteer Fleet for the maintenance by the latter, during one year

beginning in June 15, 1908, of periodical steamship communications between Vladivostok and Nikolayefsk on the Amoor, stopping at Sudsukhe, at St. Olga Bay, at Korsakofsk, at Imperial Harbour, at Alexandrofsk, and at De Castri Bay, making fourteen trips during the navigation season, the aggregate distance being 33,292 miles.

"III. He shall appropriate from the funds of the imperial treasury, for payment as subsidy to the Volunteer Fleet for the maintenance of the steamship communications mentioned in Section I, 6,905,000 rubles, as follows: In 1908, 283,333 rubles; 1909, 800,000 rubles; 1910, 693,000 rubles; 1911, 672,000 rubles; 1912, 651,000 rubles; 1913, 630,000 rubles; 1914, 609,000 rubles; 1915, 588,000 rubles; 1916, 567,000 rubles; 1917, 546,000 rubles; 1918, 525,000 rubles; and 1919, 340,667 rubles.

"IV. He shall appropriate from the funds of the imperial treasury, for the payment as subsidy to the Volunteer Fleet for the maintenance of the steamship communications mentioned in Section II during one year from June 15, 1908, to June 15, 1909, 75,000 rubles, as follows: In 1908, 25,000 rubles, and in 1909, 50,000 rubles."

The acquisition of Port Arthur and Dalny led to the conviction that there was need of a merchant fleet for operation exclusively upon the waters of the Pacific. To meet this need the East Chinese Maritime Service was organised. This line was to serve as an auxiliary to the Trans-Siberian Railway. Its headquarters were at Dalny, which the Russian government was at that time sparing neither money nor pains to make a first-class port and one of the great entrepôts of trade in the Far East. Their plans for Dalny were largely conceived, actively pushed, and nearing completion when after an expenditure of millions of roubles, a part was destroyed by the Russians and what remained fell into the hands of the Japanese.

The company began by purchasing the franchises and equipment of a small line operated by Mr. Schevelef. Several steamers were purchased by it from English and German companies. It was allowed an annual subvention of 111,000 roubles. Two of its fastest steamers made connections with the weekly express trains to Dalny. These carried the mails and passengers to Nagasaki and to Shanghai. By January 1, 1902, the company had a fleet of eighteen ocean-going steamers, having a cargo capacity of 24,000 tons and accommodations for 8000 passengers. Its service bound together the ports of Shanghai, Chefoo, Niuchwang, Dalny, Chemulpo, Nagasaki, Fusan, Gensan, and Vladivostok with the ports on the Sea of Okhotsk and the Gulf of Peter the Great.

In addition to meeting the difficulties of operation upon a

storm-swept and rocky coast, a considerable portion of which is frozen during half of the year and frequented by icebergs during the other half, the difficulties of securing seamen and mechanics in that part of the world, the company was handicapped by having its commerce interfered with by the plague at Niuchwang in 1899 (the first year of its operation), the Boxer outbreak in 1900, the cholera in 1902, and finally the destruction of its traffic and many of its ships by the recent war.

Had the Russian navy been able to hold control of the sea, or even to have made a reasonable amount of headway against the Japanese navy, the ships of the East Chinese Maritime Service could have rendered it most valuable aid and thus have become an important factor in the war. In that event the merchant fleet would have more than repaid the government for its assistance given in the way of subsidies. But by the complete crippling of the Russian squadrons at Port Arthur and Vladivostok the part of the merchant fleet which was not captured became helpless.

Among the commendable traits of the Russian character is the virtue of perseverance. Hence in spite of the foregoing misfortunes and discouragements in their attempts to foster the growth of their merchant marine, we find the nation assenting to the following provisions for the purpose of encouraging shipbuilding:

"1. As an encouragement to building metallic mercantile vessels constructed within the Russian Empire intended for navigation in foreign seas and the River Danube and its tributaries, there shall be given for every ship built, if its construction was begun after the promulgation of this law, once, at the time of registering the ship in a Russian port, a shipbuilding bounty.

"2. The shipbuilding bounty (par. 1) is determined by the registry of the gross tonnage of the ship and is reckoned thus:

"(*a*) For ships with mechanical motive power: Up to 100 tons burden, 100 rubles; from 100 to 1500 tons, 85 rubles; from 1500 tons up, 65 rubles.

"(*b*) For sailing vessels, including those provided with auxiliary mechanical motive power: Up to 100 tons burden, 80 rubles; from 100 to 1500 tons, 65 rubles; from 1500 tons up, 50 rubles.

"This bounty is also granted to vessels not intended for navigation on foreign seas or on the Danube and its tributaries on the payment of customs duty collected from those vessels on their importation from abroad. (Customs tariff ed. of 1906, par. 175.)

"3. In addition to the shipbuilding bounty (par. 2), a bounty is likewise allowed for the installation in mercantile sea-going vessels of new general and auxiliary machinery at the rate of 35 rubles per indicated horsepower.

"4. The bounties for building, like those for repairing of machinery, are granted only if material of Russian origin is used in the construction of the hull of the vessel or its machinery.

"Materials of foreign origin are allowed only on condition that they shall be named in a separate list furnished to the Ministry of Commerce and Industry every year and published for general information.

"5. The stipulations mentioned above are also applied to vessels not intended for registry at a Russian commercial port.

"The bounties for the kind of ship are also given for a complete overhauling of a ship and its transference to the control of a foreign owner.

"6. A refitting of a ship both as to hull and machinery gives the right in favour of a national shipyard to a bounty of — rubles per pood (36 pounds) on the metal used in the refitting.

"In case of the replacing of old machinery by new the amount of bounty is calculated on the basis of paragraph 3.

"7. The control of the granting of bounties for building sea-going mercantile vessels is intrusted to the Ministry of Commerce and Industry in its Department of Mercantile Marine.

"8. The present law shall remain in vigour for a period of fifteen years after going into effect. The order for its application will be given in a separate instruction approved by the Minister of Commerce and Industry."

This is an evidence that the Russian government appreciates the fact that if it is to become a naval power it must lend encouragement to the building as well as to the operating of ships. Whether or not her attempt in this line will prove successful is, to say the least, doubtful. Her handicap in this respect is as great as in the other. Her lack of coal and steel at prices which compare with those in English markets places her at what appears to be a permanent disadvantage. But even greater than this is her dearth of mechanics. And though labour is becoming increasingly mobile, such are the political conditions in Russia that the trained mechanics of other countries are not likely to migrate thither. Whether or not the Russian labourer can develop into an efficient artisan in these lines it is too early to decide definitely, but it is entirely within the facts to say that as yet he has given no convincing evidence of his aptness.

Among the merchant navies of the world Russia's ranks eighth. Five years ago it was ninth. During this period it has surpassed those of Spain and Holland but has in turn been surpassed by that of Japan. In the table of the Bureau Veritas for 1903–4 the tonnage of the Russian merchant marine was: steam 593,742 and sail 1,138,829; and that of Japan: steam 556,036, sail 730,660; while in the table for 1908–9 the tonnage of the Japanese was: steam, 1,076,170 and sail, 1,242,099; and that of Russia was:

steam, 781,000 and sail, 1,350,386; finally for 1911–12 the tonnage of Japan was: steam, 1,202,458 and sail 171,206; and that of Russia: steam, 824,100 and sail, 539,710. Though the aggregate tonnage, steam and sail, of Russia's merchant marine was in the latter year nearly as great as that of Japan, the fact that the steam tonnage of the latter is larger by nearly 50 per cent. gives to its merchant marine so much greater efficiency that the difference between them is considerably greater than the small difference in aggregate tonnage would seem to indicate. A realisation of this fact has no doubt had its influence in determining Russia's policy of increasing her subsidies. Yet in 1909 Russia was paying less than two million dollars in subsidies while Japan was paying over six million dollars. As a builder of ships, Japan has undoubtedly outstripped Russia and it is not likely that in this department the relative position of the two will be changed. Whether or not by liberal bounties Russia can overcome Japan's lead as an owner and operator of ships is less certain, though hardly probable.

While the Russian merchant marine is still handicapped in many ways and is still far from taking first place among merchant fleets, yet when we remember the difficulties under which its promoters have laboured in attempting to build it up, its progress is remarkable. The persistency with which the nation has striven to overcome the limitations due to geographical situation, lack of mechanical skill, and lack of a seafaring temperament, is as much to be admired as certain of the means which it has resorted to for the attaining of political ends are to be deprecated. The reward of the former seems to us a more interesting and certainly a pleasanter topic for consideration than the failure of the latter.

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LINCOLN AND HAMLET

It is now pretty generally known that Abraham Lincoln, whose schooling, according to his own statement, amounted in all to somewhat less than a year, was not only a steady reader and admirer of Shakespeare but also one of the keenest critics of some of the tragedies. His brief remarks on the opening lines of *Richard III*, protesting against the rhetorical rendering so dear to most actors, are not surpassed, for insight and sympathy, by the best criticism of Lamb and Coleridge, and his expressed preference for Claudius's soliloquy to the more famous "To be or not to be," shows the courage of true conviction, quite uninfluenced by the conventional view. That Lincoln took his Shakespeare to heart is clearly shown by the pathetic story of his reading the lines of Constance on Prince Arthur and his application of the mother's grief to his own recent bereavement in the death of Willie. His several references to Hamlet's reflections on fate, occurring especially in conversations, are still more characteristic; and it is this, the most popular of Shakespeare's tragedies—with the possible exception of Lincoln's favourite, *Macbeth*—which suggests the following comparison.

A famous German critic once said, "*Hamlet ist Deutschland.*" I am almost tempted to paraphrase the German epigram and say, "Lincoln is Hamlet"; for in spite of the many evident differences between the Danish prince of fiction and the American president of fact, the two so widely separated men have not a few characteristics in common.

In the first place, both Hamlet and Lincoln are humorists and, as an almost necessary consequence, both are melancholy. The melancholy of the Dane is so pronounced as often to make us lose sight of his humour, and the humour of the American is so often cited as to make us forget his melancholy. But in both men the two qualities, apparently so contradictory and yet actually so closely related, are essential. Hamlet, with his solemn jests in the churchyard at Elsinore, simply anticipates Lincoln on the battlefield of Antietam. Hamlet's mystification of that old fool Polonius and of that young fool Osric finds its counterpart in Lincoln's jests with the serious though by no

means foolish Staunton and Sumner. Your true humorist is always incited to his best efforts by your serious foe to humour, who may discern some method in his madness, but is quite unable to give it a local habitation and a name. An interesting connecting link between Hamlet and Lincoln in this special class of jesting is Lamb, as he badgers the unfortunate collector of stamps.

It is a significant fact that the actor by whom the lighter side of Hamlet's nature is most emphasised is a woman, Sarah Bernhardt. For in Hamlet there is a marked strain of the feminine, and this same subtle quality is no less marked in the apparently rugged and masculine Lincoln. It exists in both men perhaps in contradiction of the humorous sense, which we usually associate with the male sex, but it is possible that it revealed itself to the French actress partly as a result of sex sympathy. In both Hamlet and Lincoln the feminine strain, so often found in men of genius, is associated with their innate purity. Although we should not at first think of applying Horatio's phrase, "Good night, sweet prince," to Lincoln, with whom we usually associate adjectives of quite different bearing, it may have some justification. We know that Lincoln was a lover of children and that all children with whom he came in contact loved and confided in him. We know nothing of Hamlet in this connection, though his relation to Yorick suggests a similar quality. But there are many other evidences of Hamlet's purity of mind and life that serve to bring him into close touch with Lincoln.

As fatalists Hamlet and Lincoln are strikingly alike; and the resemblance is curiously illustrated by an incident immediately preceding the death of each man. Just as Hamlet says to Horatio, "But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart," and, in reply to his friend's urgent request that he regard the mysterious warning, declares that he will "defy augury," so Lincoln disregarded the entreaties of his wife that he give heed to his dream of the night before, and absent himself from the play at which he met his death. Both men were fatalists and in a certain sense dreamers. But at the same time, both were men of exceptional bravery, refusing to yield to what they regarded as weakness.

Reference has already been made to Lincoln's remarkable critical ability. This included the study of the drama on the histrionic as well as on the purely literary side; and his criticism of *Richard III* is directed in the main to the stage interpretation

of the scene. Probably without realising it Lincoln applies here one of the essential principles of acting as laid down by Hamlet in his directions to the players. Lincoln was no less disturbed by the meaningless ranting, which appeals to the general, than Hamlet himself. Both Hamlet and Shakespeare took the stage seriously and with nice appreciation, and both were offended by the failure of many actors to do the same.

In the quality of sincerity Hamlet and Lincoln stand on the same ground. Lincoln could have said with Hamlet, "Seems, Madam! nay, it is, I know not seems." Both were as impatient of insincerity in others as they were incapable of harbouring it themselves.

No less striking than their sincerity is the common sense of the two men. It is mainly this trait that makes them both such admirable judges of character. Hamlet did not need the revelation of his father's ghost to suspect his uncle. In vain did Rosencrantz and Guildenstern seek to conceal their real purpose from the keen young prince. With equal certainty Hamlet recognised the true sympathy of Horatio and in a slighter degree of Marcellus and Bernardo. So Lincoln, even in the strange surroundings of Washington, was quick to discern between friend and foe, applying to every one the touchstone of good sense and sound judgment.

Finally, in both Hamlet and Lincoln there is a depth of religious feeling, not unmixed with philosophic doubt and questioning. Whether or not Lincoln ever showed any serious interest in spiritualism, there is clearly a vein of mysticism in his make-up that induces him frequently to turn with eager questionings about the dim past and the mysterious future. The majesty of Niagara suggests to him the thought that when Moses was on the earth the thunder of its water was already resounding and that before man was Niagara existed. Is not that the same kind of sublime commonplace that we find in Hamlet's reflections on humanity?

In Hamlet Lincoln found a congenial spirit and though his humility would have forbidden his comparing himself to so gracious a creation there is surely no impropriety in another's doing so, and it may be that the comparison will appeal to others.

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JUSTICE ACCORDING TO LAW

A generation ago, when the law schools of our state universities were first founded, the dominion of law appeared to be complete. Almost every phase of public and of individual activity was subject to judicial review. It was taken to be an axiom that the people themselves were subject to certain fundamental limitations, running back of all constitutions and inherent in the very nature of free government, and it was assumed without serious question that the scope and the extent of these limitations were questions of law. Administration was subjected to strict judicial control, and almost every measure of police encountered an injunction as a matter of course. We were proud to have achieved a government of laws and not of men, and we looked down complacently upon the bureau-ridden peoples of Europe without a suspicion of being law-ridden ourselves. So important was the rôle of law in connection with every aspect of social and governmental activity that one need not wonder that in the West the state itself undertook to provide for public instruction in law as a part of its broad programme of popular education.

In the interval a great change has gone forward. While the generation that established state universities was proud of the American doctrine of the judicial power over unconstitutional legislation, the present generation seems eager to reject the idea of a fundamental law; and proposals to transform constitutionality from a question of pure law into a question of pure politics find support even in the legal profession. Where the generation that founded the state universities of the West conceived it a postulate of liberty that administration must be confined to the inevitable minimum and sought through judicial review complete elimination of the personal equation in all matters affecting the life, liberty, or fortune of the citizen; the present generation is eager to unshackle administration, to take away judicial review of administrative action wherever possible, and to cut it down to the minimum where it cannot be avoided. Where yesterday we relied upon courts, to-day we rely upon boards and commissions. Even in criminal causes, which the lawyer regards, before all things, as the domain of the common

law, Juvenile Courts, probation commissions, and other attempts to individualise the treatment of offenders—these, as well as the desire of the medical profession to take questions of expert opinion out of the forum and commit them to a sort of medical referee, bid fair to introduce an administrative element into punitive justice which our fathers would have abhorred. Yesterday, when the project of state colleges of law was first announced, the courts and the law played the chief rôle in the practical conduct of affairs. To-day, when the execution of that project is complete, it might seem that there is danger that nothing of real moment will much longer be committed to them.

Perhaps the scoffer might say this change is the justification of a college of law in a university. He might say that as long as the common-law tradition, which our fathers prized as a part of their inheritance, was a living force, it was for men of action, trained in the office and tried in the courts; but that when the march of events had deprived it of vitality and had fast begun to make of it a matter of merely historical interest, it had become something for the scholar and the teacher. One need not waste time in challenging the statement that an institution does not come within the jurisdiction of a teacher until it is dead; we may be sure that a state does not institute a school which it believes is to be devoted to a sort of social paleontology. And yet, if one looked only at the surface, one might not be sure that our scoffer was in the wrong. For while we pile up laws as never before, he would tell us, we rely less and less upon law. No school is needed to teach and to study the statutes, nor is such a school possible in a time when the biennial revision of two years ago is about to become obsolete on the first of January of every odd-numbered year. If the will of the people, or the will of any one, as mere will, authoritatively declared, is all there is of law, the law school should give way to the school of political science; the teacher of law should be put with the historian, the classical philologist, and the pure man of science, not with the teacher of medicine, of engineering, and of applied science, and his study of the juristic theories and judicial institutions of our fathers should be reckoned a preparatory or cultural rather than a professional training. It is necessary only to read the pronouncements of an advanced type of teacher of government and of politics to see that some such notion is coming to be widely held. We may well ask, therefore, is the world, or at least our part of the world, about

to give up justice according to law? Is authority to prevail over reason? Is jurisprudence to give way to politics? Is the judge to give way to the administrator and the court to be superseded by the judicial referendum?

If legal history may be vouched, the lawyer may respond to these questions confidently. Not only has there been, from the very beginning of law, a continuous movement back and forth between will and reason, between rules authoritatively imposed and ideals developed by juristic science, between the imperative and the traditional elements in legal systems; but along with this oscillation has gone an action and reaction from justice according to law to justice without law and then back to an increasing number and detail of legal rules.

An instructive instance may be found in the history of English law. In the middle of the sixteenth century lawyers began to complain that the common law was being set aside. Scarcely any business of importance came to the king's courts of law. It was observed that the judges had little left to do but look about them. In all criminal causes of any political importance, an examination by two or three academically trained Romanists was threatening to take the place of the machinery of the common law. Yet but a short time before the courts of law had been crowded with suitors. Indeed for three hundred years preceding the king's courts had been assuming more and more a central position in the English polity. As far back as the reign of Edward III they had enforced the doctrine of the supremacy of law upon the collectors of the king's taxes and had made clear to the king that he would not be suffered to interfere by private letter with the due course of justice. More recently they had laid down that even Parliament could not make the king a parson in contravention of the fundamental distinction between spiritual and temporal authority. In Tudor England this growth of the common law stopped for a season. For a time growth took place in quite another type of tribunal than the king's courts of common law. For a time the courts at Westminster were pushed into the background by tribunals of a Roman, and, what was more important, a summary procedure. That was the age of the King's Council, of the Star Chamber, of the Court of Requests; in short it was an age of administrative rather than of judicial tribunals. The movement away from the common law was then, as it is to-day, a movement from judicial

justice, administered in courts, to executive justice, administered in administrative tribunals or by administrative officers. It was a reaction, as the movement to-day is a reaction, from justice according to law to justice without law.

Moreover, the causes of the two movements away from law are closely analogous. In the reaction from the common law in Tudor and Stuart England, the stage of equity or natural law was succeeding a stage of strict law. The law was liberalising by an infusion of moral ideas from without; and since the hard and fast mould of common-law procedure precluded this liberalisation and this infusion through the ordinary course of the law, it was necessary to go outside of the law for a season until a readjustment could be accomplished. In like manner to-day, a stage which European writers are calling the socialisation of law is succeeding a stage of maturity of law which has much in common with the stage of the strict law. The strict law is a stage of legal remedies in which men rely on rule and form to preclude arbitrary magisterial action. The maturity of law is a stage of legal rights in which men insist on equality and security and demand the highest degree of certainty as a means thereto. It has been said that the strict law was unmoral; that in its insistence upon rule and form it took no account of the moral aspects of conduct. In the same way it might be said that the maturity of law came to be unmoral in that in its insistence upon abstract equality and security for the maximum of individual self-assertion it took no account of the moral worth of the concrete individual. Hence an infusion of ideas from without has come to be necessary, as before, and such an infusion has been going on through the absorption of ideas developed in the social sciences. But again, as before, the hard and fast mould of a legal system such as was demanded by the social interests in security of acquisitions and security of transactions—the paramount social interests in the maturity of law—has made it necessary to go outside of the law for a season and to rely upon administrative agencies until new bodies of law shall arise through which justice may be attained. We may well compare the courts developed in and for feudal England, struggling to meet the wants of England of the Reformation by a feudal property law, with American courts, developed in and for the pioneer or agricultural communities of the first half of the nineteenth century, struggling to meet the wants of to-day with the rules and the machinery devised for such communities.

Nor are these isolated phenomena. The great liberalising agency in law which we call equity has always begun as executive justice. The Roman *prætor* interposed by virtue of his *imperium* to do what could not be done through the *ius strictum*. Later the Roman emperor enforced testamentary trusts because, so the Institutes tell us, he "was moved several times by favour of particular persons." The Frankish King was wont to decide, not according to law but *secundum æquitatem*, for those whom he had taken under his special protection. The English chancellor, at first, was not appealed to for relief which the complainant sought as of right, but out of "alms and charitie." In all these cases the magistrate acted without rule in accordance with general notions of fair play and sympathy for a wronged or a weaker party. The executive justice of to-day is essentially of the same nature. It is an attempt to adjust the relations of individuals with each other and with the state summarily, largely according to the notions of an administrative officer for the time being as to what the general interest and "a square deal" demand, unencumbered by many rules. The fact that it is largely justice without law is what commends it now to a restless age, desirous of results at whatever cost, as it was what commended it once to the individualism of an England set to thinking freely and vigorously by Renaissance and Reformation. In each case the cause of the movement away from the law is the same. In each of the partial reversions to justice without law referred to, it has happened that for the time being the law was not fulfilling its end. It was not adjusting the relations of individuals with each other so as to accord with the moral sense of the community. Hence *prætor* or emperor or king or chancellor administered justice for a time without law till a new and more liberal system of rules developed. Indeed, these reversions to justice without law mark the rise of new ideas of justice—in antiquity, the transition from the idea of law as a mere device to keep the peace to the idea of law as a means of preserving the social *status quo;* in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a transition from the classical idea of preserving the social *status quo* to the idea of a maximum of individual self-assertion. To-day a like transition is in progress. The world over, a shifting of ideas as to the end of the law and the meaning of justice is putting a heavy pressure upon the administration of justice according to law; and the world over the public is dis-

satisfied with the lawyer and the reflecting lawyer is dissatisfied with himself.

None of the reversions to justice without law to which reference has been made resulted in any permanent encroachment upon the control of principle and reason in the administration of justice. The exercise of equitable jurisdiction by the *prætor* came to be governed by a stereotyped edict and its provisions passed into the law. It is true Coke lost in his quarrel with the Court of Chancery. But the other Romanised courts perished and Chancery was made over gradually along common-law lines. The equity made in the Court of Chancery and the law as to misdemeanours made in the Star Chamber became parts of the legal system and were transplanted to this country as parts of the common law. The common law survived and the sole permanent result of the reversion to justice without law was a liberalising and modernising of the law.

If we meet the movement away from law, therefore, by a modernising of the legal and judicial machinery which will enable it to meet more effectively the demands of the present, to attain the ends for which the legal system exists, we may be confident that now, as in Tudor and Stuart England, the law will prevail. For executive justice is an evil, even if sometimes a necessary evil. It has always been, and in the long run it always will be, crude and as variable as the personalities of officials. No one can long be suffered to wield the royal power of deciding without rule according to convictions of right but one trained to subordinate impulse and will to reason, disciplined in the exercise of reason and experienced in the difficult art of determining controversies. If we did not know it, legal history could teach us that no one may be trusted to dispense with rules but one who knows the rules thoroughly and knows how to apply them on occasion. Hence time has always imposed a legal yoke upon executive justice and has turned administrative tribunals into ordinary courts. A law-ridden people, finding that in an age which demands positive action the legal system furnishes only checks and safeguards, may for a time throw over justice according to law and seek relief outside of law. But the experience of the past makes it clear that if we improve the output of judicial justice till the adjustment of human relations by our courts is brought into better accord with the moral sense of the public at large and is achieved without unreasonable not to say pro-

hibitive delay and expense, the onward march of executive justice will soon cease.

Not only have periods of growth been marked by a change in the conception of justice, an infusion of ideas into the legal system from without, and a rejection of law and of judicial justice in order to experiment with magisterial authority and executive justice, but such periods have been characterised in politics by absolute ideas of law as a product of human will, followed in jurisprudence by a revival of idealism and a renewed insistence upon reason and justice. Both of these phenomena may be observed to-day. In the seventeenth century it was progressive to insist upon the royal prerogative. Those who thought of the king as the guardian of social interests and wished to give him arbitrary power that he might use it benevolently in the general interest, were enraged to see the sovereign tied down by antiquated legal bonds discovered by lawyers in such musty and dusty parchments as Magna Carta. To them the will of the sovereign was the criterion of law, and it was the duty of the courts, whenever the royal will for the time being and for the cause in hand was ascertained, to be governed accordingly. Indeed, in the preceding century the protestant jurist-theologians of the Reformation held to the political doctrine of passive obedience and vigorously denounced the rebellious peasants. Yet at the very time a new philosophical development was at hand in jurisprudence, as a result of which the imperative element in law was long to be forgotten and a conception of law as deriving authority solely from its inherent reason and justice was to hold the field for two centuries. To-day, political thought is full of absolute ideas of law as the will of the people. Those who think of pluralities and militant minorities as the guardians of social interests and would give them arbitrary powers that they may use them benevolently in the general interest, are enraged to see the sovereign tied down by dead precedents and antiquated legal bonds discovered by lawyers in eighteenth-century bills of rights. Once more it is asserted that the will of the sovereign, even for the time being and for the cause in hand, must be both the ultimate guide and the immediate source to which judges shall refer. Nevertheless as before, while absolute views of the sort are current in political thinking, a return to juridical idealism is at hand. Already jurists of Continental Europe are once more writing elaborate treatises on natural law. A revival

of philosophical jurisprudence in the United States has definitely begun and conscious attempt to make the law conform to ideals is once more becoming the creed of jurisprudence.

This does not mean that jurists are going back to the eighteenth-century conception of a set of fundamental legal principles of universal validity for all men, in all places, in all times, from which a complete set of rules might be drawn by purely logical processes. They are content to search for the ideals of the age and to set them up as a guide. They are content to seek what Kohler calls the jural postulates of the civilisation of the time. But they are not content to abdicate all function and to concede that court and lawyer have no more to do than to ascertain and interpret the will of the majority or plurality for the time being. The notion of juristic superfluity involved in such a doctrine is as impossible in the complex industrial society of to-day as the notion of legislative futility, held so generally during the hegemony of the historical school or the notion of juristic futility added thereto by the positivists. Men are not born with intuitions of the principles by which justice may be attained through the public adjudication of controversies. The administration of justice is not an easy task to which every man is competent. It is no more possible for the people to administer justice directly or to control the course of justice directly than it is for them to administer medicine or control the course of medical science directly or to direct armies and control the course of military science. In each case study of the experience of the past joined with scientific understanding of the problems involved is the road to the ends sought, and a technical body of knowledge inevitably results which may be mastered only through special study and training. This is the meaning of Coke's famous answer to James I. When the King said, "Have I not reason as well as my judges?" as the people say to-day, "Have we not reason as well as our courts?" Coke responded:

> "True it was that God had endowed his majesty with excellent science and great endowments of nature; but his majesty was not learned in the laws of his realm of England, and causes which concern the life or inheritance of goods or fortunes of his subjects, are not to be decided by natural [*i. e.* by untrained] reason, but by the artificial [*i. e.*, the trained] reason and judgment of law, which law is an art which requires long study and experience before that a man can attain to the cognisance of it."

Every attempt to go back to justice without law has enforced the lesson which the judges of England taught King James in that memorable Sunday conference. In this country we should have learned it when in the period after the Revolution the bitter hostility to lawyers and the attempt ruthlessly to break down the professional tradition, to insure the access of the untrained and incompetent to the opportunities of the bar, and to degrade the judicial office, resulted only in establishing the lawyer as the leader of the community and in intrenching the fundamental dogmas of the common law in our constitutions. Indeed, much of which we are now complaining so justly is not in any wise to be attributed to something inherent in law or in the common law or in lawyers or in judges. It is largely due to the untrained and unorganised bar and mediocre, politics-ridden bench forced upon so many of our jurisdictions by popular suspicion and false notions of democracy in the last century.

We may be assured, therefore, that justice according to law is not to disappear. We may be confident that we shall have, not merely laws, expressions of the popular will for the time being, but law, an expression of reason applied to the relations of man with man and of man with the state. We may well believe also that a new period of legal development is at hand and that, as in like periods in legal history, it will be a period of working over the jural materials of the past and working into them new ideas from without. We shall be warranted in prophesying that this working over will be effected by means of a philosophical theory of right and justice and a conscious attempt to make the law conform to ideals. Such a period will be a period of scientific law-making by lawyers trained in the universities. For the notion of law as the will of the people belongs to the past era of a complete and stable system in which certainty and security were the sole ends. Throughout legal history law has been stagnant whenever the imperative idea has been uppermost. Law has lived and grown through juristic activity. It has been liberalised by ideas of natural right or justice or reasonableness or utility, leading to criteria by which rules and principles and standards might be tested, not by ideas of force and command and the sovereign will as the ultimate source of authority. To-day the most significant changes in our law are not those which have been proceeding with much flourish of trumpets

through legislative experiment, but those which have been going on silently beneath the surface in our case law and have been quietly and gradually but surely bringing the traditional element of the legal system into accord with a newer conception of justice. Along with this a no less significant change has gone forward in legal thinking. It has been seen that the old controversies as to the nature of law were barren. Hence the social philosophical jurists, who have created a new science of law in the universities of Continental Europe, have abandoned that question and have gone behind it to define the legal order in which law results and for which it exists. The means of attaining this legal order, or, as we should put it, the means of administering justice, may vary. The agencies which determine the content of the body of principles by which it is regulated may be this or that. They may be command and sovereign will, or reason and juristic science, or custom and tradition. But the end has been before men from the beginning of legal evolution. By appealing from the particular form of law which is now current to the ultimate conception of the legal order, the new school points out the road for future development in jurisprudence. It keeps before us that law is not an end but a means. And this functional conception of law gives a new meaning and a new value to the juristic ideals of reason and justice which have been our main reliance in all periods of growth in the past. But this study of law as a means, this measuring of it with reference to the end, this study of the actual social effects of legal institutions and legal doctrines, this study of the means of making legal rules effective for the ends to be reached, can go on only in the universities.

In the making over of our common law which is about to take place we may no longer rely upon the formulating agencies which have served in Anglo-American law in the past. There is no common legislative authority set over all common-law jurisdictions nor is there likely to be one. The conditions of legislative law-making to-day and even more those of direct popular law-making are not such as to warrant belief that legislation upon purely legal subjects may do more than add sanction to what proceeds from some other source. Again, there is no common reviewing tribunal set over all common-law jurisdictions, nor is the world likely to see one, at least in any period we can foresee. There are no signs that the Bench in America is likely to regain the position requisite for purely judicial development of

the common law. If nothing else, stress of business in the modern industrial and urban community makes it unlikely that American courts will much longer be able to do more than give authoritative form to what has been worked out and formulated by others. Indeed, we see such a condition to-day. Who would contend that either legislation or judicial decision, with no stimulus from without, could ever have done for our law of evidence what has been done by Thayer and Wigmore? As our jurists give over the purely historical method, which has governed exclusively in the past, as efficacy of effort, already part of the social and political creed, becomes part of the juristic creed, a new mode of developing legal principles is afforded by academic teaching. For the teacher of law is coming to work in the conditions of permanence and independence that were the strength of the common-law judge. He is in the position to do historical, critical, and analytical work that would be impossible, even if in place, in a modern judicial opinion. Moreover, he may deal with the law and with departments of the law as a whole, while a court must look at each piecemeal.

In providing colleges of law, accordingly, the state is ensuring that development of the legal system of the commonwealth and is assuming its part in that development of the legal system of English-speaking peoples which will give law a new life. But it is doing more. No form of conservation is more important than the conservation of social institutions. And no social institution is of more value than the legal tradition, the tradition of justice according to law, upon which generations of lawyers and judges have wrought in England and America. In the volumes of reports in which the common law is set forth we have a body of experience in the administration of justice which is without parallel in any other system. However law is to be made, whether by jurist or judge or legislator, this traditional material cannot be neglected. The reports, says Judge Dillon, "are capable of being made quite as valuable to the legislator as to the lawyer, since the uninterrupted light of experience of many generations of men shines forth from them to mark out and illumine the legislator's pathway. He need scarcely take a single step in the dark." No one, however, may hope to use this tradition as the basis of a new body of law but one who has mastered it. Looked at simply as a body of rules, our Anglo-American law is at its worst. It is not as an abstract system or as a body of rules that

the common law has imposed itself upon a French code in Louisiana and in Quebec. It is not as a body of rules that it has all but overcome a received Roman law in Scotland, that it is invading the Roman-Dutch law of South Africa, or that it is creating a system Anglo-American in substance, if Roman-Spanish in its terms, in the Philippines and in Porto Rico. It is not as a body of rules that our common law of torts is coming to be a law of the world as truly as the Roman law of contracts. The conventional method of comparative legislation, the mere comparison of rules, and the attempt to choose from among them according to their abstract justice or their *a priori* fitness for the end sought, was long ago likened by Savigny to the frame of mind of the child who, when the history of battles was related to him, asked which side was the good and which the bad. It is not enough to compare rules as abstract rules. The greatest value of our huge body of reports is that rightly studied it enables the lawyer to perceive how far rules have been able to maintain themselves in their practical application and to gain some insight into their effect when applied to new situations. The Roman imperial lawmaker gave authority to constitutions and rescripts prepared by the jurisconsult who had mastered the Roman juristic tradition but measured every detail by his theory of natural law. The American popular lawmaker will leave no permanent mark upon the law unless in like manner he is guided by the lawyer who has mastered the Anglo-American tradition, but has learned to measure every detail with reference to the social sciences of to-day. If the legal tradition is not self-sufficient, neither are the social sciences self-sufficient in the administration of justice. The principles are empty except as content is given them by judicial empiricism or juristic adjustment to the materials of the past.

The most significant feature of twentieth eentury thought is faith in the efficacy of conscious social effort and of intelligently directed social control. For it is not physical nature alone that may be harnessed to man's use. The laws by which mind combines its work with mind and with the non-sentient factors of human conditions are no less a part of nature and are no less to be learned and put to use. Not the least part of these laws consists of those determining the standards of conduct in the relations of man with man and of man with society which will advance civilisation and will make for the best and noblest society. And

the administration of justice as far as reason and principle may insure conformity to such standards, not arbitrarily or in the conscious interest of any man or any class—this is the justice according to law of our Germanic, our Anglo-American tradition, the sighing of the creature for the justice and truth of his creator, which marked the German law of the Middle Ages, the rule of the king under God, and the law of which Bracton spoke, and the fundamental law running back of all states and constitutions which our fathers sought to express in bills of rights.

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OLD SOLUTIONS OF A NEW PROBLEM

When King David said in his haste that all men are liars, was he led to acknowledge the hastiness of his remark through reflection on its logical consequences? If he were, he showed commendable delicacy in taking for granted that we should see what the logicians insistently point out, that it must follow that he himself could not be believed. Reflection on this problem of verbal paradox has led some of the logicians, as well as the Psalmist, to wonder whether they have not made haste too rapidly. The paradox of the "Liar" is still with us; but modern writers, less hurried than David, usually state it in a form which leaves their own credibility beside the question and ponders only that of Epimenides the Cretan, our authority for the statement that all Cretans are liars. But with the most recent work in logic the comfort of so disinterested a position shows signs of forsaking us. Some of the solutions of this paradox begin to involve our right to make any statement about truth or logic and then claim that the statement itself is true or is logical. So Mr. Bertrand Russell would have us grant that no statement can contain any reference to itself, and that when we wish to assert, "All propositions have subject and predicate" or "Truth is relative," then our statements themselves cannot be propositions or be truth within the meaning of their subjects; nothing has been said, he asserts, about the statements in which our thought is couched.

The modern solutions of the "Liar" have been all offered by makers of logistic, the present custodians of formal logic, and quite properly so, since the difficulty with the paradox seems to be essentially formal. That it is a difficulty which is serious for the maker of an algebra of logic is shown by the size of the literature that it has occasioned and is still occasioning.

In the recent attempts to solve the paradox several writers have mentioned that there was a scholastic discussion of the same problem which has left us many ingenious plans for its solution. That the scholastic solutions were, several of them, identical in principle with their modern successors is not so well-

known. The solutions of Russell, Zermelo, Rüstow, Peirce, Poincaré, Herbart, and Shearman, all bear a close resemblance to one or the other of the scholastic methods, whose interest for the general student is often much greater than the solutions that have been offered with a peculiar and intricate algebra of logic in mind. Nor was the paradox unfamiliar to the ancients. Mr. Alexander Rüstow has collected a great number of references to it in ancient writers, chiefly Aristotle, Plato, and Diogenes Laërtius—for it was of a sort calculated to attract the attention of Greek lovers of eristic.

With the earlier writers the paradox was accepted as final and its speculative interest lay in the fact that unavoidable paradox could exist. Like Montaigne they asked what could be the value of a human reason that could find itself in such straits. Later writers were occupied in attempts to place the "Liar" among the Aristotelian fallacies which were supposed to care for all logical difficulties. There was no real statement of the difficulty, nor was there any attempt to solve the paradox formally. These came only with the more refined and formal logic of the scholastics. We are given to dismissing mediæval logic with little attention; and we are perhaps justified in so doing since a thorough study of the involved definitions and rules that were set up by logicians of that period would be impossible in the time allotted to the life of one man; even Prantl's monumental history amounts to little more than a collection of extracts under a limited number of headings—extracts not always representative of the views of the author quoted nor sufficient to present his theory. But this massive literature is only a reflection of the fact that the spirit for keen analysis and fine distinctions made the "Liar" an ideal subject for tests of the agility of the mediæval mind. Between the fourteenth and the sixteenth centuries each author of a logical text-book took his turn at the difficulty, and with a confidence in his results that has gone out of fashion in our more sophisticated generation heralded a solution that should dispose of the matter for all time.

It is uncertain when the name *Insolubilia* was first applied to these paradoxes. The first mediæval mention of them includes other puzzles not of this type, having in common with this only the fact that they were difficult, puzzles like those of Plato's *Euthydemus*. Gradually only those paradoxes that had the peculiar and subtle difficulty of asserting their own falsity

were included. Typical sentences that are to be found in a number of lists are as follows:

1. *Ego dico falsum.*
2. *Haec propositio est falsa.*
3. *Ponatur, quod Socrates dicat illam, "Plato dicit falsum," et Plato dicat illam, "Socrates dicit verum."*
4. *Si Deus est, aliqua conditionalis est falsa, et sit nulla alia conditionalis.*

These are from the list compiled by Albertus de Saxonia in Vienna before 1390. The first of them, "*Ego dico falsum*," reduces to the type of the second, which is the most definite and satisfactory of all, "*Haec propositio est falsa*"; the last makes its own truth imply the falsity of a class of propositions to which it itself belongs, as does "All propositions are false." The remainder of the long list either reduces to one of these two types or is intrigued by the use of terms whose meaning is not definite; as "*Posito quod in mente Socratis sit ista, Socrates decipitur, et nulla alia, et Socrates credat illam esse veram, quaeritur, an Socrates credendo eam esse veram, decipiatur*"; for in cases like this the discussion can lose its way in disagreement over the meaning of "to be deceived." Again, in "I lie" the word *lie* need not mean that every statement is false and so need not lead to paradox at all. The real difficulty was sometimes lost sight of or dismissed without comment.

One of the earliest solutions was offered by Buridan, writing in the fourteenth century. In the *Insolubilia*, he holds, we have propositions that are both true and false, unavoidably so by logical rules. This is a contradiction of the law of excluded middle. He seems to see but one opening to reject the law. Perhaps further acquaintance with Buridan's work would show some attempt to supplement this seemingly ruthless method by showing how it would be possible to proceed without the law he discards; for Buridan knew and described a method offered by a contemporary, Hentisberus, that was more carefully planned. At the basis of this method is the doctrine of *restrictio* worked out in such detail by scholastic logic. *Restriction* means that the denotation of a term, which, as far as explicit statement goes, might be taken to be general, is often limited by the context—an approximation to the more modern and less definite universe of discourse. In the case of the *Insolubilia* this unexpressed restriction limits the denotation of a term in a proposition whose

verb is in the present tense to time immediately preceding the present instant; the instant when the sentence is begun, and not that in which it is uttered is the time represented by the verb. This is only an unusual way of stating something we are all apt to feel; namely, that no thought can really be "of itself"; before we comment on a situation there must be the situation to comment on, the expression of any thought follows by appreciable interval the suggestion of that thought. This solution disposes of the paradox "I lie," since the statement cannot apply to itself because the statement is not made until *after* it is begun. And in a proposition like "This proposition is false" there is no statement to which the sentence can refer.

This same feeling that a proposition cannot refer to itself suggested another very similar theory—one that proceeded without this reference to tense. Peter von Ailly wrote a tractate on the *Insolubilia* in which he makes a distinction between mental and verbal propositions. Written and spoken propositions are not properly true or false; they are only symbols for mental propositions which alone have real meaning and truth. The *Insolubilia* are all verbal propositions, he contended; and mental propositions cannot denote themselves. "*Nulla propositio mentalis proprie dicta potest significare, se ipsam esse veram, nec potest habere reflexionem supra se ipsam.*" We are given to understand that though the form of our words may seem to refer to itself, nevertheless the thought that leads to the expression never has that character, but always refers to some object independent of it. The rule for avoiding the paradoxes becomes, "*Pars propositionis non potest supponere pro toto.*" This is not far from the most recent solution offered by mathematical logic, the principle of the vicious circle on which Russell's theory of types is based: "Whatever contains an apparent variable must not be one of the possible values of the variable."

This method of solution was a favourite with other writers, Johannis Majoris Scotus, Olkot, and Rosetus among them. Its similarity to Russell's theory is curiously paralleled by identical criticisms, one in particular, directed at Paulus's theory by Wycliffe, whose *Logic* is less known than his historical works.

Wycliffe considers this rule that no proposition is to refer to itself and finds that it leads immediately to difficulty. What shall we do about those general propositions, like "All propositions are true or false" and "All propositions have subject and

predicate," which pretend to refer to all propositions including themselves. Yet we may mean to say that even the proposition we are using must be either true or false. The proposition "A is A" would no longer be the general statement that it pretends, for there would be one value of the "A" for which the proposition would assert nothing, namely the value "A is A." Following this criticism our theologian offers as his own contribution a theory that is rather a disappointment after his acute criticism of the other view. The paradoxical statement, "This proposition is false," he says, is neither true nor false in one sense of those terms, and so is no proposition at all. The criterion of truth in a proposition is correct representation of a situation independent of the proposition itself, and where there is no such independent reference there can be neither truth nor falsity, and so there can be no proposition. He does not go on to consider the effect of this theory on the proposition, "All propositions are true or false," where there is both independent reference and self-reference; and after all, on a little reflection, his theory of independent reference amounts to the same thing as Peter's *restrictio*.

Mansell's Aldrich offers a solution like the two just described. In the sentence, "Socrates speaks false," pronounced by Socrates himself there is nothing to which the sentence can refer, so that it is absurd and says nothing; and besides, he says, the disputes over the *Insolubilia* are great nonsense. "*Nihilque opus est plura dicere de Insolubilibus.*"

To the same class as these solutions there belongs one suggested by the unknown author of a Paris manuscript which the writer terms *cassatio*.[1] He denies that the propositions in question are propositions at all, but since he does not supplement this denial with a definition of proposition that excludes these questionable ones he offers only the beginning of a solution.

All of these solutions are of the restrictive type and make their point by declaring that propositions cannot have reference to themselves as these pretend to have. They rule out the *Insolubilia* as illegitimate and meaningless statements. But there is another type, different from these in principle, and, like the theory of restriction, having its analogue in a modern theory. This is to be found in the solution of Paulus Venetus and a number of lesser writers. They decide that we may assume that every proposition asserts its own truth, and that in addition

[1] Prantl, vol. 4, p. 41.

propositions in question assert also their own falsity. "*Hoc est falsum significat quod hoc est falsum et quod hoc est verum, sed quod hoc sit falsum et hoc sit verum est impossibile simpliciter.*" Such solutions do not resolve the paradox, exactly, but they place it in a class of false propositions on a par with "This pen has weight and has not weight"; the *Insolubilia* are shown, not only to imply contradictories, and hence to be paradoxical, but also to assert contradictories, and so to be merely false.

These represent the more noteworthy methods of subjecting the *Insolubilia* to logical rule. Other methods were attempted; but these were of rhetorical rather than logical character, like Cranston's contention that no proposition really falsifies itself when the contrary can be rationally maintained.

With the close of the scholastic period interest in the *Insolubilia* died out almost entirely. Stray references to the paradoxes contain only expressions of wonder that men could ever have been so misled by fondness for dispute as to split hairs on so vain a subject. Even formal logic neglected, and, in more modern times, the writers of logics not so formal despised, the problem—dismissing it as easily as Lotze, for instance, who said that there was no real difficulty involved when the speaker could change his statement to "I lied" instead of "I lie" and all paradox would be avoided. It was not until the rigorous formulation of modern mathematical logic forced them upon the notice of logicians that the *Insolubilia* were again recognised as significant. And they are significant; for their problem, the problem of propositions whose denial involves their assertion, is identical with the problem of the ontological proof of the existence of God. In the upshot it is the problem not only of the limits of rational discourse, but of the limits of rational thinking. Whether the judgment that "There is no truth in us" can itself be a truth in us, is a question to be determined by a close definition of truth in terms of proposition and assertion. That "this proposition is false" can be the substance of "this proposition" is a matter for strict definition of "this," and if there remains a paradox, that is, if the proposition then has contradictory results, the cure is to be sought in an amended definition, for the one that resulted in contradictories will be found to contain contradiction in its own statement.

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THE MODERN IDEAL OF CULTURE

A definition of modern culture as something realised and actual ought not to be too elusive, especially as it can be spoken of in concrete terms. It is possible to point to certain men and say, "There are cultivated men; the qualities they possess evidently go to make up culture." By way of approach, suppose we recall Matthew Arnold's sentence: "Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakespeare or Virgil—souls in whom sweetness and light, and all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent—accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakespeare and Virgil would have found them!"

Now, if Shakespeare and Virgil would have found the Pilgrim Fathers intolerable—and I dare say they might have so found them—would it not be expedient in illustration of modern culture to take those poets out of that boat and put other men there who would have loved Shakespeare and Virgil and who would not have found the Pilgrim Fathers intolerable? Here is a paragraph laden with such men:

"Apt scholars find great teachers. Early in life Mr. Wilson chose his with the confidence of natural kinship. All alike were scholars and all men of affairs—a noble roster to which he refers with esteem and gratitude. There were John Stuart Mill who had hammered out his theories in the House of Commons; Morley, famous in statecraft, and prince of biographers in our time; De Tocqueville, who learned his wisdom among men; the worldly-wise authors of *The Federalist;* the inimitable Bagehot, who drew his knowledge from the counting-house and the working machine of the British Constitution; and an 'arrow's flight beyond them all' Burke, who ploughed his philosophy with experience and reaped experience from his philosophy. A different school is theirs from the closet theories of Montesquieu, of Spencer, of Rousseau, and of Hume, differing by half a world; and at this school where theory is squared to the unbending practices of men, Mr. Wilson has been a life student."

Mill, Morley, De Tocqueville, Bagehot—it is such men as these that should be accredited with sufficient breadth of sympathy to appreciate at once Shakespeare, Virgil, and the Pilgrim Fathers, and, at a venture, a few other people and things besides.

These are typical men of modern culture. There might be added a scientist, von Humboldt, most versatile of men; or a man of letters, Sir Leslie Stephen, a prince of the short biography; or a poet, even Milton, say, "an arrow's flight beyond them all." But in choosing men from these various activities, it is precisely the field of work that I should *not* care to emphasise—rather, the type of mind. And I have already indicated one quality that goes to make up this type—breadth of sympathy. That and one other quality, intellectual energy, form the equipment of the modern man of culture. If, then, we insist that men of culture nowadays possess this equipment, best, of course, in a superlative degree, like Mill, Morley, Bagehot, Stephen, I think we shall succeed in making the word *culture* take on a definiteness of meaning. So a poet, a man of religion, a scientist, an artist, or a statesman may or may not be a man of culture; there are plenty of chances of his making definite contributions to human welfare and at the same time remaining narrow-minded. But it is the part of a cultivated man in modern times to appreciate poetry, religion, science, art, and statecraft, or at least to have a profound and abiding sympathy with all these activities, and at the same time be an intellectual and spiritual leader.

But this realised or actual culture, as I have called it, is based, naturally, upon ideal conceptions which like the ideal conceptions of religion remain as visions, unattainable, never to be arrived at, and yet to be striven toward as a worthy goal. It is of this ideal conception I wish now to speak and, if I may, to note some changes that have, in fairly modern times, come over it.

The western world, our world, derives avowedly a large share of its conception of culture from the Greeks. Whether or not this people had the word culture does not much matter, so intense and so apparently instinctive was their practice of the thing itself. Culture, by almost any definition, was part and parcel of their theory of right living. I wish to touch briefly and of course superficially upon their theory, but in doing so shall not hesitate to avail myself of criticisms of it, in order to indicate how a modern culture cannot possibly be a sheer imitation of an older one. Here is perhaps the worst that can be said of the Greeks, a leaf from the pen of George Gissing:

"It is idle to talk to us of 'The Greeks.' The people we mean when so naming them were a few little communities, living under very peculiar conditions, and endowed by Nature with most exceptional characteristics. The

sporadic civilisation which we are too much in the habit of regarding as if it had been no less stable than brilliant was a succession of the briefest splendours, gleaming here and there from the coasts of the Ægean to those of the Western Mediterranean. Our heritage of Greek literature and art is priceless; the example of Greek life possesses for us not the slightest value. The Greeks had nothing alien to study—not even a foreign or a dead language. They read hardly at all, preferring to listen. They were a slave-holding people, much given to social amusement, and hardly knowing what we call industry. Their ignorance was vast, their wisdom a grace of the gods. Together with their fair intelligence, they had grave moral weaknesses. If we could see and speak with an average Athenian of the Periclean age, he would cause no little disappointment—there would be so much more of the barbarian in him,[1] and at the same time of the decadent, than we anticipated. More than possibly, even his physique would be a disillusion. Leave him in that old world, which is precious to the imagination of a few, but to the business and bosoms of the modern multitude irrelevant as Memphis or Babylon."

Such a brilliant page is, perhaps, a fair offset to the conventional encomiums we are accustomed to hear of the Athenian, encomiums which become possibly a bit wearisome, conventional, and extravagant. And yet I think we had better let an Athenian himself speak; here are the final words of that proud oration which Thucydides put into the mouth of Pericles:

"To sum up, I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist, whose poetry may please for the moment, although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land, every sea, to open a path for our valour, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity."

These words spring from a cultivated mind; they express, to be sure, by no means the most profound and endurable conception of culture we get from the Greeks, any more than the speaker was the most perfect embodiment of that conception. He is, however, spokesman of something which he considers ideal and

[1] But compare Matthew Arnold's essay, *The Modern Element.*

fine, and which evidently did not blossom forth overnight. The Greek citizen in the age of Pericles was at once a soldier and a politician; body and mind alike were at his country's service; and his whole ideal of conduct was inextricably bound up with his intimate and personal participation in public affairs. The Greek ideal for the individual life included the perfection of the body; beauty no less than goodness was the object of their quest, and they believed that the one implied the other. But since the perfection of the body required the co-operation of external aids, they made these also essential to their ideal. Not merely virtue of the soul, not merely health and beauty of the body, but noble birth, sufficient wealth, and a good name among men were included in their conception of the desirable life. Harmony, in a word, was the end they pursued, harmony of the soul with the body and of the body with its environment. The same ideal of harmony dominates the Greek view of the relation of the individual to the state. The perfect individual was the individual in the state; the faculties essential to his excellence had there alone their opportunity of development; the qualities defined as virtues had there alone their significance; and it was only in so far as he was a citizen that a Greek was properly a man at all.

Such was the Greek view of life, and such the Greek view of culture. To the Athenian life and culture were synonymous terms. In criticism of this conception may be quoted a sentence or two from Lowes Dickinson:

> "With the Greek civilisation beauty perished from the world. Never again has it been possible for man to believe that harmony is in fact the truth of all existence. The intellect and the moral sense have developed imperative claims which can be satisfied by no experience known to man. And as a consequence of this, the goal of desire which the Greeks could place in the present, has been transferred, for us, to a future infinitely remote, which nevertheless is conceived as attainable. Dissatisfaction with the world in which we live, and determination to realise one that shall be better, are the prevailing characteristics of the modern spirit."

So, if a group of men to-day were to take over bodily the Greek ideal of culture, they would find themselves isolated from the life about them. But here two questions rise in mind: in our modern definitions of culture, have we not been ready to discard much that we might have retained from the Greek ideal? secondly, in defining modern culture, must we not concede frankly that it is an isolated thing? My answer to both of these questions

will be implied in much that I say later; but I might observe now that of course culture is no longer synonymous with life. It is not even open to all free citizens. There should be in it nothing opposed to life, but there must be in it much that all lives cannot attain. We must, then, make the word *culture* mean something definite, something isolated, if you like, if we propose to employ the word at all. To be sure, since Matthew Arnold's day, no one thinks of not employing it.

There are many reasons why Matthew Arnold should be called the Prophet of Culture. That, indeed, is what he aimed to be; his whole life was directed toward an understanding of the cultural ideal. To this end his environment was a most happy one. His father was a consummate schoolmaster, the head of an ideal home; Arnold associated constantly with the best sort of people—as favoured a class, I imagine, as the group of Athenians about Pericles. He was graduated with honours from the most scholarly college in Oxford; he became a fellow in that university and later professor of poetry. For thirty-five years he was inspector of schools. Everything he wrote savours of distinction, whether it be poetry, on education, on literature, on religion, or on politics. He was something of a linguist, an earnest student of philosophy and of history, though he was neither a philosopher nor a historian in the restricted meaning of these terms. Of science he knew next to nothing and with its claims he had little sympathy. His attitude on contemporary religious and political movements was that of ironical conservatism.

I am in no position to attempt a sketch of Arnold's theory of culture; indeed, at the risk of seeming shallow, I propose just now to attack it at what appears to be its most vulnerable point, where perhaps he made his finest effort to popularise it—his book *Culture and Anarchy* and especially that notable chapter entitled "Sweetness and Light." My attack, of course, will not be single-handed. I quote for a moment from Henry Sidgwick's admirable essay, *The Prophet of Culture:*

"When we speak of culture and religion in common conversation, we sometimes refer to an ideal state of things, and sometimes to an actual. But if we are appraising, weighing, as it were, these two, one with the other, it is necessary to know whether it is the ideal or the actual that we are weighing. When I say ideal, I do not mean something that is not realised at all by individuals at present, but something not realised sufficiently to be much called to mind by the term denoting the general social fact. I think it clear that

Mr. Arnold, when he speaks of culture, is speaking sometimes of an ideal, sometimes of an actual culture, and does not always know which."

Professor Sidgwick proceeds to substantiate this general stricture through a citation. For instance, Arnold describes culture in one page as "a study of perfection, moving by the force not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but of the moral and social passion for doing good." But in another page we find that this passion for doing good acts only in fine weather. "It needs," as Arnold affirms, "times of faith and ardour to flourish in." It is not evidently a spring and source of faith and ardour. Culture "believes" in making reason and the will of God prevail, but it must be under very favourable circumstances. "This," as Sidgwick says, "is rather a languid form of the passion of doing good; and we feel that we have passed from the ideal culture, towards which Mr. Arnold aspires, to the actual culture in which he lives and moves."

Ideally it is Arnold's wish that culture, taking ever wider and wider sweeps, shall carry the whole race, the whole universe harmoniously toward perfection. The Greek word εὐφυία expresses to him this harmonious excellence. "The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due," he says, "to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of human perfection." "Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection so present and paramount. It is impossible to have this idea too present and paramount; only, the moral fibre must be braced too." How to brace the moral fibre, Arnold suggests, inadvertently perhaps, when he says that culture must "borrow a devout energy" from religion; but devout energy, as Dr. Newman somewhere points out, is not to be borrowed. If culture, then, is to lack enthusiasm or if its devotees are to have no sympathy with men of action, it is bound to degenerate into dilettanteism. The impulse toward perfection will remain, as it often does remain, a self-regarding desire for exquisite states of thought and feeling.

This criticism of Arnold at his worst, I am pressing thus frankly because the chapter "Sweetness and Light" has been and is still, I doubt not, something of a stumbling-block in the way of a just interpretation of the modern cultural ideal. Arnold's dilemma, I should say, is something like this. He is in the act of bringing over to modern life the highest spiritual qualities of

Greek civilisation and is on the point of saying, "Accept these; these are culture," when, lo! there rises before him the apparition of Christianity. "To a world stricken with moral enervation," he says, in a later chapter, "Christianity offered its spectacle of an inspired self-sacrifice." The dilemma is clear, is it not? Self-development, self-sacrifice. Here, to change the figure, are two roads, one leading apparently to religion, the other to culture. "The lesson must perforce be learned," Arnold concludes in this later chapter, "the lesson must perforce be learned that the human spirit is wider than the most priceless of the forces which bear it onward, and that to the whole development of man Hebraism itself is, like Hellenism, but a contribution." Suppose we should substitute for Hebraism another word, a word which Arnold possibly avoids—Christianity. Is Christianity but a contribution to the human spirit? Is it not rather the most significant fact in modern life? Or, if the word Christianity be troublesome, suppose the question stand, Is not the truth of self-sacrifice part of the very texture of modern life? If it is, and I assume your answer, then, if culture is also to hold a place in modern life, it must fall under life's conditions, one of them being self-sacrifice.

I have no intention of pursuing a problem in ethics. I will, however, offer an illustration. A man is born in Florence, say, Florence of the late thirteenth century when she is alert to become the most cultured, the most Greek of all Italian cities, of all European cities. Giotto is there; and poetry and art and philosophy are about to spring into new birth. This man is good to look upon; he delights in bodily exercise. He is of excellent family and of sufficient wealth. He is notable among the brilliant intellects there and is passionately fond of his city. Pericles could have pointed to such a man, and exclaimed, "Behold my ideal citizen!"

But misfortunes come upon this man. His party loses control and he is banished from his city. For many years he wanders from place to place, climbing back stairs and eating the bread of sorrow. As a young man, he had written; and now he keeps on writing, growing lean over his verses. He gives to the world a great poem, rare in expression, in philosophy, in observation. Yet Pericles could not have accepted that poem. It would have bewildered him; it is too instinct with a culture alien to his own.

There is an antagonism which most of us endeavour in one

way or another to reconcile, but which Matthew Arnold wrote upon with lack of sympathy and with possibly some little Pharisaism, some little holding of the nostrils. Concerning these antagonisms, I return for a moment to Sidgwick:

"The religious man tells himself," he says, "that in obeying the instinct of self-sacrifice he has chosen true culture, and the man of culture tells himself that by seeking self-development he is really taking the best course to 'make reason and the will of God prevail.' But I do not think either is quite convinced. I think each dimly feels that it is necessary for the world that the other line of life should be chosen by some, and each and all look forward with yearning to a time when circumstances shall have become kinder and more pliable to our desires, and when the complex impulses of humanity that we share shall have been chastened and purified into something more easy to harmonise."

If, then, I were to give a trial explanation of what the modern cultural ideal is, I should say that outwardly its distinctive features are Greek; it involves an exercise, fine and complete, of all the powers of body, soul, and mind. But this outward ideal, if I may call it so, has on its road to us been fused and transformed into something tremendously inward, the meaning and end of which we cannot fully apprehend. Greek culture is static—it is a flower; it springs into bloom and then fades. Modern culture is an unceasing growth; its bloom is always to be, but never is.

After Tolstoy, in his book *What is Art?* has told us that the highest mission of art is to usher in the reign of brotherly love, that insatiable soul adds this word: "Perhaps some day science will reveal to art an ideal still more exalted than that of brotherly love, and art will proceed to realise it." With this vision of science and art still biding their time, forever unappeased, I leave the discussion of modern culture as an ideal and return, in closing, to those leaders who I said were representatives of modern cultural attainment.

Their interests were various. Of Bagehot it is said he gave to literature energies which might have gained him a large fortune in business or a great position in the political world. His favourite studies in college were poetry, mathematics, and history. Mill devoted himself to chemistry, botany, and advanced mathematics; he was fond of music and was himself a fair pianist. He no longer called the desert of Bentham peace when he fell under the influence of Wordsworth. Stephen is the man who never wrote below his best. Von Humboldt used to rail at bigotry

without religion, philosophy without common sense, æstheticism without culture. His service to the state, he said, was an apprenticeship to his service of science. He might have put it the other way, for I presume his service to science made him a better servant of the state, just as Morley's service to literature makes him a better statesman and his service to the state makes him a finer critic. "There is a view of culture" says Arnold, "in which all the love of our neighbours, the impulses toward action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it—motives eminently such as are called social—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part." Such motives are dominant in the men I have named; they explain their breadth of sympathy and their restless self-forgetful inquiry, as contrasted with the selective, discriminative principle of the older ideal.

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THE REVOLUTION IN PORTUGAL

I

The lower classes in Portugal, particularly in the country, are as hard working, sober, peaceable, and well-mannered a people as one could hope to find. They are, however, incredibly ignorant. To me it was a joy and wonder to find in Lisbon that the servants could not tell time by the clock, and that they thought the French tongue was merely an impediment of speech. It was a temptation never before dreamed of and triumphantly endured, to discover that the washerwoman would accept with childlike faith whatever was offered her because she could not count money. As for reading and writing, they are to these simple people something like miracles of cleverness.

This picturesque ignorance one finds at first merely diverting, as an unexpected example of artistic perfection; but unfortunately when accompanied by its inevitable shadow, extreme poverty, it produces that lethargy and passivity which underlies the tragedy of the history of Portugal. In the absence of a highly developed industry these peasants form the great majority of the Portuguese nation; but they are politically negligible. In as far as they are anything they are monarchists, submissive to the Church; but they have had no influence upon recent events. The revolution in Portugal follows the general rule in being the work of an active minority concentrated in the towns. In Portugal, as elsewhere, it is the minority which is politically effective.

In extraordinary contrast to these simple, docile peasants, the upper classes in Lisbon are undeniably clever. They are distinguished by an impatient mental alertness. They perceive in a flash and turn quickly to other things. In linguistic ability they are second only to the Poles and the Russians. They are bilingual to such an extent that French literature is a serious detriment to the development of their own. One is safe in assuming that an educated Portuguese speaks French; he probably speaks it fluently and without foreign accent. They are all deeply impregnated with French art and philosophy, and French influence is seen in everything they do. Yet this is but a successful veneer; for in temperament and character they are not French

at all, but rather more akin to the Italians. They are excellent musicians and superb orators, but as administrators they are not eminent. They co-operate badly and are prone to factions. Foreigners complain of a certain vanity, which is, however, but superficial. Beneath the surface there lurks an ill-concealed distrust of themselves and of one another. They know that they lack persistence and that they are easily discouraged. Like the Poles they are a ready prey to dejection and melancholy.

All this explains in part why the Portuguese mismanage their politics. The political virtues, says Bagehot, are the stupid ones. In Portugal stupidity is the monopoly of the unpolitical classes. The political classes are volatile; the others, immovable. Portugal, like so many small countries, is a land of violent contrasts. The golden mean is lacking, which in constitutional government signifies a preponderant and self-respecting middle class. Parliamentary institutions, the product of English social conditions, have worked badly among them. In times of political crisis the English hold public meetings; the Portuguese choose a dictator.

It is perhaps unnecessary to explain that this small intellectual class is itself not a unit. It has many social *nuances* and cleavages, among which that between the aristocracy on the one hand and a part of the professional classes on the other, is sufficiently marked to have political consequences.

The aristocracy of Portugal is an old and distinguished one. Disraeli, an expert in such matters, was proud to trace an imaginary descent to this source. Under an absolute ruler raised from their ranks, the government of the country was for centuries their monopoly, and they acquired vast estates which were entailed and inalienable. Early in the nineteenth century these entails were broken. Their property was dissipated and their political monopoly destroyed. Though a small body closely related by intermarriage, they have not the arrogant pride of the English aristocracy, to which on the whole they are not inferior. Owing to their traditional attachment to the monarchy and the Church, this admirable and unspoilt element finds itself in irreconcilable conflict with the new republic. So many have gone abroad that they form a body of political *émigrés* very irritating to the republicans at home, not dissimilar to the French *noblesse* during the French Revolution. The revolution has resulted for the time being in the complete loss of their political power.

It is from the second, the professional class, that the leaders of the revolution have arisen. They are lawyers, journalists, physicians, and university men, inferior to the aristocracy in traditions of culture, but not in intelligence, or perhaps in wealth. They are *illuminati*, positivists in philosophy, and anti-clerical. With them is associated a not particularly admirable *bourgeoisie*. As the Russian constitutionalists look to England for inspiration, they look to France. French republicanism is their ideal. Unlike the English gentry who assumed parliamentary control in 1640, they have had no political training, especially in matters of administration and public finance. What they knew about politics they learned in the school of journalistic opposition. They have intrigued in the Cortes, written seditious articles, and gone to prison. The rest was theory.

From this political and administrative inexperience flow two of the three serious difficulties now threatening the republic; namely, the continuation of the financial disorder and the quarrel with the Catholic Church. It was disorganised finances more than any other cause that brought about the revolution, and it is here that the revolution has least justified itself. The republic has produced a master of political manipulation, but not a minister of finance. As to the religious difficulty, it is possible that an ultimate quarrel could not have been avoided with a body so tenacious of its privileges as the clergy; but it might easily have been moderated or postponed. These inexperienced and doctrinaire politicians have followed naïvely the pattern of French revolutions and have acted as though anti-clericalism were a sufficient programme for a new republic.

The third difficulty arises inevitably out of the nature of the revolution itself. For this revolution, unlike those in Latin-American countries, is not a mere transference of power from one small class of the community to another. Nor is it merely an anti-monarchical and anti-clerical revolt. It is a social and political uprising of the labouring classes in the towns, particularly in Lisbon, against the double pressure of crushing taxes and rising prices. It is a social upheaval, a serious attempt to erect a democracy upon that unpromising foundation, the disorganised working classes of Lisbon.

It should be said parenthetically that Lisbon plays a rôle in this revolution similar to that of London in the Puritan revolution and Paris in the French revolutions. In fact it may almost

be said that Lisbon is the revolution. As in France, the Latin traditions of centralisation are strong, and so important a city as Oporto dare not remove a rock from the Douro without the previous consent of the metropolis. Lisbon is republican. Without it there would have been no republic and without it the republic would disappear like morning mist. We must, therefore, consider briefly the social conditions and the mental traits of this awakening class, the labourers of the Portuguese capital.

These labourers show few traces of the unconscious self-reliance and well-fed aggressiveness of the American democracy. They have, in general, a high degree of manual skill; but they are poor, deferential to their superiors, and hitherto they have shown no faculty for co-operation, which as a matter of fact was practically forbidden under the monarchy. A young Englishman in the employ of the Lisbon telephone company told me that their workmen constantly made repairs which in England were never done outside the factory. He thought them admirable in work requiring nicety and perfection of detail. They are not wholly illiterate like the peasants; but it is significant that until recently socialist doctrines have found few adherents among them. Since the revolution one hears of socialist and even of syndicalist groups. Their political impotence has arisen from their lack of aggressiveness and cohesion, which in turn arises from their poverty.

Notwithstanding the rapid rise of factories in Lisbon and Oporto in recent years, Portuguese industry is still largely carried on in small shops without elaborate machinery, after the manner sometimes known as arts and crafts. Lisbon workmen in certain trades—as jewelry, tile making, and carving—have been famous for centuries. Their traditions, derived from Moorish times, have survived the earthquake, repeated revolutions, and a long-continued national poverty. Certain characteristics of this manufacture are wholly admirable. Its products are not standardised according to the American practice. A special order and a variation in the product are not to them an annoyance and an expense, but a source of interest. A new order presents a new problem, and in so far the product is an artistic achievement. All this would have delighted the heart of William Morris; but it is accompanied by a drawback which I fear he did not fully realise. Except for articles of mode in which price is subordinate, the returns for such labour are necessarily meagre. I never tired

of pausing in the doorways of these shops to watch the workmen, often with deep respect for the perfection of their skill; but the marks of poverty were only too deeply stamped upon them.

The first introduction of factories does not lead to an immediate improvement in the conditions of labour. It did not in England during the eighteenth century, and it does not now either in Russia or Portugal. Under the monarchy few laws regulating the condition of labour were passed, and those few were carelessly enforced. Portugal was in this respect one of the most backward countries of Europe. The laws controlling the formation of labour unions were so restrictive as to be prohibitory in practice. As for strikes, they were simply forbidden.

An English agent of the Lisbon tramway tells me that their employees are the highest paid in Lisbon; their maximum is $1.10 a day for motormen. The average wage for Portugal is far less than in America, the hours are long, and prices in general are as high. The attendants at the National Archives receive twelve dollars a month. Public-school teachers begin with thirty cents a day, which is gradually raised, after twenty years' service, to a dollar a day. "How can we teach when the walls of our stomachs are grinding together!" exclaimed a young teacher, in explaining why the percentage of illiteracy in Portugal is between 70 and 80. When a deputation waited upon Dom João Franco with the teachers' grievances, that much harassed statesman replied, "Let them plant potatoes."

The Portuguese lower classes live on bread, codfish, string beans, and wine. The wine, the one cheap article of this diet, costs eight cents a litre, and must be execrable, though I have never found anyone who had ever tasted it. Wheat and codfish are largely imported and since 1892 have paid an iniquitously heavy tariff, that on wheat being 60 per cent. The other two pay a heavy octroi upon entering Lisbon. The octroi alone amounts to more than six dollars *per capita per annum*, of which 40 per cent. is consumed in the collection. Owing partly to these tariffs, the price of foodstuffs has nearly doubled during the past twenty years. This is one of the causes of the downfall of the monarchy. They are still rising, and may yet wreck the republic.

Abused patience leads to fury. At the revolution the depths were stirred. The prohibition of strikes having been removed, there occurred an epidemic of them similar to that in Russia in the autumn of 1905. At one time there were in Lisbon one

hundred strikes in progress. Twenty-four new ones were announced in a single day. They involved everything from the leading industries—the railways, the tramways, the lighting systems—down to the humblest employments. The washerwomen refused to wash, having conceived the idea that the social order was about to be inverted and that they would by this simple process be brought to the top, with palaces to live in. "Perhaps you will be washing for me," said one of them shyly to a lady of my acquaintance. The Lisbon proletariat suddenly assumed a noticeably less deferential manner toward their superiors. Having New York standards in mind, I was at first at a loss to understand the horror with which this change was mentioned, for Lisbon manners seemed to me still fairly idyllic; but after meeting the peasants, I could see that the people of the towns had lost something. Even now, as the porter or attendant rises at your approach and stands respectfully as long as he can catch a glimpse of your august presence, you reflect that this is a part of the old Chesterfieldian order, destined speedily to disappear. The Portuguese are still, however, one of the politest people in Europe.

We have now reached the seamy side of the revolution. Mob violence was for a time rampant. Yet few heads were broken, and, apart from the wrecking of the offices of certain plain-speaking newspapers, not much property was destroyed. The Portuguese are neither vicious nor always courageous. A Lisbon mob, ragged, largely barefooted, and wonderfully odorous, is not really formidable and readily respects a show of force.

These outbreaks were nevertheless sufficiently alarming to those against whom they were directed. Those who could, left the country. Those who could not, left Lisbon. Owners of property began to ask if this was the fruit of the new teaching. Many leading republicans, forgetting that revolutions are rough work, and disappointed to find their roseate dreams not immediately realised, retired from politics or became apostate. In Lisbon society the republic is wholly anathema. To defend it would be to lose caste. The large English colony, whose property was specially threatened, is against it to a man. Americans should not be expected, it seems to me, to sympathise with the new order merely on the ground that it is a question of monarchy or republic. In these days of universal parliaments the old distinction is assuming a new meaning. Monarchy is becoming

little more than the rallying point of certain conservative forces, and one's attitude toward the revolution will depend less upon the old political distinctions than upon one's newer social and religious prejudices.

I have said that the Lisbon working classes lack cohesion and are incapable of organisation. There is one aspect of the revolution which leads one to ask whether this statement can be true. I refer to the remarkable rôle played by a secret political society known as the *carbonarios*. It may be admitted that a secret society is not a high form of political association; but all agree that the *carbonarios* have shown remarkable efficiency, which is at least a sign of cohesion. This society, whose numbers, organisation, and membership can be only vaguely surmised, is popularly supposed to consist of about ten thousand men, grouped in blocks of five, only one of whom knows the identity of any member outside. Possibly this was its early form, when secrecy was so necessary. According to common report they are the minutemen of the republic, an informal secret police ready at a moment's notice to instigate or to suppress a riot, to wreck a monarchist rising before it is fairly launched, and to act as spies and secret accusers against the enemies of the republic. Dr. Affonso Costa, the one strong man of the republic, whom the monarchists execrate as the embodiment of the prince of darkness, is said to lean upon them for support. He is even suspected of being controlled by them. The extreme monarchist view is that this small minority, the very offscourings of humanity, is now ruling the great majority through secret accusation and terror. I do not know in how far this is true nor could I discover what proportion of the society is composed of workingmen.

It is true, however, that espionage and arbitrary imprisonment are causing something like a reign of terror in Lisbon. Opponents of the government who discuss political questions in public places do so apprehensively, in undertones. It is also true that there has been much monarchist plotting. There was little bloodletting at the revolution. The monarchists were merely surprised. It is only natural that they should hope to regain power in the manner they lost it. All their efforts so far, however, have been worse than failures. They have served merely to fill the prisons. The government's method of repression has recently been deeply discredited by the discovery that the last monarchist plot was not only, like some of the others, betrayed

by the secret police, but was actually instigated by them, after the worst Russian example. The government's treatment of political prisoners has from the first attracted unfavourable attention abroad, especially in England. The subject is one of bitter controversy, upon which it is difficult to speak with confidence; but a few notorious cases have occurred in which the accused have been imprisoned for long periods without trial, contrary to Portuguese law; and from detailed descriptions of a republican lawyer engaged in the defence of political prisoners, I am persuaded that many of the prisoners have had only the travesty of a trial, partly because of the bias, inexperience, and unfitness of the new revolutionary judges. No distinction is made between the political prisoners and ordinary criminals, who are confined together. This is defended on the ground that the political prisoners have exceeded the bounds of even military opposition. Not content with appealing to arms, they have tried to secure foreign intervention, and must therefore be classed not as political prisoners but as traitors. It is also said in defence of the prisons that they are in no worse condition than under the monarchy. Unfortunately, this is saying little.

The treatment of political prisoners and the religious question are the two sources of widespread bitterness in this revolution.

"Politics are a dirty business, mamma," wrote a Portuguese young lady recently, after marrying into a political family. So they are, not only in Portugal, but everywhere, especially in times of revolution. There never was a glorious revolution—or a glorious reaction.

II

I have tried to show that the Portuguese revolution is essentially a struggle between social classes. It is now necessary to retrace our steps and to discuss its anti-monarchical and anti-clerical phases; for it is also a revolt against the monarchy and the Church. The misgovernment of the monarchy will be made sufficiently clear if we confine our attention to that pulse of the body politic, the administration of finances. The manner in which a state collects and spends its funds is a sufficient test of its efficiency and character.

In speaking of the misgovernment of the monarchy, we do not mean the monarchy alone so much as the ancient régime, which was parliamentary. The deplorable state of the Portuguese

finances is chiefly the work of the rotative parties of the Cortes, differing as parties so often do in no essential principle. The defect of the crown was not misrule but failure to rule at all. The house of Bragança has not been one of strong, purposeful personalities. John IV., the first of the line, was inactive and unenterprising. He would never have accepted the crown but for the superior intelligence and energy of his wife. His descendants, who have inherited only too many of his qualities, have never appealed strongly to the popular imagination. English people sometimes say proudly, "We English love our royalties"; the Portuguese have been lukewarm toward theirs. Neither King Carlos nor Queen Amélie was popular, and the former was the victim of innumerable libellous attacks which were widely believed. Monarchists have told me that at the revolution few regretted the monarchy as such.

There was a popular but quite erroneous impression that the financial disorders of the state were due to the extravagance of the Court. Maria Pia's jewels, the Pena, Ajuda, and Necessidades palaces have played a rôle in popular imagination similar to the diamond necklace and amusements of Marie Antoinette. Their importance has been greatly exaggerated. The Portuguese civil list was in truth too small to maintain the court with dignity. The crown was constantly in debt to the state through illegal advances known as *adeantamentos*. Its affairs were amiably and loosely administered; and this in the face of modern democracy is fatal. A certain court official is said to have held eighteen offices at one time. The fault was not royal extravagance so much as the evaporation of the funds before they reached the king's hands. The court did not set an example of strict accountability, and like the state was constantly on the verge of bankruptcy.

As for Portuguese finances they are indescribable. The national debt has risen in fifty years, without wars or other national crises, to be one of the largest in Europe in proportion to population. M. Marvaud gives the following comparative figures of national indebtedness: Russia, 156 francs *per capita;* Austria-Hungary, 323; Italy, 400; Spain, 475; Portugal, 750. The taxes are larger *per capita* than those of the world powers, Great Britain, France, or Germany, whose wealth is incomparably greater. The depth of this tragedy becomes apparent only when one realises that there is little to show for the expenditure. As a military power Portugal is not formidable, even in proportion to

its size. The navy seldom leaves its anchorage and is said to be unseaworthy. The army is better, but not perfectly equipped. The railways, roads, and other means of communication have cost great sums; but they are inferior and entirely inadequate. Few governments have done so little for the national wealth, for trade, agriculture, or social improvements. The natural resources are undeveloped. The colonies lie dormant. The elementary schools are pitiful. According to a statement made by a deputy in the Cortes in 1897, a very large proportion of this crushing indebtedness is due merely to an accumulation of annual deficits, which in turn are due chiefly to leakage in the collection and expenditure of the public funds. There are few nations whose financial history is more deeply tragic.

If you ask a Portuguese how such things can possibly be, he will answer in exactly the words we use in America in trying to explain away our own political corruption—"the politicians." Unfortunately this is no explanation in either case. It is a hard truth, but the politicians of every country reflect the national character. Nearly everything that one disapproves of in Portugal may be said to rise from two sources: first, to what the economists call the law of diminishing returns, which explains its poverty; second, to the blight of imperialism, which explains its disorganisation and corruption. Portugal was for centuries the centre of a rich empire that drained her of men as she drained it of wealth. With a stream of treasure flowing in upon her it was impossible to maintain the old Portuguese virtues. Thrift, abstemiousness, and vigor gave way to looseness and corruption. A non-mercantile nation can draw profits from a colonial empire only as Spain and Portugal have done, by administrative and fiscal exploitation; and this reacts disastrously upon the mother country. The richer Portuguese colonies have been lost; the habits remain.

A serious crisis came in 1892. National bankruptcy was temporarily averted by arbitrarily lowering the interest on the national debt and imposing numerous new taxes, including those heavy tariffs which so ruinously increased the price of food. It was of little avail, for the annual deficits continued. In 1907 it was clear that drastic reform and a revolution were the only alternatives. Following numerous precedents, King Carlos reverted to a dictatorship and entrusted all the power of the state to Dom João Franco, who unfortunately proved unequal to the heavy

task imposed upon him. He began impetuously enough. The Cortes was dissolved *sine die*, and numerous salutary reforms were instituted by arbitrary decree. The scandalously numerous sinecures were vigorously attacked, improved methods of finance were inaugurated, and the deficit was greatly reduced. It was a promising beginning. The opposition to these necessary but illegal measures was naturally bitter; but it is noteworthy that the old rotative parties, which were nominally monarchist, were as unmanageable as the republicans. The monarchy was a house divided against itself. Franco met agitation with repression. Newspapers were suppressed, municipalities coerced. Hundreds of his political opponents were arrested and preparations were made to deport them to the colonies without trial upon the simple order of three magistrates named for this purpose. Among these prisoners was Dr. Affonso Costa, who learned the art of political repression from personal experience under the monarchy.

On February 1, 1908, while the passions of this conflict were at their height, the royal family was unwisely permitted to drive through the streets of Lisbon unguarded. Near the corner of the Praça do Commercio, the royal coach was fired upon at close range by men concealed under the arches. The King and his eldest son, the heir-apparent, were instantly killed in the presence of Queen Amélie and Manoel. It would have been better if the monarchy could have ended with this tragedy. It would have been dignified and consecrated by a pathos and heroism that was later lacking. The two short years of King Manoel's troubled reign, with its dissolving ministries, its court intrigues, its meanness, mismanagement, and treason, merely served to show that the monarchy was bankrupt politically, as well as financially. The reforms of Franco were speedily undone, but no new law was passed during this reign. The young King was inexperienced and unnerved. The old parties renewed their senseless struggles, with apparently no suspicion that the ground beneath them was completely undermined. The revolution would have come earlier, but prudence required a decent interval of time to avoid the appearance of founding the republic upon an assassination.

The explosion came on October 5, 1910. The conspirators had won over the navy, which opened fire upon the Necessidades Palace. It was in part a military conspiracy like the Turkish revolution, though the troops were divided. An unpaid soldiery is a poor defence. The fighting, if one can call it fighting, was

extremely confused. I have talked with many eye witnesses, but they saw little and that little they did not know the meaning of. A body of republican troops barricaded the upper end of the Avenida, and the marks of their shell fire are still to be seen in that fine boulevard; but what they were firing at is a matter of some uncertainty. According to best informed opinion, only about seventy-five persons were killed, many of whom were non-combatants. A few ardent patriots have persuaded themselves that it was a gallant affair; others are of the opinion that both sides ran away. No one could tell what was happening. A naval officer committed suicide at the moment of victory, supposing that all was lost. The victory consisted in the flight of the King from the Necessidades—whether in terror or under compulsion, whether in the Spanish ambassador's car, with or without the connivance of the republican leaders, it is hardly worth while to inquire. Every one has his own story. The important point is that the power had slipped from listless hands, almost without a struggle.

III

The republican provisional government had hardly been installed before it began with feverish activity, without waiting for an election or the calling of the Cortes, to issue innumerable revolutionary decrees covering an astonishing range of subjects. They were of course as illegal as anything Franco had done, but a new era had been proclaimed and it was necessary to make an immediate showing. It is worth while to mention a few changes of a trivial character because they show the spirit of the new régime and the source of its inspiration.

To exhibit the republic in the character of an intellectual illumination, the new French method of indicating the hours of the day by numbers up to twenty-four was adopted, and the spelling of the Portuguese language was simplified and phoneticised. Unfortunately, there was no time to consult the Brazilians, who continue the old spelling, thus creating in a measure two Portuguese languages. A new flag was adopted, red and green, the positivists' colours, an astonishing procedure to those who look upon the flag as a national rather than a party emblem. The national holidays were reduced in number and renamed after military and literary personages in place of saints; not altogether to the pleasure of the unillumined populace, who imagined that

a new set of obscure saints was being foisted upon them. "Why," they exclaimed, "we never even heard of Saint Camões!" Streets and squares bearing the names of saints have been renamed, some of them in honour of republican newspapers. The word king having become obsolete, the coinage was altered to avoid speaking of *reis*. The shopkeepers, with more zeal than knowledge, followed suit by calling their Christmas cakes *bolos nacionaes* instead of *bolos reis*, forgetting that they were named in memory of the Magi, not of the Braganças. Acrimonious disputes were waged between irate monarchists and stubborn shopkeepers as to whether *bolo real* and *bolo nacional* could possibly refer to the same thing: a completely different outlook upon the world was indicated by an affirmative or negative answer to that silly question. It is even said that a man named King felt impelled to change the name of his hotel; whereupon he had no end of trouble with mischievous monarchists inquiring after the vanished establishment and trying to engage apartments in it.

These changes, whose Gallic origin is obvious, have been much criticised, especially by the English residents, as frivolous beyond measure; but at least they make a deep impression at a trifling expenditure of energy. They create the desired illusion of great changes. To the monarchists they are as gall and wormwood. No monarchists could be induced to adopt the new spelling, to speak of Rua de São Roque as Rua Mundo, or of the Rato as Praça de Brazil. Thus a man's very mode of speech proclaims his politics. As long as social relations remain, as at present, impossible between members of the opposing parties, this is not altogether an inconvenience.

The provisional government did not, however, confine its attention merely to surface things. Without authorisation from any source, it did not hesitate to take in hand so difficult and thorny a question as the relations between church and state. Only five days after the revolution it expelled the religious orders upon twenty-four hours' notice. It was a stringent measure roughly enforced. Shortly after, church and state were separated, not by concordat or by formal legislation, but by simple administrative decree. Catholicism is no longer the religion of the state. All religious bodies are on an equal footing. The vast church property was nationalised, though the congregations are permitted the free use of the edifices. Churches must hereafter be supported by free alms, except for the state pension provided for

present incumbents during the remainder of their lives. It is even provided that they may marry, and provision has been made for the support of wives and children who may survive them. The schools are secularised and there is to be no religious instruction in them. Cemeteries are secularised. Religious oaths were abolished. Other decrees facilitated divorce and changed the marriage laws in a sense extremely repugnant to Catholic teaching. Yet, strange to say, the church was not to be entirely free, for the state retained a certain supervision over church finances and appointments. The law is in fact rather more severe than that of France; and no one looks upon France as exactly the home of political moderation.

I must confess to a certain degree of anti-clerical prejudice as a result of my few months' stay in Portugal; but I cannot forbear criticising these decrees, not so much on the ground of abstract theory; as of political expediency. They correspond to no pressing need of Portuguese society, and they outrage quite gratuitously the most cherished ideals of a majority of the Portuguese people. It is true that there is a deep hostility to the clergy in certain classes of Lisbon, Oporto, Santarem, and many other towns, which produced extraordinary scenes during the first days of the revolution. The lack of looting at that time is by some attributed to the fact that the rabble was so busy chasing priests. A church tower near the Palacio das Côrtes in Lisbon was riddled by bullets and another church, Santos, was the scene of a spectacular fusillade at night, with its white towers beautifully illuminated by the searchlights of the fleet riding nearby in the Tagus. There were wild rumours that the priests had opened fire from these towers, that the city was undermined with secret passageways, and that the priests intended as a last resort to blow it up rather than surrender their authority. Even now a priest who meets a procession of schoolchildren under the convoy of their teacher may be greeted with shrill derisive cries of "Jesuit." During my stay there two years after the revolution, a priest was stoned by schoolchildren. Yet Portugal as a whole, especially in the country, is Catholic. Even in the towns the hostility was directed chiefly against the foreign religious orders, which had increased during recent years and were in high favour at court. This is said to be the source of Queen Amélie's unpopularity. The Jesuits were specially feared on account of their political activity, and the dislike for the orders was shared to a

certain extent by the secular clergy themselves. As for the latter, they were apathetic, like the society they lived in. Their education was narrowly religious and did not attempt to prepare them for leadership in ordinary practical affairs. They were ill-paid. There was no system of promotion and little supervision. There was no incentive. They were left to stagnate in their little parishes, without the association of a resident gentry or a *bourgeoisie*. Their life was quite different from that of an English country curate, or an American country clergyman. If some of them through isolation and idleness fell into evil ways, it lost nothing in the telling by the republican press, which had a keen sense for clerical and court scandal. The church in Portugal was not in a condition to weather a storm. It had identified itself with a political party or perhaps one should say with the government, and now shares its fate. But to declare war upon it, without provocation as far as the secular clergy are concerned, was singularly unwise. The bishops are in exile for resisting, not the new régime, but the new law. The parish priests, after much hesitation and pressure from their superiors, have for the most part refused the pensions, which means that they are nearly destitute. This is the most serious and most obvious mistake the republican leaders have made. They have wantonly created one of their most difficult problems, and in the end the results may prove fatal.

What has the future in store for the republic and for Portugal? Well informed resident foreigners take a gloomy view, and commonly predict bankruptcy and intervention. Portugal, they say, is a second Egypt. A Kitchener, backed by foreign troops, could take a short cut out of all their difficulties by abolishing useless public offices in a wholesale manner, and by selling the colonies. A politician dependent upon public opinion can hardly do either. I cannot persuade myself, however, that foreign intervention, always a possibility, is either imminent or desirable.

As for the republic, Affonso Costa finds himself confronted with Cromwell's insoluble problem, how to make the revolution, which was the work of a small minority, acceptable to the nation as a whole. How can a thinly veiled dictatorship be changed into a republic reflecting the will of the majority, when the majority is monarchist? In the important towns the republicans probably have a majority, and what is more important, are still

united. The moment they form factions, like the Spanish republicans, the end will have come. Already there are ominous signs. The editor of a republican paper, who is in receipt of a pension as one of the founders of the republic, recently saw his printing establishment smashed by a still more republican mob. In the country it is impossible to make the peasants understand what a republic is. The government has spent considerable sums in a republican propaganda, with meagre results. A young republican who had taken part in this work told me his experiences. Some of the peasants thought the wages of Portugal were paid by the King. "Why did they kill him?" they asked. "He was a good man. He always paid us." "How can such people have any conception what a republic is!" he exclaimed despairingly. Political abstractions certainly will not move them. Nor have they profited like the French peasants by a spoliation of the landlords. The revolution has done little for them, and they are emigrating in ever increasing numbers. In the end, this will, no doubt, raise the standard of living of those who remain and will act as a dissolvent of their fatal passivity. Meanwhile, they cannot be won over to the republic, and they will not fight for the monarchy. The fate of the republic, which is a republic only in name, rests at present with the lower classes of Lisbon.

The future of Portugal is involved in its pressing financial problem, which is grave but not yet hopeless. If the Portuguese could but persuade themselves to part with their colonies, those last links with a glorious but ruinous past! It is these colonies, the rich but undeveloped remnants of a vastly richer empire, which give to the revolution its international importance. Great Britain and Germany, to say nothing of other great powers, are deeply interested in their fate; but as long as international relations remain, as at present, somewhat unsatisfactory, it would be disquieting to raise the question of their partition. England has for centuries occupied a position somewhat approaching a protectorate over Portugal. Ever since the time of Cromwell the two countries have been yoked in an unequal alliance, and England has guaranteed the Portuguese colonies. Even before Cromwell's time, there were large societies of English merchants at Lisbon, Oporto, and elsewhere, who now form an important element in the commercial life of those cities. The tramways, the lighting systems, and the telephones have passed into their efficient hands after Portuguese companies have made a failure

of them. They have become so profitable that there is a great outcry of foreign exploitation, and they were favourite objects of mob violence during the early days of the revolution. The revolution was unwelcome to the British government in many ways, but it nevertheless confined its action to a vigorous protection of its subjects and their threatened property—the exact antithesis to our humiliating and disastrous policy in Mexico. As a result, the British are feared, respected, and unmolested. No other government, not even Spain, which is so deeply disturbed by this neighbouring object lesson in republicanism and revolution, dares intervene without English consent, and that consent England shows no sign of giving. We may therefore expect in the absence of untoward events that the Portuguese will be left to determine their future without foreign interference; but that future is in the lap of the gods.

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THE COMEDY OF THE ARTS COLLEGE

The Arts College—the Arts College. There is without doubt a savour of feebleness and effeminacy in the phrase. And on the countenance of the college itself there is beginning to appear the intense and baffled look of the subject of comedy. It is beginning to pay the price of its court of the current romantic eccentricity, of its wanderings from its ancient concern for the larger visions of the human spirit. In its older allegiance it had stood in the midst of the chaos of life, stably anchored in the flux, offering to those who came to it that detached, clarified vision and perspective to which it itself had attained. Its point of view was neither wholly æsthetic, like our modern romanticism, revelling in sensuous reaction to the drift of phenomena; nor wholly intellectualistic, like our modern science, throwing out of count the intangible elements of the human consciousness with its emotions and affections and its spontaneous intuitions; nor was it temporal, like our modern vocationalism,concerning itself with the practical affairs of making a living. It was humane. It had reached the centre. It saw life steadily and wholly, for it had attained to a point of view from which to orientate the chaos.

To be sure, it recognised that perhaps the universe was, in actuality, chaotic; but it saw too that from a stable point of view phenomena stood in steadying relations. It stood at the only centre of the whole that exists for humanity—the human intelligence. Orientation is an intellectual feat. And the human intelligence is the only intelligence which we have cognisance of for the accomplishment of that feat. It was to this point of view, therefore, this outlook upon life, this detached, disinterested, clarifying vision of the whole, that it tried to lead the intelligence of the youths who came to it. They came to it for that. Its end was moral, for it knew that wise and just conduct is based on standards that can be erected only by virtue of a detached, disinterested, clarifying vision of the whole.

Latterly, however, it has wandered from the centre. It has lost its point of view. It still attracts by its old fame a multitude of youths, but it is embarrassed by them. It says: "Go about by yourselves, look at what you will, and draw your own conclusions."

But it refuses to lead them to the centre. It has lost its own way back. Meantime the partial and disjointed interests—romanticism, science, and trade—have seized upon the parts of the college which they can turn to their own use. They know their own centres. They define their ends, and give definite bearing to the disciplines which they impart. And they are at once justified by general approval, for some point of view is better than none. Even the untrained are not wholly insensible to the terrors of the chaos about them. They want what they see to be given some larger significance, to be related to some larger whole, to bring them out somewhere. The instinctive reaching out for unity is general. When the older college lost its point of view and ceased to try to give unity to the whole, it was but natural that its youths should flock to those who could give unity to the parts.

The results, however, have been fatal to those ends for which the older college stood. If it is worth while that there should be those whose outlook upon life is comprehensive and disinterested, that outlook is lost, in as far as the college and its students are concerned, and the community of which they should be the leavening principle. Instinct on the one hand runs riot for lack of those trained to see the relation of riotous instinct to the intellectual and moral direction of life. And on the other hand science with its mechanical view of life usurps the intellectual field because of a lack of those trained to see its relations to the other interests of the human consciousness that are not mechanical but lie close to the heart of humanity itself.

I

If the essence of comedy lies in human weakness, inconsistency, foible, in the spectacle of presumption unaware of its own emptiness, pretension unaware of its own transparency, folly in the language of wisdom, blindness in the presence of the obvious, here is the comedy of the Arts College for whoever has the wit to give it its comic sock. It opens with querulous cries of helpless wonder and complaint, blaming a thankless and material age. Voices in the camp of the old Arts College—for there are camps, and strife is forward—mourn the passing of an older day when students, eager for spiritual culture, flocked to the classical courses, and lent to their studies an enthusiasm, and to their classes a spirit, that are the foundation of a good discipline. But they agree that those times are past; that that enthusiasm

and spirit are lacking to-day; and that the life has somehow gone out of the Arts College.

I dare say that there may be some truth in their belief. Clearly the spirit of the times has changed; a larger proportion of students now go in for technical studies than did so forty years ago. But I dare say, also, that the fault is not wholly with the spirit of the times; and it is not unbelievable that the fault lies even more heavily at the door of the Arts College itself than at the door of those who come to it. In spite of the "technical tendencies of the age," so vigorously defended and so bitterly decried, there is still the constant spectacle, for those who have to do with the incoming student before he is touched by the influence of the college, of his pathetic eagerness and generosity to devote himself to what he calls the higher ends of life, and a trust in the college to guide him toward those ends. The spectacle for the student himself, however, is of a college that offers him no guidance and fails to make clear to him that it in any way serves, or even conceives, the vague ends which he is so willing to pursue.

That these ends are left vague is quite conceivably one reason why he so readily abandons them. The Arts College uses, it is true, such phrases as "culture," "the training of the mind," "the development of the spirit," in its attempt to formulate the purpose for which it exists. But for the student they are, at best, only phrases. As for the Arts Faculty themselves, whatever their individual conceptions may be, they make as a faculty no such conclusive demonstration of their own clear sense of the meaning of those phrases as would emerge, say, from a fixed curriculum. That there would be great difficulties to-day in the way of such high-handed dogmatism is not to be doubted; but such difficulties do not invalidate the general conclusion that, given a course so definite in its requirements as clearly to lead somewhere, and so definite in its aim as clearly to show by its requirements that it knows whither it is leading, the student could be made aware that something clearly conceived was signified by the phrases that are so empty to him now. As it is, however, the fact that almost no requirements are imposed upon him, and that he is left to determine the purpose of his own course, may quite logically lead him to measure the indefiniteness of the cultural purpose by the indefiniteness of his own mind. It is not too much to say that the student makes his choice of studies,

when it is not purely fortuitous, from a sense of the end he hopes them to serve. If, therefore, he goes over into the technical school, or chooses his studies for other than a cultural end, it may, at least in part, be due to the corporate vagueness of the Arts Faculty as to what a cultural end is. In its present state the Arts College, to guide him in his choice, sets before him no end whatsoever.

From this cause the Arts College suffers also by direct comparison with the technical school. The student, for all his boyish assumption of independence, looks to the college for guidance, and the technical school gives him guidance. The Arts College alone refuses him the authoritative direction which the technical school is able to offer and to enforce outwardly in the definiteness of its requirements. As a consequence, in contrast with the technical school, the Arts College is the refuge—whatever worthier students it may still retain through a lingering extramural tradition—of the incompetent, the lazy, the artful dodger among snap courses, the sentimentalist, the dilettante, the weak-minded, who find the vagueness of the elective system suited to the vagueness of their own minds. Such is the spectacle which it offers to the student during his period of decision. He sees in it the home of the purposeless. It has never made him aware that it has a purpose.

No doubt the end in view in a cultural course is harder to define than the end in view in the technical school. It is more dependent upon intangible standards and values. It is, we might say in large terms, ultimately dependent upon a philosophy of life. The very qualities, however, which make it so hard to grasp and retain, would seem to suggest, not the futility, but the greater necessity, of such a definition. It is more than a trifle inconsistent to shift the difficulty to the student, for the student's very presence is an acknowledgment of his inferiority in just those intellectual qualities that are needed to solve the difficulty. Moreover, even the most vigorous advocates of the elective system are, in theory at least, rigidly deterministic within the limits of a single course of study. Logically it is hard to conceive why, once registered in a course, a student who has been trusted to choose for himself in the whole vague field of human knowledge should not be allowed to choose for himself within the narrow range of a particular study. Yet it is hardly too much to assume that no teacher allows his student such freedom. The teacher's

sense of what ought to be known within the narrower range is so keen as to justify even to himself the arrogance of rigid prescription. In theory, then, prescription is sound. It is, after all, only self-distrust that prevents the fixing of a whole curriculum.

The first implication of such a criticism is that the Arts Faculty has abandoned or lost its sense of what a student ought to know. But to state to-day as a criticism that it has abdicated its dogmatic authority in this matter is only to repeat ineffectively what was the prime argument in favour of the elective system in the mouths of its advocates of thirty years ago. For to-day, in as far as the elective system remains by argument and not by inertia, it remains on the plea that no faculty is capable of determining a curriculum suited to the needs of all its students.

In view of this assertion, however, there is something not quite frank in the supporting assertion that "anyhow, for cultural purposes, one subject, if well taught, is as good as another." The believers in election are hardly prepared to say that within the limits of a single course one set of facts is as good, for cultural purposes, as another. Brought down to such narrow bounds, they are guided by a sense of what "belongs," and what does not, a sense of relative importance, a sense of proportion, and a sense of the structure of the limited body of knowledge with which they are dealing. These are intellectual perceptions, and are undoubtedly implied by the phrase "if well taught." But why they should apply within the accidental limits of a single course, and not also to that larger body of knowledge implied by a curriculum we should have some trouble to say. Logic would be rather put to it to bow to the vagaries of the college catalogue. Moreover, an alert malice might logically point out that if, for cultural purposes, one subject is as good as another, a rigid curriculum would be at least as good as any elected course that leads to bachelorhood.

II

To smile at the advocates of the elective system, however, is but forlorn pleasure. In their younger days they were wrestling with a difficult problem, and wrestling with it seriously; and if they fell into errors which time has made ridiculous, they at least had not the help of time to see their errors. For us, however, time has done its ironic service, and brought out a further inconsistency in that phrase to which so much saving grace was

entrusted—"if well taught." For it would seem that whatever may be the truth as to the inability of a faculty to make a wise curriculum, "well taught" is a condition *dependent upon* a curriculum—upon a determined correlation of studies. It is generally admitted that the best discipline is effected to-day, not in those schools where the student may choose one study as well as another, but in the technical schools of law, engineering, and medicine, where the choice and arrangements of studies are minutely determined by an arrogant faculty. I am not sure that the relationship between good teaching and such a curriculum has been specifically pointed out, though it will, I trust, seem obvious when the two are brought together.

In the first place, when a certain variety of studies is piled one upon another in a definite order, as in a technical course, there is possible the double advantage that some structure may be building, and that the teacher may know what structure he is helping to build. The student, moreover, has a defined end to pursue, and with it whatever stimulus comes from his knowledge as to what he is driving at. No doubt he is essentially vague as to the full significance of that end, but he can have faith that his college is clear about it, for it sets down a succession of studies that leaves him for the whole period of his schooling with virtually no choice either of subject or arrangement. Such thoroughness and inclusiveness are for him significant. And he himself is at bottom content. Perhaps the explanation is that he comes to each study definitely prepared to understand its significance and its substance; or that the instructor knows how to build his material into a foundation already laid. Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that the technical student submits himself to compulsion, not perhaps without a murmur—to murmur is the student's privilege—but with a trust and respect that the student of the Arts College is far from feeling.

There is, moreover, the advantage of the spirit that comes to a class that is all pursuing the same general course, founded on the same preliminaries and working toward the same end—an *esprit de corps* that alone makes for enthusiasm for learning, that provides classmates with common topics of conversation, bases friendships on a foundation deeper than football or the dance, and makes emulation and friendly rivalry possible.

There is, too, this advantage—and it is a hard saying—that in a required course only does intellectual discipline take place.

The resistance of the human spirit to discipline is strong. It can be overcome only by the most careful provision. The giver of the elective course must, like the shopkeeper, live by attracting customers. If he makes his goods unpleasingly hard to take, his customers will go to other shops. A few of them will remain, no doubt, but the bulk of them will go to the pleasanter shops that give unlimited credit, that provide rest rooms and entertainment, and deliver the goods at the door. No blame to the customers; they are good, healthy, normal, easy-going human beings lovable, resistant to culture. Little blame even to the individual instructor. The system forces him to compete for customers. Blame only to the system—a system calculated to exercise every human weakness of both instructor and student.

To the giver of the prescribed course, on the other hand, intellectual discipline is reasonably possible. The students are there, not by their own favour in electing the course, but by an established, impersonal compulsion. The instructor need not look forward to the filling of his classes in the future. Whatever he does can be intrinsic to the subject in hand. He can teach his students without fear of driving them away. And not merely might the teacher, under such conditions, make his course an intellectual discipline, but in a way he must. For whereas in elective courses no one but the instructor himself ever knows how poorly he teaches—and alas not always he!—in a curriculum where the later studies are founded on the earlier, there is the constant test of his teaching in the actual attainment of his students as shown in their later courses. Not only does he have no temptation *not* to teach well; this impersonal criticism gives him every incentive *to* teach well.

Add to these important but incidental advantages that other highest essential of real teaching—that the teacher should know just where his subject fits into the whole structure—just what it builds upon and what it builds up to—what knowledge he can count upon and what he cannot—given this, and we have conditions which make for genuine instruction. Under such conditions the teacher has before him at any stage a class that he knows. He knows, for one thing, that since all are pursuing the same end he can reach them all by the same appeal to their common ambition, their common interest. For another, he knows that since they have all had the same preceding courses he can give instruction to all his class at once. And, most importantly, he

knows what those preceding courses were. Knowledge is organic. It can come to anything only if it is placed with wise judgment upon definitely known preliminary knowledge and training, and leads up to definitely anticipated subsequent knowledge and training. Wisdom is structural, not piecemeal. If we should examine the curriculum of any school that knows definitely what it is driving at, we should discover a recognition of this fact in a correlation of studies—these first, these next, these next. Under such conditions real instruction can take place.

There is a temptation to assert that these are the only conditions under which real instruction can take place. To say nothing of the almost incredible laxity of intellectual discipline to-day in elective courses, and to say nothing of the lack of emulative enthusiasm among the students, the sheer weakness in theory of the organisation of the Arts College is pathetically inconsistent with its traditional association with human wisdom. This theory—that knowledge is not structural, but piecemeal; that education consists in putting into the mind unrelated lumps of learning; that their interrelation is no part of the process; that no whole is to be built up by the successive accumulation of organic parts—this theory is so at variance with the simplest wisdom that those who hold it may expect little else than the demoralisation that to-day characterises the anarchy of the Arts College.

For the Arts College is an anarchy. Even with the mild restrictions of the group system, it makes so little demand as to what should be pursued and in what order, that an instructor, looking over his class as it comes to him after registration, can be sure of only one thing—that no two students have been prepared for that class by the same previous instruction. As to what they have studied outside his own department he has no idea. In all matters pertinent to his function they are utter strangers. There has been much talk in recent years of the value of close relationship between teacher and student. Like much current educational discussion it has gone about and about and pulled up with a non-essential. The result has been an unprecedented amount of association, but almost wholly in affairs irrelevant to the situation—smokers, dances, athletics—while the real breach, so fatal to effectiveness of relationship, has been constantly widening. What is essential would seem, on calm

reflection, to be an intellectual sympathy which would make what the instructor says in class come home with intimate appeal to the heart and mind of the student as he sits day after day in the presence of a revelation of mind and character that no casual social intercourse could reveal. As it is, however, the learner comes to the teacher with a mind unprepared for the only real acquaintance which would be possible between them. And the teacher, for his part, though he were omniscient, and knew the mind of every student before him, could reveal himself at best to only one or two, so diverse is his class in the one thing essential to their relationship—intellectual preparation to understand what he has to give them.

He can not, however, know his students. As a consequence, his main problem —to make his instruction take its proper place in the evolution of their minds—he can in no way solve. All he can do is to put before them what he has to offer, and satisfy himself that for the nonce they have swallowed that lump. Whether they have retained anything of what they have studied before he cannot tell. He does not know what they have studied before. Whether they will retain anything of the present lump nobody can tell. They will never be asked. The official be-all and end-all of the course is attained when at the end of the semester the registrar rushes in, note-book in hand, and records before it is forgotten that on such a day they had swallowed such a lump. The student can then sigh a sigh of relief. He can realise that never again will he have to know anything about that subject. When he is graduated it is not by virtue of his being educated. No one asks him whether he is educated. He is graduated by virtue of a book-keeper's record—not a record that he has attained to a certain quality of mind and soul, but a record that for the nonce on such and such a date he knew this, and for the nonce on such and such another date he knew that, unrelated lump of knowledge. In contemplating this situation we should realise that even this record is made by an instructor who has relaxed the discipline of his course in the interests of trade.

Nothing is so easy as to exaggerate. Nothing is so easy to exaggerate as evil. Are, after all, these old considerations, with their clinging odour of triteness, and their hint of asperity, really pertinent to the academic situation to-day? Is the college quite so bad as all that? It is a chastening thought that the alternative,

the fixed curriculum, is susceptible of grave evils—of narrowness, of inelasticity—that it was perhaps these evils that gave cause for the remedy of election. But even such mild modesty implies a penetration that could not be blind to the purposelessness of the Arts College, or to the lack of logic in the theory on which it is drifting. It scarce requires a mind predisposed to the exaggeration of evil to suspect that such purposelessness, even though it is admitted, is in reality a weakness. Everywhere where intelligence is in command and where the end is definitely conceived, the means are carefully adjusted to it. The cant phrases "culture," "mental development," etc., are hardly calculated to obscure such a lack of definite conception, so thinly do they cover it, so easy is it to see that a definite conception would lead to a definite course of study. Nothing but frankly admitted indefiniteness could say to the incoming student, as the Arts College says to him, "We don't know what you ought to have; help yourself." If the Medical Faculty should establish an elective system, it would be a confession of their vagueness as to what a doctor ought to know in order to be the best possible doctor. They are not vague, and consequently they guide their students through a rigidly fixed curriculum. The lawyers and the engineers do likewise. Even the schools concerned with the most inspirational of subjects—music, painting, acting—conceive clearly their ends and establish disciplines to accomplish them. What everyone else should know is definitely established; but what an educated man should know—no one knows. Even those who have his instruction in charge shake their heads in modest deprecation. Harvard has done something. But even the modifications of the elective system now on trial there and elsewhere do little to straighten out its main illogicalities. They leave the classes as mixed, and the instructor as much an intellectual stranger to his students as ever; they leave the Arts College still open to the charge of having lost its sense of what it is driving at. Not to determine its aim convicts the Arts Faculty of corporate weakness. If the aim is clear in their minds, the only logical demonstration of such clarity is a definite curriculum to compass it. It is certainly illogical for them to cry out against the spirit of the times before they have put their own house in order.

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I. *German Romanticism* F. H. Fike
II. *Some Spiritualism* Hutton Webster
III. *Legislation by the Courts* W. G. Hastings
IV. *Formal Logic and Logical Form* Edwin Ray Guthrie
V. *The Mystery of Poe* Robert Jamieson
VI. *A Study in Contemporary Balladry* H. M. Belden
VII. *Pietas Reverentia* Philip M. Rice, jr.

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THE
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GERMAN ROMANTICISM

Welch ein Unfug! Welch Geschrei!
GOETHE: *Faust.*

The German romantic movement was the result of defective culture, of bodily and mental derangement, of spiritual and nervous disorder. It is a work of degeneration, deformation, and disease. And it bears on its front the stigmata of its infirmities—absurdity, folly, inanity, and confusion. There is Hardenberg, the pattern of the school, who falls in love with a chit of thirteen and at her death a year or so later dedicates himself to the grave, an unblemished sacrifice of love, unblighted by sickness, violence, or sorrow, the cheerful victim of his own regret. In the meanwhile he begins a new era and dates his note-books from the epoch of her decease. By the end of the following twelvemonth, however, he has sufficiently vaporised his emotions in various scribblings to choose another bride and is reduced to faking metaphysical nonsense to pass off an infidelity which would never have been cast up against him but for his own extravagant protestations. Sophie and Julie are two, such is his magic arithmetic, only in the land of phenomena; in the land of fulfilment, where all differences are reconciled, they are but one. There again is Friedrich Schlegel, grubber of ideas for the whole party, proclaiming in sublime paradox that formlessness is the highest form of art; the fragment, the consummate *genre* of literature; the dissolution of poetic illusion, the signet of poetic genius. Prophet of transcendental buffoonery and irony, of *Freiheit* and *Willkür*, he has ended his days in the service of the two narrowest *Autoritätsprincipien* that ever were, Austrian imperialism and

Roman Catholicism. There is Tieck too, after an education little better than an emotional and intellectual debauch, writing dramas backwards and demonstrating the identity of poetry and music by "transposing" notes into words:

"Die Farbe klingt, die Form ertönt."

There is Schleiermacher, the priest, the *Geistlicher*, preaching free love and the "emancipation of woman," making himself, in Walzel's words, "the forerunner of the modern French novel," the gospel of lubricity and license. And finally there are poor Hölderlin and Wackenroder, the one crack-brained at thirty or thereabouts, the other fretted out at twenty-five between his duty and his inclinations. Nor are their friends and lovers much better. On the whole they are pretty much of a piece with Dorothea Veit, the daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, who deserts her husband and two children to run after Friedrich Schlegel, and Caroline Michaelis—Dame Lucifer, Schiller called her—Böhmer's widow, Gallic agitator, inmate of a German prison, mother of a nameless child, who accepts Friedrich's brother, Wilhelm, as a *pis aller* and under his nose carries on a *liaison* with Schelling, for whom she finally leaves her husband.

I

But enough of personalities. The thoroughly significant thing about German romanticism as a literary phenomenon is its sterility. It has almost no works, literally next to nothing to show for itself in the way of literature. A little vapid verse, two or three staggering dramas, a few rickety *Märchen* and twaddling rhapsodies, several dilapidated novels, or rather romances, to sustain the claims of a school that pretended to derive from the *Roman*—this is just about all its literary capital, the greater part of it unreadable, inexpressibly childish, silly, and dull. In itself it were all equally harmless, though for different reasons, because all equally ineffectual. If there is something almost disarming about the naïveté which could seriously busy itself with a performance like *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, the preposterous crudity and flatulence of a *Sternbald* is no less disabling. Both were alike negligible, had it not been for the impudence of their exploiters. Indeed, as a general thing the illustrators of the

movement were not in the first instance responsible; they were merely let in for it. In its inception the school consisted virtually of a pair of *doctrinaires* and theorists—Wilhelm Schlegel, dilettante and eclectic, and his brother, Friedrich, pedant and *mauvais tête*—who attempted to create a criticism *a priori* and who, impotent to illustrate it themselves, were forced to have recourse to what they were able to pick up elsewhere. After a fashion it resembled those institutions which are universities in name but in fact are nothing but examining boards. It criticised the productions of others, and if pleased therewith, graduated them romantic. It lived on foreign conquest and annexation, and made capital of the fruit of other men's labours. In such wise it cannily took possession of Tieck, who was at bottom an independent man of letters, a free lance, even a journalist in the sense that with him literature was before all a business and a livelihood. In a word Tieck was too much of a Dryden to be a romanticist by vocation. The significant thing about him is that he outgrew his romanticism, which in his case was only a malady of adolescence, a distemper or kind of green sickness. It was merely one of his manners and no more permanent or final than that which marked his period of "enlightenment."

In particular, however, romanticism found its most advantageous affair in the inadvertencies and indiscretions of acknowledged genius. So it laid hands upon certain work of Schiller's and Goethe's, and insisted upon making them romantic leaders in spite of their protests. To be sure, Goethe was in some sense romantic and not wholly irresponsible for many of the positions his name was used to cover. But the capital fact of his life, after all, was his conversion from romanticism, even after his own kind, which was at worst of quite another complexion than that of the school's. What importance he himself attached to this change of colours, is shown by the circumstance that he is constantly preoccupied with it during the latter part of his life—endlessly affirming, explaining, justifying, and commenting it. Unfortunately, however, for a just perception of the facts it is the romantic Goethe with whom we are better acquainted, partly on account of the currency which he himself has given his earlier years in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* and partly on account of the assiduity with which the romanticists have continued painting his portrait after their own likeness. But for all the seduction of his youth and the apotheosis it has received, the significance

of his manhood, of his intellectual being, should not be overlooked —and that was irreconcilably at odds with the romantic error.

And yet it must be acknowledged in the same breath that whatever his principles, Goethe was always inclined to coquette with romanticism more than was good for him. Personally I fail to see much choice, as literature, between the second part of *Faust* and Tieck's *Prinz Zerbino*. As a system of philosophy, metaphysics, or *Symbolik* the former may be vastly superior; that is a question to be decided by those who understand it. But at all events it was by no means difficult for the romanticists to find in him excuse or precedent for some of their worst follies. So it was in particular with the gigantic egotism which underlay their pretensions to artistic vocation. There is something almost *bête* in the complacency and open-mouthed stupefaction with which Goethe—and even Schiller, who had less reason for it—contemplate their own productions, as though they were some great and inevitable work of nature, to say nothing of the exaggerated respect which they have for their own occupation. And while perhaps the frequent fatuity of the romanticists was less innocent as it was less excusable, they might have pointed to this common trait among others as a plausible evidence of kinship.

Nevertheless the lesson to be drawn from the careers of Goethe and Tieck as a whole is perfectly obvious. The notions of the romantic school are, in the most favourable interpretation, those of youth and immaturity; it is impossible for any sane man to grow old, not to say ripe, in them. Their very begetters abandoned them in later life—or rather, the other way about, their ideas abandoned them, and they went out one after another like draughty candles. Even the two Schlegels became, the one a functionary of authority and tradition, the other a literary cicisbeo or factotum. In short, there is about romanticism nothing permanent or achieved. It is not a state of attainment in which it is possible to rest content, as Goethe rested in his classicism. It is not even a stage of development; it is a mood, an aberration of spirit, to which youth, together with periods of dissolution and transition, is particularly liable.

No wonder, then, that the existence of German romanticism was parasitic; it lacked the constitution to live independently and relied upon other sources for its sustenance and support. Hence in part its mischievousness. It deranged the intellectual economy and impaired the moral health of the whole age and its

posterity by disturbing the natural circulation of ideas and stimulating a set of abnormal and artificial appetites and reactions. The ideas which it appropriated, the work which it approved, were seldom their authors' best or sanest. To be sure, there was at the time little enough that was excellent to choose from; still of what there was it failed to take the best. Or if by any chance it did, the reasons for its choice, as well as the use it made of its selections, were anything but judicious. Naturally its acquisitions were exceptional and accidental when considered with reference to the entire work of the author from whom they were extracted; and since they formed no *ensemble* of themselves, they were as frequently inconsistent and incongruous one with another. In this way arose endless difficulties—multiplied explanations, reconciliations, compromises, adjustments, extenuations—and in general an impression of confusion and inconsequence about the whole ingeniously tessellated fabric. This is the explanation too of that inextricable mixture of truth and falsehood in the romantic doctrine by which so much that is erroneous has succeeded in passing current in the past until our criticism and appreciation are honeycombed with it and by which the wariest critic is liable to be disconcerted still.

Upon this confusion it was inevitable that the intellectual sterility peculiar to the movement should react disastrously. As a matter of fact, the two characters are hardly separable, and it would be difficult to say whether the romantic confusion is a result of literary impotence or *vice versa*. It is merely a case of action and reaction. Inasmuch as its promoters had few ideas of their own, they were thriftily disposed to make these ideas go as far as possible by applying them to all sorts of subjects indiscriminately. So Friedrich Schlegel transferred to current criticism the principles he had originally derived from the study of Greek. He judges *Wilhelm Meister* by the same criteria as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* and arrives, as might be expected, at an insanely jumbled estimate of both. Nor did the school, under his able tuition and that of his brother, proceed otherwise with such general subjects as art, nature, religion, and philosophy, as though to justify Schleiermacher's saying, "*Es gehört zu dem sich noch immer weiter bildenden Gegensatz der neuen Zeit gegen die alte, dass nirgend mehr einer eines ist, sondern jeder alles.*" So little sense had they of the just measure that they seldom touched an idea without spraining it. They broke up wholes

into parts and erected parts into wholes. They isolated single factors and treated them as complete in themselves. They mistook means for ends and ends for means. They added and subtracted unlike denominations to make a desired product. They slurred distinctions and ignored resemblances. They invented such hybrids as the "religion of art" and the "religion of nature," terms which they took literally, not metaphorically. "Any man is a priest," says Schleiermacher, "who under a form original and complete has developed in himself, to the point of virtuosity, the faculty of feeling in any mode of representation." With Schelling they turned poetry into philosophy and with Novalis they turned religion into poetry. For the latter, indeed, the gospels derive their authority chiefly from the fact that they have to do with the dissolution of a spell (*Verzauberung*) and hence resemble a *Märchen* or fairy tale, the favourite romantic *genre*. In a word, confusion—chaos they themselves define as the romantic element—is, with futility, the constant character of the movement, and our present universal deformation of ideas is but an heirloom of the school.

Capital, in particular, for its critical temper is the crass eclecticism with which it sought to run the arts together, into a kind of indiscriminate medley, without regard for their natural differences of aim, effect, material, and method. With the phenomenon itself we are only too well acquainted nowadays when our critics are still discoursing as though the *Laokoön* had never been written while our poets are industriously creating pastels in prose and symphonies in verse, to say nothing of the painters' marvels in tone and the musicians' miracles of colour. But appalling as it is to observe how quickly a distinction once achieved may be totally obliterated, it is not we in this case who are the first offenders. Friedrich Schlegel, Novalis, Tieck, and "many more whose names on earth are dark"—they are all with one accord for the promiscuity of art. "Hence it is desirable to bring the arts together again and to seek transitions from one to the others. In this wise statues may rouse into paintings, paintings become poems, poems music, and who knows what noble church music will mount once more like a temple into the air!" So the elder Schlegel; and to much the same effect Novalis: "In general it is impossible for the poets to learn enough from the musicians and painters. . . . They should be more poetic and as who should say more musical and picturesque." While

the younger Schlegel in his own very best manner raises distraction to its highest power: "Romantic poetry is a progressive universal poetry. Its mission is not merely to unite all the separate varieties of poetry and to reconcile poetry with philosophy and rhetoric; it will and must also now blend, now fuse poetry and prose, genius and criticism, art-poetry and nature-poetry." As for Tieck, it must be acknowledged, he is by no means so universal a spirit; he is merely an advocate for the poetry of music and the music of poetry: "What! is it not permissible to think in tones and to make music in words and thoughts?"

In all these quotations, it should be noticed, the word poetry has come to have a meaning so vague, shifty, and ambiguous as to be incapable of supporting any conclusion—or what amounts to the same thing, as to be capable of supporting any conclusion whatever, an advantage which Wilhelm Schlegel finally pushes home in his Berlin lectures on *belles-lettres* and art by substituting the term "poetics" for the "theory of art" (*Kunstlehre*) in general.

All this has a very familiar ring. It is quite in our own way—so much so as to seem rather trite and hardly worth consideration save for the sake of its genealogy. But then, which of the romanticists' errors is likely to appear novel in the eyes of their heirs? At the same time I may be pardoned in the interests of completeness for calling attention to still another obsession and that the most striking and significant of all. I mean that which at bottom a disciple of Freud's might be disposed to think responsible for the whole romantic neurosis. To be sure, there is ever a disposition at periods of ecstatic agitation to confound love erotic with love charitable. But in this instance the symptom is particularly important because what seems to result from a study of the romantic doctrine of passion, is the suspicion that a great part of the disorder of the school was the result of nothing more or less than sexual unrest. The manner in which this sensual ground of uneasiness appears and reappears at frequent intervals, like a shoal under ruffled water, is startling. How much of Novalis' piety is due to the loss of his Sophie it is hard to say; but its kind or quality is unmistakable—it bears the marks of a thwarted or perverted desire, a momentary vacancy of the senses. In his own words, "the exaltation of the beloved object to a divinity is applied religion." And equally characteristic of the

confusion between Eros and Charity is the jotting in his notebook, "*Christus und Sophie.*" But it is Schleiermacher in his *Reden über die Religion* who puts the official and theological seal upon this notion that "*die Lösung aller Rätsel im Geheimnis der Liebe liege.*"

"For him who stands alone the all exists in vain, for in order to take up into himself the life of the Universal Spirit (*Weltgeist*) and to have religion, man must first have discovered mankind, and that he finds only in love and through love. For this reason are the two things so intimately joined; longing for love, ever fulfilled and ever renewed, comes at once to constitute for him religion. . . . Therefore religion withdraws into the still more confidential intercourse of friendship and the dialogue of love, wherein face and figure are plainer than words and even a sacred silence is intelligible."

With these tenets it is hardly astonishing that the promoters of the movement should be, on the whole, so little edifying in their relations with the sex. One and all they were dominated not by women but by woman. The gallantry of Wilhelm Schlegel is notorious. For the riotousness of Friedrich his *Lucinde* is sufficient evidence, not to mention his early letters to his brother. But why multiply examples? The lubricity of *Ardinghello* seems to have awakened a response in every one of them, even Tieck. And not only this, which might be paralleled in more robust natures; about all their love affairs there is invariably something morbid and uncanny. Caroline was eleven years older than Schelling; she was thirty-five and he was twenty-four, when he first fell in love with her. Sophie von Kühn was a mere child of twelve or thirteen when betrothed to Hardenberg. I have already spoken of Wilhelm Schlegel's inglorious conquest of Böhmer's widow after her experience in Mainz and her political incarceration. He seems too to have borne with exemplary equanimity her infatuation for Schelling, which took place under his very nose, and to have accommodated himself to the *liaison* with a complaisance in no wise short of ignominious. Even after Dorothea's divorce from Veit, Friedrich Schlegel insists upon keeping up the irregularity of their relationship as long as possible in sheer delight apparently in his own depravity. Characteristic too is the well-known passage of his *Lucinde* in celebration of the transposition of the masculine and feminine rôles in love. Schleiermacher himself must needs fall in love with a married woman to begin with and finally marry the widow of a friend. But something

too much of this. Touched as lightly as may be, such matters are unpleasant to the English genius; were they stressed according to their actual importance for romantic psychology, they would be offensive.

II

In itself, therefore, with all its borrowings and ascriptions, its errors and confusions, its lack of literary integrity and moral consistency, German romanticism was something wholly factitious and affected. It could be kept alive only by successive stimulation and galvanisation. Hence its cravings for nostrums of all kinds—literary, philosophical, scientific, theological, and mystical. Hypochondriac as it was, it had tried all the doctors in turn—Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Kant, Fichte, Schelling—only to abandon them sooner or later for quacks like Böhme, Baader, and Ritter. By its very nature it was condemned to be forced and excessive, or lose its *raison d'être* altogether. Like a wrong-headed disputant it must keep itself in countenance by abounding obstinately in its own bad sense and relying upon the violence and the extravagance of its asseverations. In order to justify its own existence it had no alternative but to browbeat truth and brazen out its own absurdity. For this reason it was always refining, subtilising, alembicating its own dicta, until it became involved in issueless mazes of paradox and hyperbole.

As a matter of course the folly and perversity to which it was conditioned by its mode of existence had their roots in the bosom of its founders and their desperate determination to shark themselves up a celebrity, whether or no, by bolstering out their own character to heroic proportions. To this circumstance is due very largely the notion of genius as of something akin to delirium and madness which reigns to-day—or at least divides unequally the honours with the older conception of well-balanced, though exceptional, power. This modern idea of an irresponsible, insensate fatality—"*une force qui va*," in Hugo's favourite phrase—an impulse at once spasmodic and irresistible, a sort of throe or convulsion of nature, may be taken with due allowance as a self-characterisation of the romanticists. It was the deification of their own character; and in delineating their heroes they have but portrayed themselves, for their "art," such as it was, had nothing impersonal or dramatic about it. Life was a gigantic mirror

in which they saw their own figures a thousand times repeated and of colossal dimensions. "*Mich führt alles in mich selbst zurück,*" confesses Novalis. Or if it failed to admit their pretensions to magnitude, they shut their eyes to it and denied its competence altogether:

> "Ich komme nur mir selbst entgegen
> In einer leeren Wüstenei."

As a matter of fact they had all been spoiled in the nursery, and spoiled children most of them remained all their lives. The work with which they won a hearing was almost uniformly unfit for publication; in France it would never have got into print at all. It was only the abject poverty of German letters at the time which allowed them to pose as writers, and precocious ones at that. Tieck's origins are incredibly crude and mawkish. Friedrich Schlegel's first critical efforts are execrably written and composed, and reek of intellectual coxcombry and pretension. Novalis is jejune and silly. The best of them all is Wilhelm Schlegel, and he is commonplace and foppish. But finding themselves indulged in their whimsicalities and mannerisms, and flattered by their ability to dumbfound the respectable Philistine, the Nicolais, and other *Aufklärer* of the day, they had no incentive to correct themselves and clarify the ferment of their youth. And particularly so, since there was no authority capable of impressing or overawing them. For a graphic picture of the spiritual conditions at the time as they appeared even to the romanticists themselves, whose very element was confusion, I can do no better than quote Schleiermacher:

> "It is a time," he says, "when nothing human remains unshaken; when every one sees just that which determines his place in the world and secures him to the earthly order, on the point, not only of escaping him and falling into another's possession, but even of perishing in the universal maelstrom; when some not only spare no exertion of their own powers but also call for help on every side in order to keep fast what they consider the axes of the world and of society, of art and of science, which are by an indescribable fatality upheaving as though of themselves from their deepest foundations and are leaving to destruction what has revolved about them for so long; when others with restless impetuosity are busy in clearing away the ruins of fallen centuries in order to be among the first to settle upon the fruitful soil which is forming underneath out of the rapidly cooling lava from the frightful volcano; when every one, even without leaving his own place, is so greatly agitated by the violent convulsions of the universe that amid the general vertigo he must needs

rejoice to see a single object steadily enough to hold by it and gradually be able to persuade himself that there is something still standing."

Amid the universal trepidation Goethe and Schiller alone exercised some sort of steadying influence. But even Goethe and Schiller, as I have already remarked, were not invariably level-headed. And by the time the youngsters might have profited by their better example the mischief was done; they were confirmed in their folly to the point of resenting criticism and admonition. They quarrelled with Schiller and even with Goethe, and consorted only with those like-minded with themselves, "*Brüder im Geiste.*" From their early corruption, therefore, they never recovered. If they were not thwart and perverse from the start, they soon became so under the process of deliberate self-cockering and mutual admiration which was the breath of their life.

Psychologically their leading motive was egotism. From this one characteristic it would be possible to derive pretty nearly their whole activity. "*Das Ich soll sein.*" The self was their favourite, their exclusive pursuit; *Selbst-beobachtung*, their darling study. It is with utter rapture that Schleiermacher describes the glorious moment when he first discovered his I, unique and unmatchable—like Childe Roland's dark tower, "without a counterpart in the whole world"—and recognised it for the foundation of all morality and religion. Eminently representative too is the letter written to her husband by Rahel Varnhagen, their disciple, when the cholera was raging in Berlin: "What I want is a death of my own. I won't die of an epidemic like a blade of grass in a field, parched by malaria among its companions. I will die alone of my own disease—that's the kind of woman I am."

As a result the whole history of their ideas is individual; it is a part of their biography, not of the history of thought. In this sense it is almost physiological, like their figures or their faces. In spite of the liberty about which they were always prating, they lay themselves under the very worst of tyrannies—the tyranny of self. Their intellectual and moral life was as completely subdued to the accidents of their own persons as was their digestion or bodily health. Their mental and ethical tone was as exposed to the weaknesses and disorders of their own temperaments and as helpless before them as was their physical

tone to the weaknesses and disorders of their constitutions. Tieck had romanticism just as he had rheumatism—as passively and as unintentionally—however much he may have brooded over it when he once came down with it. So it was that they never succeeded in abstracting their thought—there is nothing universal or even general, impartial, and inevitable about their ideas.

In no respect, perhaps, is their egotism more strikingly shown than in their attitude toward literature and art in general. As *littérateurs*, ergo artists, at least in intention, they were so deeply immersed in their own profession as to be incapable of seeing anything else. Not only was it the one serious concern of life, it was also the standard or norm of all other concerns whatever. Even in Goethe the importance attached to æsthetics strikes us nowadays as rather naïve, if not actually silly—at all events as beside the mark. The kind of artistry which runs through *Wilhelm Meister* as the sole preoccupation of every character of any account and which indeed is the one touchstone of character, is quite in the romantic vein and belongs to the same order of things as the *Sternbaldisieren* with which Goethe himself reproaches Tieck. But though Goethe may have given a kind of currency to the idea, it was reserved for the romanticists proper to complete the confusion between art and morality, between the conception of life as an accomplishment and as a duty. As for so many other of our vices we are indebted to them too for the disposition to "literatise" and "articise" life. Indeed, so far did they carry the practice, so impotent were they to think outside of their own categories, so inflated with their own assumption that they must needs make existence a play and God an artist also because they, forsooth, were themselves second-rate literary men. Even Schelling is so carried away with the draught created by these ideas as to place æsthetics above morals, to find the consummation of philosophy in a work of art, and to justify metaphysically the conception, which is represented even by Schiller and Goethe, that the only complete man is the poet—"*die Poesie das Höchste und Letzte sei.*" Heaven forfend! What a world this would be if all of us were artists! But with this conception, at all events, the distinction between philosophy and poetry, between art and life is wiped out at one stroke; and reality and fancy mingle in graceful phantasmagoria. "*Was wir Natur nennen ist ein Gedicht, das in geheimer, wunderbarer Schrift verschlossen liegt.*"

Subdued as they were to the spell of their own being, they never discovered in all their aspirations after freedom that the only liberty is the liberty of self-restraint. They failed to perceive that life was constantly spreading its snares to involve them in a coil of fatal consequences, in a chain of determinations where their independence would be irretrievably lost and they themselves would become but creatures and slaves of circumstance. Friedrich Schlegel's *Lucinde* is to all intents and purposes a panegyric of sexual passion—or of love, as he preferred to call it. Its thesis, as far as it can be said to have such a thing, consists with the conviction that the realisation of liberty, of the infinite, *das Unendliche*, is possible through the unbridled gratification of this appetite alone. With pitiable short-sightedness he seems never to have reflected that the moment he yielded to his passions, he had become enmeshed in a network of influences over which he had no control whatever, that he had committed himself to the conditioned and given hostages to fortune. Only by an act of self-control and denial, only by standing aloof and refraining would it be possible to affirm his ego in withdrawing it from the consequences of its activity.

> "Von der Gewalt, die alle Wesen bindet,
> Befreit der Mensch sich, der sich überwindet."

But consequences was the last thing they thought of; they were totally devoid of discipline. And when they philosophised, they were merely trying to talk themselves into believing what they wished. Their freedom was the freedom to do as they liked; their liberty, the liberty to indulge their own caprices.

Whether the romanticists consciously recognised the discrepancy between their profession of liberty and their actual subjugation to self, it would be hard to say. In any case their whole dialectic was directed to the problem of reconciling just these two different notions; though it was only by a kind of sophistry, in invalidating the authority of achieved distinctions, that they succeeded in doing so. By obliterating the line of demarcation between the outer and the inner order and reducing the former to a tributary of the latter, by such means alone was it possible to make it appear as though the gratification of impulse, which makes man the slave of circumstance, was after all only a sort of self-determinism. It was for this reason that they welcomed with enthusiasm the philosophy of Fichte, which jus-

tified their existence in representing the universe as the creation of a glorified and transcendental ego. No doubt Fichteanism was in the air, and it was of these cobwebs that Fichte spun it. But it was as symptomatic of romanticism as acceptable to it.

For this reason their attitude toward nature becomes extremely interesting. It was to nature that they resorted in the first instance because her passivity had no embarrassments for their self-esteem. They sought to her as they did to those of similar mind with themselves. With her they could be themselves, unrebuked and unabashed. They were rid of the clash of wills, of the constraint of human intercourse, of the elementary decency which compels even the most obstinate and wilful in society to have some small regard for the rights of others, if for no better reason than a fear of the unpleasant consequences which result from neglecting them. Before nature they could flaunt their own personality as arrogantly as they pleased. Above all, they might have of her the supreme satisfaction which the egotist finds in the conviction that his influence is irresistible; they could make her over in their own image so that she should bear their very seal and impress. That they never saw her as she is—passionless, irrational, meaningless, a pure illusion—is clear from their account of her. They saw her only as they were; they discovered in her only what they brought to her. It is after their example that we have learned to identify the moral and the natural world. Cramped as they were by their own limitations, they were incapable of conceiving another order distinct and remote from that with which their own consciousness acquainted them. Like Novalis they took nature to be the "systematic index or plan of our spirit" just as we ourselves are "*Analogien-quelle für das Weltall.*" And in that consciousness of theirs they found little that was not sentimental. They had no principles, no criticism—hardly a purpose; they were moved by accident and caprice. Such is the sense of every word they wrote. Heinrich von Ofterdingen falls in love with Mathilde because he happens to feel, on seeing her, as he did in a dream on seeing the little blue flower. It is circumstance alone which determines them in one direction rather than another—circumstance and mood. And as they were themselves, so they thought of nature—as of something equally moody, capricious, and passionate. "*Das grosse Weltgemüth*" Novalis calls her. It was a later and different turn of romantic thought which by

an analogous error made her out a being essentially intellectual, while by an inevitable reversal of the original confusion it is man who has become a creature of nature's, a natural product, instead of nature's being an achievement of consciousness, a sentimental creation, a gigantic *Kunststück* or transcendental *tour de force*—or in Novalis' words, "*ein Universaltropus des Geistes.*"

The *volte-face* is noteworthy. But after all the two attitudes are only counterparts and are in reality so represented by Schelling, who finally gave a philosophical organisation to all these indefinite ideas that were crossing in the air. "It is our view of nature," he says, "not that it accidentally coincides with the laws of consciousness . . . but that it necessarily and originally realises as well as expresses those laws, and that it is nature and is called so only in as far as it does this." It follows that "the system of nature is at the same time the system of consciousness"; that "nature is visible mind and mind invisible nature." While, further, "nature thus appears as the counterpart of consciousness, which consciousness itself produces in order to return thereby to pure self-intuition or self-consciousness." "Hence in everything organic there is something symbolic, every plant bears some feature of the soul." And he ends by transferring the whole scheme of consciousness to external nature, using his metaphysical principles to fill in the gaps in the positive knowledge of the physical universe which existed in his day, exactly as Novalis advises in the *Lehrlinge zu Sais:* "The careful description of the history of this inner world of consciousness is the true history of nature; through the consistency of the world of thought in itself and its harmony with the universe is formed of itself a system of ideas for the accurate representation and formulation of the universe."

At this point the confusion has culminated in the complete identification of the law for man and the law for thing. Such is the fallacy of the romantic conception of nature past and present: with Schelling it offers man as the measure of nature, or else with Renan it offers nature as the measure of man. How much clearer, or at least how much less prejudicial is the Greek idea of nature as of something in itself indifferent or inert, as a decoration or accessory of voluntary action or a machine which it requires intelligence to move! It is responsible for the whole marvellous Greek mythology. Between the modern and his landscape there ever swims a haze—the fume of his own distempered imagination.

"Die Wesen sind, weil wir sie dachten.
Im trüben Schimmer liegt die Welt,
Es fällt in ihre dunkeln Schachte
Ein Schimmer, den wir mit uns brachten."

With Tieck he is like a man in a trance, a somnambulist in a limbo between night and morning:

"It often happens that the world with all its tenants and occasions reels before my eyes like a flimsy phantasmagoria. And I too seem but an accompanying phantom, which comes and goes and comports itself amazingly without knowing why. The streets look to me like rows of mimic houses filled with silly occupants, who simulate human beings; and the moonlight, shimmering pensively on the pavements, is like a light that shines for other objects and has fallen upon this wretched and ridiculous world by chance alone."

In this particular, it must be confessed, the hands of the romanticists were again strengthened by the example of Goethe, in spite of his superior clarity of vision and his sterner sense of actuality. For his own part he was never able to conceive of nature, in the passive sense otherwise than as a work of art or in the active sense otherwise than as an artist, for his pantheism involved the one with the other. As such it must exhibit, on the one hand, the same sort of design as any other artistic product, a poem or a statue; at the same time it must proceed, on the other hand, in accordance with certain ideas similar to those which determined his own work. His investigations of nature, therefore, consisted in a series of attempts to explain that design by penetrating to the ideas behind it. In other words, the universe was an artistic illusion, whose significance resided in the motif which it realised—just as a novel is an illusion whose only principle of coherence resides in the author's conception. Practically, therefore, since it was a mere mode of artistic expression, the problem was to find the animating and creative ideas which as artist it was trying to communicate. It never occurred to him that it might be nothing more than a mechanical what-not—a something which had fallen together and operated, not in virtue of a set of ideas, but in accordance with a set of formulæ, that it might be something in and for itself, independent of consciousness and without reference to it. Hence Schiller's perfectly just objection to his *Urpflanze*, "that is an idea, not a fact." In short Goethe was, in reality, not scientific, but literary. While art begins by assuming that nature is an illusion, science

begins by assuming that it is a reality. While the former endeavours to discover an idea that will give it significance, the latter endeavours to discover a formula which will express the manner in which it works. For this reason the mathematical theory of light was simple nonsense to Goethe. It was not an idea, a creative conception at all; it was a mere *modus operandi*. On the other hand, in those cases where our organisation of the universe is nothing more than the interpretations of the human spirit—or in those sciences which consist largely in classification, which are little more than arrangements of data, in accordance with our own notions, and in which the generalisations are in a sense only categories of the human intelligence—in sciences like botany and biology he was quite at home. But even there, notwithstanding his profounder divination, he was virtually at one with the romanticists.

As a result of their exclusive and consistent egotism, when they came to write, they had naturally nothing to write about but themselves. That was all they knew, even if anything else had happened to interest them, as it seldom did. With one or two unimportant exceptions they had divorced themselves from all the active and practical concerns of existence. At the one end Tieck had disassociated poetry from life and reflection; at the other Schleiermacher had disassociated religion from virtue and morality—"everything with religion, nothing for it." Their forms were almost devoid of content—in short, the form was the content; hence the famous definition of transcendental poetry as the poetry of poetry and their curious doctrine of second powers or the multiplication of a subject into itself. The French Revolution alone of all the stirring historical movements that were eddying around them seems to have roused them to a faint flutter of excitement—mainly because they saw a way to turn it over to the account of their own subjectivity. "The French Revolution, Fichte's *Theory of Knowledge*, and Goethe's *Meister*," declares Friedrich Schlegel, "are the greatest tendencies of the century." In consequence their own novels are all autobiographies, revamped and redated, but cribbed, cabined, and confined by the writers' own limited experience of themselves. It is so with *Sternbald* and *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, with *Lucinde* and *Hyperion*. Indeed, this is Friedrich Schlegel's definition of the romance—an individual confession. And it is equally so even with their philosophies; of Schleiermacher's *Monologen*

Haym remarks: "He talks as a man would do to his most intimate friend." In a word, all their writings are personalities and indiscretions.

It is only natural, therefore, that from the literary point of view their work should be as poverty-stricken as it is. But it was not only so, it was muddled too. As they were puppets of mood, without genuine character, all impressions were indifferent. Just as their criticism was destitute of principles, so their creative work, their *Dichtung*, was destitute of selection. What marked it most conspicuously was the raw eclecticism which is the note of romanticism everywhere—a seated contempt for the discriminations of a sane and disciplined taste. Hence a mishmash of motives, costumes, cults, civilisations—Hellenism and Mediævalism, Paganism and Christianity—jumbled together in inextricable medley. In this respect the elastic dream-economy of *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* is remarkable and amply justifies by its conveniency the *Märchen* or fairy story as the romantic type *par excellence*. All their *Dichtung* is essentially inchoate, as were the two products which served them as paradigms—Goethe's *Meister* and Tieck's *Genoveva*. And amid all this ferment and clutter only one distinctly discernible purpose—the desire of these young hotheads to reproduce the impressions made by life upon their feverish and excited imaginations.

III

Evidently an existence of such unremitting self-exploitation must have been extremely fitful and spasmodic. It must have had its moments of exaltation, of reckless intoxication and *Rausch*. But these moments must have been succeeded by intervals of desperate reaction and disillusion. Hölderlin alone is sufficient proof of it. As a result of this emotional insecurity, no doubt, originated the doctrine of Transcendental Irony. The title, ostentatious as it is, covers nothing more than an attempt, on the part of Friedrich Schlegel in the first instance, to pass off one's mortification at one's failings and shortcomings by being the first to ridicule them when they were too conspicuous to escape general attention. It is a common enough shift in every walk of life for those who are embarrassed by the discrepancy between their pretensions and their performance to make a virtue of necessity, and by anticipating detraction and

taking sides against themselves, to vindicate a kind of critical or intellectual superiority over their own practical activities. In such manner the romantic ego had at least the advantage of appearing to know better than it could do and of restoring its authority by a characteristically unprofessional intrusion or supervention upon its own work. Like Victor Hugo's theory of the grotesque the transcendental irony was a tacit confession of the writer's powerlessness to produce a perfectly congruous and satisfactory piece of work and an attempt to make a merit of the fact by erecting his weakness into a quality. In other words it was an effort to insure the romantic poet against the mediocrity of his own gifts. As Haym, who is usually so reserved in his strictures, remarks in another connection: "This is perhaps the most striking index of romantic poetry—that what is elsewhere an evidence of impotence and banality [*Unpoesie*] it construes as an indication of beauty and perfection."

From the point of view which has been gained at present it is impossible to mistake the nature of the transcendental conception of self engaged in these speculations—as of something distinct from all that is tangible, palpable, or in any way apprehensible or accountable. It is something quite noncommittal and irresponsible. It is uncompromised by a man's actions; it is as evidently unprejudiced by his character; nor has it apparently any manifestations by which you can bring it to book. You can not corner it, try as you will. Whatever he is or does, no matter how *bête* or fatuous or futile he may be, the romanticist has only to reply to your censures: "Ah! you are quite mistaken; that is not I. See, I have quite as much contempt for that sort of thing as you have." Verily, it was a dabster at evasion, this transcendental self. In every instance it eludes you and by a like expedient. It "dematerialises" like a "spirit" under your very eyes and leaves you gaping foolishly at vacancy.

Upon morality the effect of such a doctrine was bound to be fatal. This retirement of the real man from his character and occupation provided a ready excuse for all sorts of irregularities, which could be represented as merely impertinent to the genuine self. By this means it was possible to excuse any atrocity as transcendentally irrelevant and indifferent. And as a matter of fact, the romanticist soon came to understand by morals nothing more than the uses of human nature in its laxest and most inclusive sense. The study of morality was the study of human-

ity; and it was a consequence of his eclecticism that he embraced in the term the animal as well as the spiritual, the earthy as well as the ethereal. And since the ponderable, if once admitted, is likely to weigh the heavier in the balance, it happened more often than not that his morality was, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, very immoral indeed. In fact, Schleiermacher makes no bones about proclaiming "the immorality of all morals." While further, as humanity is infinitely various, it will follow that there are as many moralities as there are human beings. It is again Schleiermacher who with great complacency makes the flattering discovery that the ego possesses a morality as unique as its individuality. Perhaps *Lucinde* is as good a map as we have of human nature after the romantic morality, where humanity is likely to display itself very much as it is. But alas for Schleiermacher, who went to the pains of defending it! it is not only a nasty book, it is also a stupid one.

> "Der Pedantismus bat die Phantasie
> Um einen Kuss; sie wies ihn an die Sünde.
> Frech, ohne Kraft umarmt er die,
> Und sie genas von einem toten Kinde,
> Genannt Lucinde."

And its viciousness as well as its stupidity, like that of the school behind it, consists in its licentiousness, in the rejection of every principle of restraint or control. The conception of obligation as such seems never to have dawned upon this gentry. As Goethe said of the Schlegels, "Unhappily both brothers lack some sort of inner check to hold them together and keep them fast" [*"Leider mangelt es beiden Brüdern an einem gewissen innern Halt der sie zusammenhalte und festhalte"*]. About their conduct there is always something shifty, unreliable, incalculable—it is subject to a kind of aberration which seems to withdraw it from the province of morals altogether and relegate it to that of whim, caprice, and haphazard. It hardly belongs with the rational and providential at all. It very nearly substantiates their own claim of identity with nature.

It is in this respect that German romanticism differs most strikingly from New England transcendentalism. The parallelism between the two is too close and obvious to be overlooked. To read Tieck is, in many cases, like reading Hawthorne translated into German, or *vice versa*. I am disconcerted by the

similarity every time I reread them. Not only is there a resemblance of general tone and spirit between Hawthorne's sketches and such stories of Tieck's in particular as the *Blonde Eckbert* and the *Runenberg;* but there is also a resemblance of style and treatment, as is obvious from comparing the opening of *The Great Stone Face* with that of *Die Freunde* or *Die Elfen.* And so likewise with Novalis and Emerson there is in both the same characteristic sententious, fragmentary manner, the same brachylogy. And what is so amazing, is that the scholars and literary historians would have us believe that there was no direct discipleship on the part of the Yankees. But however this may be, the leading ideas of the two schools or movements were much the same; their philosophy of life was, as a philosophy, identical. What New England transcendentalism amounted to in the end, as we have had a chance to see in this generation, was, like German romanticism, the apotheosis of a purely ideal and sentimental ego above character and conduct at large, and the arbitrary elevation of the dicta of this ego into a code of morality.

To be sure, Emerson was himself a man of character and he assumed the ego to be possessed of such character because he was. But it was just the weakness of Emersonianism that in its adoption by others it was bound to take on the peculiarities of those who adopted it—and they might have character, or more frequently, as it has turned out, they might not. In other words, there was nothing in the original doctrine to guarantee or insure character. And it is on this account that transcendentalism has again become the philosophy of an age and a country in which the general level of moral action is conspicuously low. It is just the philosophy for a race and a generation with our notions of liberty and self-interest—for a race and generation which wishes to be free to defraud its neighbours in the morning and boast of its moral elevation in the evening. It affords a sentimental refuge for self-esteem in any emergency. It enables us in the handiest way in the world to redeem the baseness of our practice by the nobility of our sentiments. No matter how low our behaviour, how contemptible our acts, our genuine self remains untouched. Herein lies the explanation of the curious anomalies of our civilisation—our unscrupulous and oppressive money-getting on the one hand and our ostentatious and munificent benevolence on the other; our sordid living and our grandiose declamation—the morose might call it hypocrisy; we call it idealism.

To make Emerson and the romanticists responsible for all these consequences seems at first thought unfair. In his own case there is present one idea whose absence is thoroughly indicative of the German transcendentalists as well as of contemporary idealists. Emerson was still animated by a sense of duty. Whether it was a survival of his descent or an independent acquirement of his own, the consciousness of responsibility and guilt had not yet faded from his mind. Though this conception does not appear explicitly in his work, perhaps, it was implicit in his character. It is virtually taken for granted, even though it may never be mentioned; and it is in this particular that his utterances have an immeasurable superiority over those of the Germans. The transcendental idea of liberty had succeeded in retrenching the categorical imperative altogether. Liberty consisted in following your own bent. Whatever gave the self range and opportunity was moral. In short, morality was egotism. Into this error Emerson never slipped. But it must be remembered that it was romanticism pure and simple that he preached; and that in preaching it at all, he is justly accountable for the results.

In other respects Hinduism, too, offers an edifying contrast with transcendentalism. In one sense they were both systems of the ego. While the latter, however, is optimistic, the former, on the contrary, is pessimistic. It all lies in that. The note of romanticism is eclecticism—indifferency, promiscuity. The note of Buddhism is discrimination, distinction, reservation. What saves Buddhism, in short, is its dualism; that is, its freedom from confusion. To the transcendentalist nature was but an extension of the ego; human nature was but "sister to the mountain" and "second cousin to the worm"; the insensate was but an *alter ego* of consciousness. To the Hindu nature was a derogation to the genuine self. And with nature we must understand all that part of human nature which was liable to "natural" law. Hence liberty for the Buddhist lay in the self-restraint which enabled him to withdraw more and more from the influence of the fleeting, the impermanent, and the earthy until he should emancipate himself wholly from the law for thing, the mechanical determinations of a material cosmos, and ensue the higher and spiritual, the true self. Whereas Hinduism would make religion consist in a recognition of the distinction between the eternal and the impermanent, the one and the many, and in an effort

to establish the former; romanticism in the person of its evangelist, Schleiermacher, would find the infinite everywhere and in everything and would swallow up both the one and the many in a miscellaneous all. "The meditation of the pious is only an immediate consciousness of the universal, of all that is finite in the infinite and through the infinite, of all that is temporal in the eternal and through the eternal. To seek and find this in everything that lives and moves, in all that grows and changes, in all that acts and suffers, and to have and know life itself only in immediate feeling as this being—this is religion." An illimitable diffusion, a boundless dissipation, an unceasing flux of sensation and emotion in which all distinction and definition melt away in a shifty confusion—such is the last word of the romantic religion as it is of the romantic ethics—endless dissolution.

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SAVAGE SPIRITUALISM

Modern spiritualism has been described by Professor E. B. Tylor as in large measure a direct revival of savage superstition and peasant folklore.

> "It is not a simple question of the existence of certain phenomena of mind and matter. It is that, in connection with these phenomena, a great philosophic–religious doctrine, flourishing in the lower culture but dwindling in the higher, has re-established itself in full vigour. The world is again swarming with intelligent and powerful disembodied spiritual beings, whose direct action on thought and matter is again confidently asserted, as in those times and countries where physical science had not as yet so far succeeded in extruding these spirits and their influences from the realm of nature."

Since these lines were written, over forty years ago, the investigations of the (English) Society for Psychical Research have begun the scientific analysis of the evidence relating to spiritualism in our own day and civilisation. It is not a little curious, however, that even professed anthropologists, so busily engaged in the elucidation of primitive religion, have paid only scant attention to spiritualistic phenomena among savage and barbarous peoples. The late Andrew Lang, whose versatile pen treated few topics without illuminating them, was the first to attach special importance to this field of research and to present a selection of the more accessible data relating to it. But Lang's studies were never intended to be systematic; moreover, they were coupled with most debatable theories as to primitive monotheism and "high gods of low races," which distracted attention from the major theme. Some day, perhaps, an anthropologist, gifted with impartiality, learning, and acumen, will provide us with a comprehensive survey of savage spiritualism and the relevant aspects of savage magic. Such a study would have great value considered only as a presentation of primitive beliefs, quite apart from its bearings on the larger question of the truth or falsity of "psychic" phenomena generally.

A very cursory examination of the evidence—all that can be attempted here—is enough to reveal the large part which spiritualism, of one sort or another, plays in the lower culture. The

savage, viewing the universe with animistic eyes, finds spirits anywhere, everywhere. "Every bush has its bogle." To his consciousness this world and the next are not sharply dissevered realms. In that other world the dead continue the occupations of their mundane careers; they hunt, fish, and make war; they marry and are given in marriage; and they often revisit the scenes of their earthly life, just as living men may sometimes journey to the spirit land and hold intercourse with its denizens. It follows naturally from these beliefs that the savage is not unfamiliar with what may be called the physical phenomena of spiritualism, that is, with such manifestations as find expression in current notions relating to "haunted houses" and the activities of *Poltergeists*. A *Poltergeist* is a spirit of boisterous tendencies who plays all sorts of uncouth and apparently meaningless pranks. Objects are thrown about promiscuously, furniture is moved in a mysterious fashion, bells are rung, and raps are heard. The Society for Psychical Research does not find that all the numerous modern instances of *Poltergeist* phenomena may be satisfactorily explained as the work of rats or owls, or of practical jokers. Officially, however, the society has not adopted a spiritistic interpretation even for this residuum of explanation-baffling instances; but the savage, confronted with the same phenomena, is less cautious. The Dyaks of Borneo firmly believe that the mysterious rappings heard in their houses are the work of ghosts. The Polynesians thought that the spirits of the dead haunted their former abodes and occasionally aroused the living from slumber by making squeaking sounds. The natives would then inquire of their visitants who they were and what they wanted. Illustrations might be cited from other regions of the aboriginal world. It is rather noteworthy in this connection that the savage seems never to have hit upon spirit communication by means of raps, a method popularised in the nineteenth century by the Fox sisters, but known at least as far back as the early Middle Ages.

On the other hand some of the practices of divination found among primitive peoples are identical with those employed by modern spiritualists. Most methods of divination, as the root of the word indicates (Latin, *deus* or *divus*), are supposed to require the assistance of spirits or of deities for their successful operation. Thus crystal gazing, alike by the savage magician and the civilised medium, is believed to be a means of getting

into touch with the unseen world. This divinatory rite has a remarkable diffusion among aboriginal peoples; the Huilleche, a South American tribe, gaze at a smooth slab of polished black stone, the Australians use both polished stones and crystals in the same fashion, the Zulus look at the reflection in a still pool of water. Crystal gazing has also been found among the Malagasy in the seventeenth century, the Siberians of to-day, and the ancient Peruvians. The Iroquois and Apache Indians employed crystal gazing with apparent success as a means of detecting a culprit otherwise unknown. The same custom was found in Polynesia. When a man had been robbed, he sent at once for a priest, who dug a hole in the floor of the house, filled it with water, and standing over the pool, offered his prayers to the god that the image of the thief might be conducted to the house and placed over the water. This procedure was usually efficacious, even when the priest failed to discover any reflection in the water and found it necessary to defer to the following day a repetition of the experiment. For the thief, learning that his identity promised to be soon discovered, would usually return the stolen property under cover of night. In view of the wide diffusion of crystal gazing among aboriginal peoples, it is not surprising to learn that it was familiar to the Greeks and the Romans, that it was known in India from a remote period, and that it has been commonly practised, both in England and on the Continent, from mediæval times to the present day. The magic crystal is, indeed, so simple a device that one must believe it to have been independently originated in many parts of the world. Modern psychology has shown that the crystal gazer, or "scryer," by looking long and intently at some lucent object, detaches his mind from all impressions of the outside world and projects himself into a state of incipient hypnosis. Hereupon the subliminal or subconscious contents of the percipient's mind come into unwonted activity; memories of events and scenes apparently forgotten revive in full vigour; or latent mental impressions float into consciousness. Up to this point all is clear sailing both for modern psychology and for "common sense." But the anthropological and historical evidence, together with that collected by the Society for Psychical Research, indicates that in many instances the "scryer" is clairvoyant and sees things not with his ordinary eyesight but as an old Arabian author declared, "with his soul." Mingled with these latent impressions and

forgotten memories come glimpses of distant events then occurring about which the seer could have had no normal knowledge, or visions of individuals whose identity had been previously unknown. Unless we bring in the stock explanations—"chance," "lucky coincidence," "self-deception," "fraud"—we shall have to admit that the investigation of this strange faculty of crystal gazing, so anciently and so widely employed, has as yet raised more puzzling problems than it has solved.

Another instance of substantial identity between primitive and civilised practice in matters of divination is found in the use of some form of the magic pendulum. The movement of the divining rod, the *planchette*, the "ouija board," and of similar autoscopes has been satisfactorily explained as the outcome of unconscious, unwilled muscular action on the part of the diviner. Whether the communications thus received have any intrinsic validity is a doubtful, at any rate a difficult, question, demanding for its satisfactory answer more patient inquiry than it has yet received. The prevalent modern attitude may be described as one of whole-souled and healthy scepticism; that of uncivilised peoples, on the contrary, is one of credulous acceptance of the spiritistic hypothesis. Examples of the primitive belief and practice are not far to seek. Thus the Karens of south-eastern Asia at funeral feasts hang a bangle or metal ring by a thread over a brass basin, which the relatives of the dead approach in succession and hit on the edge with a piece of bamboo. When the one who was most beloved touches the basin, the dead man's spirit responds by twisting and stretching the string till the ring strikes against the basin. Among the aborigines of north-eastern India, who believe that illness is due to the possession of the patient's body by an angered deity, the professional exorcist and doctor begins his cure by setting up thirteen leaves to represent the gods, any one of whom may have caused the malady. He then attaches a pendulum to his thumb and by its movement toward this or that leaf endeavours to discover the offended deity. In Melanesia we meet a somewhat similar custom. The diviner and his assistant sit down, the one in front of the other, and hold a stick or a bamboo by the two ends. The diviner now begins to slap with one hand his end of the bamboo, meanwhile calling one after another the names of men not very long deceased. As soon as he names the spirit which is afflicting the patient, the stick "of itself" becomes violently agitated.

In another part of Melanesia (Lepers' Island) the people have a way of "playing" with a ghost. A little house is built in the forest; it has a partition dividing it in two, and a long bamboo is put within, half on one side of the partition, half on the other. The men meet by night and sit on one side of the partition, holding their hands under one end of the bamboo. They shut their eyes and call the names of the lately dead. When they feel the bamboo moving in their hands, they know that the ghost whose name was last to be called is present. In the same way a club is put at night into a cycas-tree, which has a sacred character, and when the name of some ghost is called, it moves of itself and will lift and drag people about. "In Mota a few years ago they tried again a practice of this kind long disused, with a success that caused alarm. A basket was fastened to the end of a bamboo and food put into it; a man took the bamboo upon his shoulder and walked along, the basket at his back; presently he felt a heavy weight in the basket, as much as he could carry, a sign that a ghost had come into it. The bamboo then would drag people about, and put up into a tree would lift them from the ground."[1] These Melanesian instances, resting as they do on Codrington's unimpeachable authority, make it easier to credit the accounts of motor automatisms found, for example, among some African tribes. Thus the Zulu diviners have their *umabakula*, or dancing sticks, which rise to say yes and fall to say no, jump upon that part of the patient's body where his complaint is localised, and even lie pointing toward the house of the doctor who can cure him. In East Africa the divining rod appears to be successfully used, as it was in Europe during the seventeenth century, for the purpose of tracking criminals. Asked to name the perpetrator of a theft, the magician makes men "lay hold of a stick which after a time begins to move as if endowed with life and ultimately carries them off bodily and with great speed to the house of the thief."[2] In conclusion, it is perhaps not too much to say that, with the exception of spirit writing, there is scarcely any type of motor automatisms, *i. e.*, of unconscious muscular actions, which is not as familiar to the savage as to the civilised man.

Dream revelations, by peoples in the lower and middle stages

[1] R. H. Codrington, *The Melanesians*, 223–224.
[2] Duff Macdonald, *Africana*, i., 161.

of culture, are ordinarily regarded as evidences of spiritual intercourse. For primitive man has never had reason rigidly to distinguish between the subjective and the objective, between imagination and reality, between his sleeping and his waking consciousness. The belief that at night the soul may quit its earthly tenement and make distant journeys, even to the regions of the dead, finds, therefore, frequent illustration in both savage religion and modern folklore. Not less common is the notion that human souls may themselves visit the sleeper, who sees them as dreams.

"All their dreams," says an observer of the West African negroes, "are construed into visits from the spirits of their deceased friends. The cautions, hints, and warnings which come to them through this source are received with the most serious and deferential attention, and are always acted upon in their waking hours. The habit of relating their dreams, which is universal, greatly promotes the habit of dreaming itself, and hence their sleeping hours are characterised by almost as much intercourse with the dead as their waking are with the living. This is, no doubt, one of the reasons of their excessive superstitiousness."[1]

Here, as in so many other instances, the generally animistic framework of primitive philosophy seems sufficient to account for the savage's ready acceptance of his dream revelations. Yet one may wonder whether the phenomena should be dismissed in so summary a manner. The Society for Psychical Research has collected numerous modern examples of dreams in which the dreamer has a vivid impression of some unforeseen event—a mishap or a sudden death—the incidents of which have been afterwards confirmed even in minute details. Such coincidental dreams, as they might be called, must be of frequent occurrence among primitive peoples. The Andaman Islanders, indeed, have a class of "dreamers," or second-sighted men, who gain their position through the circumstance of having had some extraordinary dream later verified by the course of events. These persons, it is said, must from time to time produce fresh evidential dreams, if they are to retain their status in the community. Such a requirement, doubtless, often leads to fabrications and pseudo-prophecies on the part of the Andaman seer. From the scientific standpoint, however, we must face the question whether *all* such dream revelations can be explained by chance-coincidence or by the simpler hypothesis of fraud. It

[1] J. L. Wilson, *Western Africa*, 210.

may yet appear that there does occasionally emerge in dreams some higher perceptive faculty hitherto unrecognised or some power of "telepathic clairvoyance," the laws of which are still unknown.

No aspect of modern spiritualism is more familiar than that of the supposed communications from the spirit world made by the medium while entranced. Here, as elsewhere, we find ourselves in the presence of an ancient series of phenomena forming an integral and important part of primitive religion. For the revelations, attributed by the modern clairvoyant to his "control" and by the psychologist to an "alternating" or "secondary" personality, are more simply explained by the savage as due to the familiar spirit, the demon, the ghost, or, it may be, the god, which has taken up its home in the body of a living man. Such a man is said to be "possessed" or "inspired"; and the fact of possession or inspiration is thought to be evidenced by the unusual actions of the patient. He speaks in a voice not his own but rather that of the possessing spirit ("ventriloquism" in the proper sense of the word); he acts in a peculiar manner and one alien to his natural character; he utters prophecies and displays knowledge which could not be normally acquired. It is true that not infrequently the possessed are idiots, maniacs, epileptics, or hysterics, the ravings of whose disordered minds interest the alienist rather than the psychologist. Of such a sort, also, are those pseudo-revelations induced by fasting, use of stimulants, narcotising by drugs, excessive and violent dancing, and other means of bringing on morbid exaltation. Anthropological literature contains numerous accounts of savage practices in these matters. The "devil dancers" of Ceylon work themselves into paroxysms in order to gain divine inspiration; the priest of the god Oro in the Hawaiian Islands revealed the will of the possessing deity when with limbs convulsed, features distorted, eyes wild and strained, he rolled on the ground and uttered shrill and indistinct cries which the attending priests duly interpreted; the fetish-priestess in West Africa, when entered by the fetish, snorts and foams and gasps until at last the revelation forces itself from her reluctant lips. Such details of demoniacal possession may be traced with no divergence in essentials upward from savagery and barbarism into civilisation.

But this is not the whole of the matter. Disregarding the fact that such "morbid oracular manifestations" are habitually

excited on purpose, and the further fact that the professional medium or the savage sorcerer may often exaggerate them, or sometimes wholly feign them, there remain for consideration those numerous instances of genuine manifestations, exhibiting what appears to be a power of supernormal perception on the part of the subject, a power of "seeing without eyes." The modern evidence as to such phenomena among European peoples has, of course, engaged the attention of the Society for Psychical Research and of private investigators; but the anthropological data are still to be collected. This clairvoyant faculty has been observed among such widely separated peoples as the South Africans the North American Indians, and the New Zealanders. One of the best examples of its use is found among the Zulus. Our authority is David Leslie, who knew the Zulus well and whose book on them is frequently cited for many details of their life and customs. He writes:[1]

"I was obliged to proceed to the Zulu country to meet my Kaffir elephant-hunters, the time for their return having arrived. They were hunting in a very unhealthy country, and I had agreed to wait for them on the North-East border, the nearest point I could go to with safety. I reached the appointed rendezvous, but could not gain the slightest information of my people at the kraal.

"After waiting some time, and becoming very uneasy about them, one of my servants recommended me to go to the doctor, and at last, out of curiosity and *pour passer le temps*, I did go.

"I stated what I wanted—information about my hunters—and I was met by a stern refusal. 'I cannot tell anything about white men,' said he, 'and I know nothing of their ways.' However, after some persuasion and promise of liberal payment, impressing upon him the fact that it was not white men but Kaffirs I wanted to know about, he at last consented, saying, 'he would open the *Gate of Distance*, and would travel through it, even although his body should lie before me.'

"His first proceeding was to ask me the number and names of my hunters. To this I demurred, telling him that if he obtained that information from me he might easily substitute some news which he may have heard from others, instead of the 'spiritual telegraphic news' which I expected him to get from his 'familiar.'

"To this he answered: 'I told you I did not understand white men's ways; but if I am to do anything for you it must be done in my way—not yours.' On receiving this fillip I felt inclined to give it up, as I thought I might receive some rambling statement with a considerable dash of truth, it being easy for any one who knew anything of hunting to give a tolerably correct idea of their motions. However, I conceded this point also; and otherwise satisfied him.

"The doctor then made eight little fires—that being the number of my

[1] *Among the Zulus and Amatongas*, 224–226.

hunters; on each he cast some roots, which emitted a curious sickly odour and thick smoke; into each he cast a small stone, shouting, as he did so, the name to which the stone was dedicated; then he ate some 'medicine,' and fell over into what appeared to be a trance for about ten minutes, during all which time his hands kept moving. Then he seemed to wake, went to one of the fires, raked the ashes about, looked at the stone attentively, described the man faithfully, and said: 'This man has died of fever and your gun is lost.'

"To the next fire as before: 'This man' (correctly described) 'has killed four elephants,' and then he described the tusks. The next: 'This man' (again describing him) 'has been killed by an elephant, but your gun is coming home,' and so on through the whole, the men being minutely and correctly described; their success or non-success being equally so. I was told where the survivors were, and what they were doing, and that in three months they would come out, but as they would not expect to find me waiting on them there so long after the time appointed, they would not pass that way.

"I took particular note of all this information at the time, and to my utter amazement *it turned out correct in every particular*.

"It was scarcely within the bounds of possibility that this man could have had ordinary intelligence of the hunters; they were scattered about in a country two hundred miles away."

A consideration of dreams and trances leads naturally to the subject of those visual hallucinations experienced by sane and healthy persons when awake and in the full possession of their faculties. That such hallucinations can be produced telepathically, that, in other words, a distant person can by his directed thought produce a phantom of himself in the mind of a distant percipient, is a conclusion which some students of psychical phenomena have not hesitated to draw. More cautious investigators, not yet prepared to accept the telepathic explanation, have admitted, nevertheless, that pure chance cannot account for more than a fraction—a small fraction—of the thousands of recorded cases where there is a close coincidence between the time of death and the apparition recognised by the distant percipient. Savage observers of the same phenomena find a simpler explanation in the doctrine of "death-bed wraiths" according to which it is actually the dead or dying man's soul which has thus manifested itself to a distant person. Illustrations of this doctrine are scattered throughout anthropological literature. It will be sufficient to refer to several cases from New Zealand, where the belief appears to have been very prevalent. Thus the Maori hold that it is always ominous to see the figure of an absent person, for if it is shadowy and the face is not visible, his death may be presently expected, but if the face is seen he is

dead already. A party of natives were seated one night about a blazing fire in the open air when to two of them there appeared the figure of a relative left ill at home; they cried out, the figure vanished, and they returned home to discover that the sick man had died about the time of the vision.[1] A Maori chief had been long absent on the war-path. One day he entered his wife's hut and sat mute by the hearth. She ran to bring witnesses, but on her return the phantom could no longer be seen. Confident of her widowhood, the woman soon afterwards married again, only to have her former husband return to her in the flesh and in perfect health. She escaped punishment, however, as it was supposed that some evil *spirit* had purposely deceived her.[2] Two other instances of waking hallucinations communicated to Andrew Lang by Mr. Edward Tregear, an excellent authority, are as follows:

"A very intelligent Maori chief said to me: 'I have seen but two ghosts. I was a boy at school at Auckland, and one morning was asleep in bed when I found myself aroused by some one shaking me by the shoulder. I looked up, and saw bending over me the well-known form of my uncle, whom I supposed to be at the Bay of Islands. I spoke to him, but the form became dim and vanished. The next mail brought me the news of his death. Years passed away, and I saw no ghost or spirit—not even when my father and mother died, and I was absent in each case. Then one day I was sitting reading, when a dark shadow fell across my back. I looked up, and saw a man standing between me and the window. His back was turned towards me, I saw from his figure that he was a Maori, and I called out to him, "Oh, friend!" He turned round, and I saw my uncle Ihaka. The form faded away as the other had done. I had not expected to hear of my uncle's death, for I had seen him hale and strong a few hours before. However, he had gone into the house of a missionary, and he (with several white people) was poisoned by eating of a pie made from tinned meat, the tin having been opened and the meat left in it all night. That is all I myself had seen of spirits.' "

The performances of savage magicians no less than those of their successors, the mediums of to-day, are commonly attended with a good deal of trickery and the production of bizarre and astonishing feats by means of ventriloquism, prestidigitation, and conjuring in all its branches. The practice of such "white magic" forms an essential part of the equipment of sorcerers, whether we are dealing with Australian *birraarks*, Maori *tohungas*, African fetish doctors, Siberian *shamans*, British Guiana *peai-*

[1] J. S. Polack, *Manners and Customs of the New Zealanders*, i., 268.
[2] Polack, *loc. cit.*

men, Eskimo *angekoks*, or Red Indian medicine-men. Some of the feats attributed to these gentry would with difficulty be duplicated by a Hindu fakir or a professional trickster such as Hermann or Keller. The Pawnee doctor, stripped to the skin and operating within a few feet of watchful spectators, swallows spears and swords, and makes corn grow from the seed to the ripened ear all within a brief half hour. A Siberian *shaman* swallows sticks, eats hot coals and glass, stabs himself in the stomach so that the blade passes through his body and is seen protruding from his back, and even decapitates himself and dances about gaily in a headless state. It is especially curious to discover how feats which have comprised the principal stock-in-trade of contemporary mediums are well-known to savage mountebanks as well. Thus the performances of tied mediums, such as the Davenport brothers, may be duplicated among peoples so distant as the Greenlanders and the Siberians, who can scarcely be held to have borrowed the practices from Europeans. Mr. D. Home's handling with impunity of white-hot bodies—a feat attested by Sir William Crookes—seems scarcely more remarkable than the Polynesian fire walking. Even levitation, or the miracle of rising and floating through the air, another of Mr. Home's performances, is a prodigy fully recognised in the literature of ancient India and apparently known to the Peruvians at the time of the Spanish conquest. In truth, even this side of savage spiritualism—the ignoble side—presents close resemblances to contemporary practices.

Yet in the case of the primitive magician and his magic, it is possible to lay too much emphasis on the element of positive deceit and trickery. In the first place, the magician, even when fully conscious that he is himself a cheat, ordinarily credits the remarkable powers possessed by rival practitioners. His own magic may be false and futile, but that of others he believes is real and effective. To assume the contrary is to make of every primitive sorcerer a rationalistic freethinker far in advance of his age. Again, we must allow for much self-deception. Many a magician enjoys a profound belief in his vocation, thinks himself the agent of supernatural beings, and considers his revelations to bear an authentic stamp. It is impossible to hold that the enormous influence which primitive magicians everywhere enjoy among aboriginal peoples could have been secured and perpetuated without a firm conviction on their part of their

miraculous powers. Finally, the consideration of these mediumistic phenomena in the lower culture raises once more the question whether it may not be that the uninstructed savage, whose mental make-up we are only now beginning to understand, has stumbled unwittingly upon certain psychic phenomena oftentimes too readily dismissed as knavery, nonsense, or superstition. This much seems certain: modern spiritualism furnishes an impressive instance of the survival of beliefs and practices reaching back into the dim prehistory of the race.

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LEGISLATION BY THE COURTS

It is remarkable that in this second century of the republic our courts should be so vehemently assailed for interference in legislation. One who knew of our duplex governments only by study of their written constitutions would open his eyes when told that there is any such thing under them as legislation by the courts. The citizen of Nebraska lives under a constitution which devotes an entire article to declaring, not only that the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of its state government are and must be kept distinct, but that no person in any one of them, except as specially authorised, shall exercise powers properly belonging to another department. The federal constitution does not go quite so far. It merely provides that "all legislative power" shall be vested in Congress, "the executive power" in a President, and "the judicial power" in one supreme court and such inferior ones as Congress shall provide, each in a separate article of that venerated instrument.

The first of state constitutions, the one with which the colony of New Hampshire started out in March, 1776, was too brief and provisional to do much more than simply to provide a new executive on the "sudden and abrupt departure of his Excellency, John Wentworth, Esq., our late governor." The other institutions of the colony were left pretty much as they were and no mention was then made of the courts. But when the good citizens of that colony found as one of the results of Governor Wentworth's "abrupt and sudden departure" that they were wholly freed from any danger of his return or of the coming of any other royal successor, they proceeded to make a constitution which was a real instrument of government, and not a mere provisional arrangement formed on the recommendation of the Continental Congress "to secure peace and good order during the continuance of the dispute with Great Britain."

In that constitution of 1784 we find: "In the government of this state, the three essential powers thereof, to-wit, the legislative, executive, and judicial, ought to be kept as separate from and independent of each other as the nature of a free government will admit or as is consistent with that chain of connection that

binds the whole fabric of the constitution in one indissoluble bond of union and amity." It is clear that when our constitution making began in 1776 Montesquieu's doctrine that such a separation of the three great powers was necessary to the preservation of liberty was, on paper at least, fully accepted. The Virginia constitution of June, 1776, declared: "The legislative, executive, and judiciary departments shall be separate and distinct so that neither shall exercise the powers properly belonging to the other; nor shall any person exercise the powers of more than one of them at the same time; except that justices of the county courts shall be eligible to either house of the assembly." Something of the same kind, often in identical or equivalent phrases, exists in all the original constitutions prepared under the suggestion of the Continental Congress, which had recommended the form of state governments and "the suppression of English royal authority" as early as November 4, 1775.

Not only did these constitutions contain such a declaration of intention to keep the powers separate, but nearly all of them contained a clause that reads as if it were specially aimed at an authority since then universally asserted by and allowed to our courts, that of declaring laws void because unconstitutional. The Virginia declaration of rights of June 12, 1776, declares: "All power of suspending laws or the execution of laws by any authority without consent of the representatives of the people is injurious to their rights and ought not to be exercised."

Unquestionably this was in fact intended to assail the authority of the English crown and of a parliament in which the colonists were not represented, to change fundamentally the legal system under which the colonies had been formed. It reads, however, precisely as if intended to forbid the voiding of laws by the courts, whether for unconstitutionality or other reason. Such an interpretation is further suggested by the declaration just preceding: " The legislative and executive powers of the state should be separate and distinct from the judiciary, and that the members of the two first may be restrained from oppression by feeling and participating the burdens of the people, they should at fixed periods be reduced into that body from which they were originally taken and the vacancies supplied by frequent, certain, and regular elections——." The election of a fresh legislature to repeal, not a court to annul, is the suggested remedy for wrongful legislation.

Notwithstanding all this, as fast as the question arose for determination in the states, and in Virginia itself before 1787, their highest courts determined that their constitutions were laws, supreme laws, to be interpreted by the courts whenever a litigant's personal or property rights were involved, and so the courts were converted into a means of "suspending" acts passed by the legislature. They did this with the entire approval of the mass of the citizens in all the commonwealths.

Probably the fact that at the outbreak of the dispute with Great Britain the constitutionality and therefore the validity of the acts of parliament providing for the so-called writs of assistance had been vehemently assailed by Otis before the Massachusetts judges, and the further fact that the revolution itself had been brought on in resistance to parliament rather than as rebellion against King George, made the colonists more ready to apply English precedents of successful use of legal rules against royal authority to the voiding of legislative acts. At any rate, wherever the question had arisen in the colonies before the Federal Constitutional Convention, the courts had sustained their own authority to interpret the provisions of the constitutions and had asserted the invalidity, as against private rights, of all legislation which was found to be clearly contrary to such provisions.

The view as to this matter which was current when the federal constitution was under consideration, sufficiently appears in *The Federalist*, No. 78.

Perhaps the most notable thing about that paper is Hamilton's skill in putting himself and his associates on the popular side. He shows that the judiciary are the least dangerous of governmental functionaries. They hold neither the sword nor the purse. The first is in the hands of the President; the second in those of Congress. The judiciary have only judgment and must depend on the executive arm for the enforcement of that. Farther on he calls attention to the fact that if he and his associates are insisting that the courts shall assert the provisions of the constitution against an act of the legislature even if supported by a majority of the people themselves as well as of the legislature, the supporters of the new constitution are not like their opponents denying the people's right to make changes or abolish their own constitution. "But it is easy to see that it would require an uncommon portion of fortitude in the judges to do their duty as

faithful guardians of the constitution where the legislative invasions of it had been instigated by the major voice of the community," he adds. He contends that the possessing of this power by the courts does not show any superiority of the courts to the legislatures, but only the superiority of the people to both.

In answer to the assertion that the judges would be given the opportunity to substitute their own will for the constitutionally expressed will of the legislature in holding the act bad when they merely disliked the legislation, he replies that such an opportunity always occurs when a matter is left to a court to decide; but that all experience shows that intentional and serious departures, on the part of the courts, from any clear rule of law are very rare. He might have added that the logical development of any rule in the process of applying it to new and unforeseen occasions inevitably lays over it a line of ever-widening glosses. This process is so inevitably necessary that it is safe to say that no great legal system ever developed without a great court. Such systems have been made with small help from legislation. English law is the work of English judges of whose labours we inherit the result. Of the civil law of Rome, which divides with English law the sway of the globe, is it the prætor's edict or the fragments of legislation by comitia and senate which furnish the backbone?

The English courts backed by their royal organisers first created the body of common law. They had it well under way before parliaments began. Then they added with royal assistance and approval the stately jurisdiction of equity. This latter was well advanced when they took up the law merchant and its rules and made that, too, a part of their polity. Still parliament was occupied with politics and administration and had given small attention to legislation. It had, however, discovered by this time that such a great instrument of authority could no longer be safely left wholly with the king. In providing for his successors by the act of settlement, though leaving the power of appointment with the king, they made the judge's office one for life subject to removal on a joint resolution of the two houses of parliament.

The non-exercise of this power during almost a hundred years seems to have caused it to have been ignored by the constitution-makers at Philadelphia in 1787. It seems not to have been mentioned in their deliberations, though it is referred to by Madison

in *The Federalist* and had been inserted in the Massachusetts constitution of 1780. There it has been carried in reserve, like the extra tire of an automobile, without once coming into use from that day to this. So completely has it been forgotten that the current agitation as to the recall has scarcely brought it into view.

With such a history of their judicial ancestry behind them, brought into existence by the colonial struggle against parliament, supported by the overflowing individualism of current public sentiment as well as by the complete success of the new state constitutions in their field of local government, the assertion of the judicial power to pass on the constitutionality of legislation was inevitable. For years no attempt was made to answer Hamilton's question-begging proposition that such a power is inseparable from written limitations on powers of government.

Indeed, it was apparently not foreseen even by Hamilton what a potent instrument towards fashioning legislation it could be made and was destined to become. Blackstone's notion that the common law had been perfected and was entirely adequate to the needs of society, that most of it had come down from time immemorial, and with the slight changes he suggested would remain intact and sufficient for still longer ages to come, seems to have been pretty generally the view held in those days and shared in even by the writers of *The Federalist*. They affirmed in No. 62 of that work that "facility and excess of law-making seem to be the diseases to which our governments are most liable." In No. 48 Madison quotes Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia* to show that experience in that state evinced encroachments by the legislature on the domain of the judiciary, "and the direction of the executive during the whole time of their session is becoming habitual and familiar." With such feelings toward legislatures, the constitution-makers naturally relied upon the courts to maintain that natural law of property which the constitutions recognised. The courts did not disappoint them, but assumed the new jurisdiction with all alacrity and have sometimes pushed it beyond bounds.

Of course, it was after all only an extension of the task of interpretation and application by which from time immemorial the courts have built up legal systems. The modern legislator, to be sure, finds his best intentions thwarted by unsympathetic

courts which say that his employer's liability law interferes with the constitutional rights of the employed to sell his labour on his own terms; or which declare the combination in restraint of interstate trade which his law punishes can only be the unreasonably restrictive combination which common law pronounces illegal. His most ancient brother, however, had similar troubles. Solon himself, says Plutarch, was so troubled by those who called upon him for interpretations of his code that he sailed away for ten years to permit his fellow-citizens, who had sworn to observe it for a hundred years, time to get used to its provisions before his return. His troubles on that score were not renewed. His laws were too far gone in abeyance when he came back. Aristotle tells us that equity must be resorted to in order that those things wherein the enacted law fails because of its too great generality may be corrected in the individual cases. Did not Justinian forbid any commentary on his code and find the prohibition vain? Did not Napoleon on learning that a commentary on his code was soon to appear, exclaim, "My code is lost"? His anticipations were in a large degree well founded. A distinguished French judge declared in Paris: "No judge today in 1904, not even the presiding one in the High Court of Cassation, would say that his sole duty is to examine persistently as to what is the meaning which a hundred years ago the framers of the code attached to this or that article. He ought to say that in the presence of all the changes which during the nineteenth century have taken place in the ideas, institutions, economic conditions and social status of France, justice and reason command a liberal and humane adaptation of the text to the realities and requirements of modern life."

Doubtless, wherever we might go throughout the history of lawgiving, we should find the lawgiver colliding with the judge; for time will keep turning up new combinations, at least new to that lawgiver and to those administering his rules. The new point must be passed upon; and when that is done, something will have been added to the rule or taken from its possibilities. For the next case will under any system, or all of them, be considered not merely in the light of that rule, but in that of the former application of it as well.

Why, indeed, should the case of two parties litigating over railroad rates be settled, or why should any attempt be made to settle it, by a clause of Napoleon's code published before

Stephenson's locomotive was so much as thought of? The truth is that genuine justice is deaf as well as blind. She neither sees with her own eyes nor hears with her own ears, but with those of the parties before her. It is not a question of what code-drafters or precedent-makers of preceding centuries who had neither knowledge nor anticipation of these parties or of their situation, thought or intended. The question in reference to codes or precedents, which justice asks, is, what did these parties at the time of the transaction out of which the dispute comes, fairly and reasonably understand and expect from those provisions and precedents and the situation as modified by them? If justice and its ministers are to have any respect among live and thinking men, that is the question which they must answer. That the answer is liable to be something startlingly unlike what was in the original lawgiver's mind, is a simple result of the eternal flux of sublunary things.

> "Time like an ever rolling stream
> Sweeps all its sons away."

Let us hope and believe that it brings better in their places.

That the unintended consequences of any considerable social adjustment are much more important than the intended ones, is one of the commonest of commonplaces. Beyond all doubt it will remain so, as long as in those matters about which men concern themselves, the portion which can be definitely foreseen and controlled is small, compared with that which cannot. Witness the fourteenth amendment to the federal constitution. Observation of results from the income-tax provision, and from that for popular election of senators, in our new sixteenth and seventeenth ones, gives a fresh interest to existence. Indeed, the difficulty of the judge's task of clearly apprehending the changes which time has already made in former legal conceptions and relations ought effectually to deter him from trying to introduce any of his own.

An accentuation of the difficulty which has always beset the legislator arises when his countrymen have for ages lived under a system derived from the judicial application, adaptation, and supplementing of spontaneous customs with small interference of the legislator so that the doctrine that precedent makes law is thoroughly wrought into the social fabric. When to this is added the crowning judicial authority to declare legislative

enactments unconstitutional, the modern legislator who wants to enact laws, some of which are in fact infringements upon constitutional provisions, takes not to the woods, as the authors of *The Federalist* and the other constitution-makers seem to have intended and expected, but to the referendum.

Those who cite constitutions and decisions are taken at their word. Their adherence to the letter of the constitution is "not putting courts above legislatures, but merely putting the people above both." Very well, let us have the people's own say-so as to whether or not these changes shall be made. The referendum and the initiative are a well-planned effort to develop a legislative force that shall not be shackled by constitutional restrictions. This modern legislator is even more impatient of the judicial curb than have been his predecessors, but he is bound to feel it, and his work, too, will go into the judicial hopper.

In truth, his own advantages and energy are augmented as compared with those of his predecessors even more than the judicial opposition has been strengthened. If de Tocqueville were still alive, his "sort of religious terror" at the irresistible advance of democracy and at the way in which every discovery and invention, from that of gunpowder to the telephone, help it on, would certainly be deepened. Social consequences, as distinguished from the material and the intellectual ones, of those discoveries are only beginning to show themselves, and they are giving the legislator his opportunity and responsibility.

He is at outs with the constitutions along two main lines. Those constitutions are framed upon the basis of a civil law that recognised a natural right of property which was not derived from government and which government itself was bound to respect. They were based upon the idea of a criminal law which was set up to preserve the public peace, King's peace it had been, as a substitute and satisfaction for personal vengeance for wrongs. Its fundamental conception was retribution upon the wrong-doer. The conception and feeling under both civil and criminal law and its administration have changed. Both are now justified on the basis of social necessity and welfare.

The basis of property is no longer, if it ever was, the one which Adam Smith adopted, the individual's right to himself and to the product of his own activities. Rather it is prior legitimate possession admitted and upheld for the good of society. The

modern legislator wishes to modify in many ways the legal status of property and finds the constitutions and the courts in his way.

In 1893 Congress enacted an income tax. A similar one had been laid during the civil war and upheld. The federal court, however, changed its ruling and held the law bad because it provided for a direct tax and was not apportioned as federal direct taxes are required to be. The sovereign people thought that the decision was unduly influenced by the fact that small incomes were exempt and by fear of further steps towards throwing the burden of taxation upon large incomes. The dread popular sovereign, whose slumber Dicey said it took the cannon of the civil war to break, came forth and wiped off the decision by means of the sixteenth amendment to the federal constitution. He can almost be heard from Washington asking the judges if the income tax in the new tariff bill is not beyond their reach.

The ground for complaints of excessive interference by the courts in the domain of legislation is thus explained in part, at all events, by the qualities of human nature which in all times and all countries have produced legal tribunals and induced their activity and did so long before like qualities developed formal legislation. In part such interferences are due to the special characteristics of a judge-founded, if not a judge-made system, where precedent has the force of law, a system in which a great judge was able to say with applause instead of rebuke, "I recognise nothing as an authority in the law except such a case so decided," a system in which the introduction at a political crisis of written constitutions attempting to set the courts wholly apart from legislative activity was only an occasion for a further extension of the powers of the tribunals. Made by those constitutions a co-ordinate branch of the government, they were bidden by the prevailing individualism to enforce the guaranties of private rights in the same constitutions and to declare void any legislation infringing them.

Then came the shifting of public sentiment in both the domain of property rights and that of criminal justice; and it would seem that the discontent with lawyers and courts who naturally continue on the old course until it reaches an *impasse* is pretty well explained.

Nevertheless something more remains to be said. . . . Once upon a time a social party of guests fell to talking of personal

appearance as exhibiting age. One of them with a tacit claim of youth, gave a number of explanatory circumstances to account for the visible marks of wear in his case. His recital of special hardships, trying employments, anxiety, and sickness, seemed fully to account for his condition till one of the others impolitely asked: "Haven't you left out one important reason for your aging appearance?" "I think not. What one?" "Why, the fact that you are pretty blessed old."

It is possible, notwithstanding the many other good means of accounting for the complaints about the courts' presence in the field of legislation, that they may have sometimes been there unwarrantably. As to this, let a few additional facts be submitted to a not always candid world.

In 1819 came up in the United States Supreme Court the question of the right of the state of Maryland to put a special stamp tax on the notes taken within its boundaries by a branch of the Bank of the United States. This bank had a branch making loans and taking deposits in Baltimore. A state law required all banks not chartered by Maryland to put a state treasury stamp upon every note taken. This was aimed at the United States bank. The latter's manager, McCulloch, disregarded such requirement and was sued for the penalty. The state court assessed that penalty upon him. The State Supreme Court affirmed it and he appealed to the United States Supreme Court in the case of McCulloch *v.* Maryland. It was held not merely that this special requirement of a tax not laid upon the Maryland banks was bad, but that Maryland could not tax the United States bank at all.

When the present system of national banks was organised Congress found this rule established and provided that such banks should pay the same taxes to state and local authorities as should be assessed upon other similar property in the localities. This provision was held to be constitutional. That is, there was no constitutional difficulty in the way of making a United States corporation, voluntarily locating itself and its business within a state, pay its share of local taxes. Only the consent of Congress to such taxation must be first obtained. Of course, if Congress had authority to incorporate the bank, it could adjust the terms; but state and national governments were intended to work together and surely there could be no good reason for freeing these national corporations from local taxes, unless it

was expressly so provided as in the case of national bonds or other United States securities.

A fear that Congress would not adequately protect national corporations from state legislation is the only rational ground for stretching the constitution so as to make it impliedly forbid such taxation by the states. Similar provisions in the constitution of the Australian commonwealth were, on the authority of our decision, held by the Supreme Court of the commonwealth to exempt the salary of a post-office official from state tax at Melbourne, but on appeal to the Privy Council that great court promptly held that McCulloch *v.* Maryland was not a good precedent, and that as long as no special exaction was made, the commonwealth official should pay his income tax with other people. In other words, the Privy Council found that the commonwealth Supreme Court, as well as our own, had legislated an exemption to the federal officer instead of applying the constitution.

In 1824 in Gibbons *v.* Ogden, the United States Supreme Court was called upon to say whether the Fulton and Livingston franchise for the exclusive steam navigation of New York waters, granted to them under nearly a dozen acts of the New York legislature, empowered their assignee, Ogden, to enjoin Gibbons from running his steamship from Elizabeth, New Jersey, into New York harbour. Gibbons had a coaster's license under federal law to make such trips. Chancellor Kent held that New York had the right to make any regulations of New York waters that it pleased, so long as they did not contravene any regulation by Congress, and also held that the coasting license was a mere permission on the part of the United States to make the voyage without any interference on the part of the federal government, and gave no rights as against the New York franchise. His brave language does not, however, conceal his uncertainty on this latter point. He granted the injunction.

On Gibbons' appeal Chief Justice Marshall found that the Fulton exclusive franchise was inconsistent with the congressional provision for coasting licenses and as the power of Congress over interstate navigation was admittedly supreme, he dissolved the injunction on this ground. He says, however, that there is great force in the argument that the constitution alone, in granting to the federal Congress power to regulate, excludes, without any action by Congress, all direct action upon interstate or

foreign commerce by the states; and he adds, "the court is not satisfied that it has been refuted." The case on this basis is constantly cited as holding that the constitution of itself precludes the states from regulations affecting commerce. Marshall seems to have intended it should.

Meanwhile the opinion itself recognises that no important police regulation can be adopted by any state without liability of affecting foreign and interstate commerce. Indeed, the whole function of policing such commerce is primarily thrown on the state within which it occurs, as well as is the duty to provide against the endangering through such commerce of the safety of the community. Over the wholly internal transactions of the people of the state, the federal government has no authority. Over the purely foreign and interstate commerce, the state on this doctrine has none. But such commerce carried on within a state consists precisely in the foreign article or person entering into relations with native articles and persons. These latter cannot be subjected to local authority, while the commerce is going on, without affecting the former. There you have the situation. What is the remedy? Manifestly and simply, to make the authority of the two governments concurrent and make the national one supreme if they conflict.

This is the practical solution in commercial matters as it was in taxation. The doctrine of exclusive regulatory power in Congress has established a neutral zone wherein there can be no effective legislation except by identical exactments by both state and federal governments, as in the case of the pure food laws. Chancellor Kent in Ogden *v.* Gibbons expressed the belief that not only the language but the purpose of the federal constitution was satisfied by holding the power of the state unimpaired except where Congress had acted. In case of any really injurious action by any state the complete remedy was in the hands of Congress. Not the paralysing of the state, but supremacy in Congress if they clash, was all that was called for.

In 1888 the state of Iowa had in force a law forbidding the sale of malt liquors. A. J. Hardin, a constable at Keokuk, seized some barrels and cases of beer in that town which Gus Leisy & Co., of Peoria, had sent there under charge of an agent for sale. Leisy & Co. brought suit for their beer and got judgment for it on the ground that the Iowa law under which it had been seized was unconstitutional. Hardin appealed to the

Supreme Court of his state which rendered judgment in his favour, and Leisy & Co. appealed from this to the federal Supreme Court. That court held that Leisy & Co. were engaged in interstate commerce with which Iowa could not interfere. It set aside Hardin's judgment and reinstated the first one in favour of Leisy & Co. Again, as in the taxation matter, Congress upheld the state's action. It provided in the Wilson act of 1891 that any one, taking liquors into a state, shall be liable to state laws as soon as the liquors are offered for sale. The judicial extension converting a grant of authority into one of exclusive authority, was not found to work well.

Of course, there was more litigation. The liquor-sellers and their lawyers were prompt in urging that if the respective fields of authority of the states and of Congress were fixed in the constitution, and the states excluded by it, Congress could not let them in. Judge Marshall, however, had remarked that Congress could adopt state legislation. It was concluded that this could be done in advance. The liquor-dealers' contention was therefore not upheld.

Unquestionably a leading, if not the leading motive to the adoption of the federal constitution, was the clearing of commerce from the burden of troublesome restrictions by the states; but it is at least equally true that the intention was to leave the authority of the states in all respects as little impaired as possible. Prohibitions are somewhat liberally applied to the states in Section 10 of Art. I. of the federal constitution and elsewhere with none as to this regulating of commerce. The clause itself which makes acts of Congress supreme refers to and anticipates state legislation. It would seem that the critics of the courts have some ground for saying that this whole line of decisions and the practical troubles over them grow out of anxiety lest Congress would not by proper legislation maintain the free intercourse between the states, and out of a more or less conscious determination of the court to do so itself. In all of these great constitutional cases, the doing of the true work of a court, the securing of genuine justice for the particular parties before it, seems to have been the least of its concerns.

Into the turbid waters stirred up by the Dred Scott case, it is not worth our while to go. There is not space here for leaving even a new misunderstanding. That case and the fate of the great judge who contributed the most to it ought to be a sufficient

warning against conscious attempts on the part of the tribunals of justice to effect political adjustments. How about the relative importance of foreseen and of unanticipated results in that case? How much concern was there in the minds of either the concurring or the dissenting judges as to Scott's own fate? The income-tax cases have been mentioned. Others might be, if space permitted.

What has been said might lead to the conclusion that the federal courts have been especially notable for pushing into the legislator's field. Nothing of the kind is intended or would be justified. The United States Supreme Court, having to apply a new constitution and aid in establishing a new polity by means of a judicial authority new in the world, was necessarily drawn towards, if not into, political questions. The state courts have been as much so with far less ground, or excuse, if we take the condemnatory view. If political discussions in this country, as has been often remarked, take on the legal form, for instance the constitutional right to take slaves into the territories, judicial opinions too often become a mere consideration of consequences to flow from the precedent which will result from the decision.

In truth, the difficulty, under such a system, of getting a tolerable regard for the rights and interests of the individual litigants within any reasonable time, is one of the main grounds of complaint. The remedy seems to be plain. Make in this country as distinct a separation between the administration of justice to individuals, based on their past transactions, and the political adjustment of affairs for the future, as has been secured in England, and we may hope for good sense, honesty, and public spirit enough to exhibit at least an equal degree of success in our own courts. In that event the arrival of the popular sovereign with the initiative and the referendum to take politics and legislation in *some degree* out of the tribunals of justice, will certainly not prove an unmixed evil.

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FORMAL LOGIC AND LOGICAL FORM

Last year Dr. F. C. S. Schiller published *Formal Logic, a Scientific and Social Problem*,—a critical text-book, he calls it in the preface, that will teach logic "in a critical spirit and with a minimum of pedantry and reverence for forms." This object is so thoroughly fulfilled—at the end of the four hundred pages the criticism has been so searching and insistent and the reverence for forms so truly a minimum that formal logic seems to be a complete ruin, and the only scientific problem left at the end is how men ever came to build it, and the only social problem what logicians will now do for a living. All that seems to be open to them is to act as guides for the curious who wish to inspect the remains of their subject.

The thesis of the book Dr. Schiller has given in the preface: "It is not possible to abstract from the actual use of the logical material and to consider 'forms of thought' in themselves, without incurring thereby a total loss, not only of truth but also of meaning." It is necessary, he says, "to pull down the pseudo-science of Formal Logic, and to show what an incoherent, worthless, and literally unmeaning structure it is, before it is possible to build up the true logic of real reasoning which starts from the act of thought and so does not lose touch with science and practical life." The object of the attack is, then, the formalism of formal logic. The reader is led through a series of chapters that follow the headings of the traditional texts one by one, and under each is shown the difficulties attendant on the usual treatment of that department. Psychological analysis shows that terms, categories, and the formal theories of judgment do not describe any processes that actually appear in thinking or any elements of thinking. The traditional laws of thought, the laws of identity, contradiction, and excluded middle cannot be taken as laws in the sense that we must think according to the forms which they set, for we usually fail of this. Nor will Dr. Schiller grant that they are laws which we ought to follow: when we say "A is A" we never mean the A's to be identical and it may turn out that the differences are essential to the purpose of the discussion. The third possibility that these laws are postulates is discussed with

peculiar results; logical laws used as postulates sometimes work and sometimes do not; whether we apply them or not rests with us and is dependent on our judgments.

"The conclusion that the 'laws of thought' are postulates and neither facts in nature, nor even necessarily applicable to all reality, will perhaps be thought to reduce their truth to the level of (more or less) successful fictions. And certainly they are not 'true' if it is the business of thought to correspond with reality. For they make no attempt to copy reality; they openly and 'arbitrarily' idealise certain features in it, and demand that reality shall conform to these ideals, although it plainly never does. However convenient then they may be, they cannot be more than fictions."

In treating the forms of judgment formal logic is mistaken in reducing any one form to another or in treating them as equivalent. Something is always lost in the meaning of the reduced form; some shade or turn that the original judgment possessed does not appear in the equivalent form. Dr. Schiller makes a careful review of the Aristotelian theory of the syllogism and finds fault with it on the old ground that either the conclusion is contained in the premises or it is not: if it is, there can be no use in drawing it, for it has been stated already; and if it is not, it cannot be inferred. Moreover the middle term in a syllogism is in practice always ambiguous because it occurs in two different contexts. That "All men love good stories" and "Smith is a man" does not make it necessary that Smith loves a good story directed at himself.

As to the symbolic logic with which modern logicians are busying themselves, Dr. Schiller points out that it has all the faults of formalism in an exaggerated degree. What his criticism would have been had he taken time to discuss that branch of logic is not in much doubt. The late M. Poincaré expressed the attitude of Schiller's school in his discussions with Mr. Bertrand Russell and M. Couturat. These logics are extensions of the Aristotelian doctrine made possible through the use of symbols. No symbol can have meaning in itself but only stands for what our interest and will make it. Moreover, M. Poincaré has remarked, in every equation of the symbolic logic the two sides stand in the equational relation by virtue of definitions of their terms, and if for each term is substituted its definition we have bare tautologies. "Logic," he says, "is sterile unless fecundated by intuition." This is in effect the same as the criticism of the syllogism in *Formal Logic*. If the conclusion is contained in the

premises why is it repeated in the conclusion? And if it is not so contained, how can it be drawn? Logical theorems seem to take the form of vast memoranda.

Writers of formal and symbolic logic have had little to say to these criticisms, as Dr. Schiller has noticed. Perhaps what delays the reply is that any man who seriously devotes himself to the intricacies of symbolic logic has little leisure or inclination to notice anything so inconsequential as a criticism of his subject. Criticism of his particular system will arouse his immediate interest, but he is apt to pay as little attention to the foundations of his subject as is the mathematician himself. There is a more serious reason why modern workers in symbolic logic should not feel called upon to reply to this literature of criticism whose main representative is Dr. Schiller's book. The truth is that the conception of logic which it attacks has been quietly discarded for some time, for so long a time that some of the younger men know it only as part of the history of the subject. That conception is the notion that logic is the science of reasoning and that it has to do with the process of thought. To this fact Mr. Hoernle called the attention of Dr. Schiller, in a sagacious review of his book, and was answered by Schiller that the old opinion lingers still in most of the colleges and in other unexpected places. The answer is, in fact, quite justified, for Mr. Hoernle expresses it as his own opinion that formal logic is either the science of reasoning or "a mere propædeutic exercise."

But surely this opinion also has vanished from at least some quarters. There is another alternative that leaves logic meaningful and still does not pretend that it deals with thought. That logic has failed as a science of thinking (for a science of thinking is no light adventure!) must surely be granted. It has long been cast up to the logician that we do not think in syllogisms; and the logician must now be prepared to take the stand that it is irrelevant to his subject whether or not we think in syllogisms. Perhaps no logical form is ever used in actual thought. The school of idealistic logicians, from Hegel to Bosanquet, in using the terminology of formal logic for their theory of judgment, have made the vast assumption that the Scholastics made before them, namely, that because we find logical forms in argument we shall find those same forms in reasoning. With the same idea in mind, Dr. Schiller decides that since formal logic has nothing to do with the thought-process it is entirely void of meaning. This is not

so clear. M. Couturat has expressed the attitude of many logicians in saying that logic does not offer rules of thought but rules of demonstration. Perhaps he should not have used the word "demonstration," which conveys the impression of the forcible conviction of an unwilling auditor, but should rather have said "rules of expression" or "rules for connected statement." At any rate he is right in that logic does not offer rules for thought or reasoning. Only God and the psychologists know how we reason; but when we express our thoughts to others it must be done in a systematic fashion that is open to investigation. A logical form may occur in thought, but, as far as we know, its appearance there is accidental; that our thinking process is governed by logical laws, whether those of formal logic or of the neo-Hegelian psychological logic that has appropriated its language, falls short a whole world of being established. Judgment, which these logicians call an act, and make the basis of the thinking process, is more nearly the result of an act which is in itself, as far as our knowledge goes, miraculous. At any rate in the non-metaphysical experience of ordinary humanity we do not pretend to predict what judgment is to follow what other on any theory of judgment. The only attempt to furnish a basis for such prediction has been the theory of the association of ideas, whose entire inefficiency Bradley holds up to public scorn.

Theories of reasoning are not logic. Logic must find its field in statement which is open to the investigation of all in a way that knowledge is not. However we think, the expression of our thought must have connection and order, and the same rules of connection and order must be in at least two minds before there is any expression at all. Aristotle (better than his disrepute) made no attempt to find logic in a necessity of thought, but sought for it exactly as we must seek for it in that agreement between two speakers which must necessarily precede discussion. If a man means anything he must say something; if he will not speak he is no better than a vegetable. We can conceive a solitary thinker brewing his conclusions somehow, as sudden intuitions or chance associations; but when he is confronted with another thinker, and desires to communicate the results of his thought, he cannot reproduce the manner in which that thought arose, for it was probably unconscious, and if not illogical, at least innocent of logical connection. Communication is not thought. Mere

mention of the terms in the order in which they occur to the thinker will not reproduce in another an identical process of thought. There is necessary a connection, a schematisation, by which the recipient can order the elements called up by words and phrases which the thought had originally suggested. This connection is more than grammar, although it must be acquired with grammar and underlies grammar. Rather it is the whole body of rules of the game of talk, which is the basis of communication. Between us and men of an entirely different culture, before any form of communication is set up, there cannot be said to be a common logic but only the vague foreshadowing of one. With the establishing of communication there grows a set of rules for intercourse. In such communication logic is crude and misunderstanding the rule. Between its vague beginnings and the intercourse of two mathematicians, whose common grounds and agreements as to method are infinitely greater and more definite, there are all degrees of elaboration, in every stage of which the logic consists in the rules of intercourse that the two parties to the discourse accept.

When we take this view we immediately see that the axioms of logic are postulates. The law of excluded middle and its companions, the law of contradiction and the law of identity, are merely those agreements as to the nature and permanence, for discussion, of affirmation and negation, representing the fundamental rules of all ordinary intercourse and connected statement. But these are not postulates that we are to use or neglect as the spirit moves us or as Dr. Schiller would have us. They are the conditions of our being understood. The question whether they will bear analysis is irrelevant; we follow them in our speech, and we are socially bound to speak that way. We find them in statements because we carry them there, and if we do without them we do so at the risk of being unintelligible. A logic stands on the same footing as a geometry. We no longer speak, with Kant, of Euclidean Geometry as *the* geometry or as *the* method in which we must order experience, but as *a* method in which we *may* order experience. So our logic is not the order in which we *must* express ourselves but an order in which we *may* express ourselves; and other logics are conceivable if not practicable. Take, for instance, the law of identity, "A boy is a boy"; we know that two different boys are involved or we should not have taken the trouble to pronounce them the same. Perhaps if we

had started at a sufficiently early period we could have had for our first postulate "A boy is not a boy" with the understanding that they were really the same or we should not have troubled ourselves to call them different. Either postulate would give a *form of expression*.

There must be formal rules if there is to be communication, and these rules constitute logic,—formal logic, if they have any formulation independent of individual situations. In fact there should be nothing so terrifying about the word "formal." Our use of words is itself formal. When we repeat a word we do not mean that the same situation is repeated but that our attention is on the sameness in situations and not their difference. The word is not the situation itself, it represents an abstraction from the situation and this abstraction is essentially formal in the worst sense of the word. We use formal grammar and logic because structure is as necessary to the expression of our thoughts as it is to the existence of physical bodies.

Dr. Schiller's part in the successful rebellion against the rationalistic idea that we are in a world that is to be deduced from a number of self-evident axioms, or fundamental principles, has led him into this vigorous denunciation of logic because somehow logic seemed the stronghold and guarantee of axioms and the whole rationalistic standpoint. What he does not see is that logical postulates have the same standing as the postulates of geometry. Geometrical postulates cannot be discarded at will without discarding the geometry which they underlie and adopting another in its place; and though this may be done, yet it would be the end of advancement in all geometry if investigators did not confine themselves to one set of postulates in the course of one argument. A tennis player could as well change at will the rules by which he plays. His penalty would be the wrath of the gallery; the penalty to violators of the rules of discourse would be complete misunderstanding.

Logic is intimately connected with language. There is logic in the language of savages as well as in the most definite language of all, the symbolism of mathematics. We acquire our logic with our language. Our neighbour's small Katharine declares herself a little boy. "But you are not a boy, you are a girl," we answer; "you can't be both." Yet the rules of intercourse, affirmation, and negation, the relation of girl-not-boy and boy-not-girl, had been acquired long ere this, or we could have spoken

to Katharine only in the monosyllables of the year before. We may call the principles of logic postulates, although we no more choose them than we choose the names of the beasts of the field or the sounds by which we indicate that we wish a room with a bath. The actual choice was a social event in which our individual will is as much concerned as in the selection of our anatomy.

Nor, if it be granted that we must have a formal logic, need we be jealous of the standing of the Aristotelian theory of the syllogism. Dr. Schiller and many other logicians have collected instances of argument that is marvellously awkward if put into the form of Barbara and Disamis; and we must grant also that the Aristotelian forms can no longer be held complete and authoritative merely because they have a kind of symmetry and finish when symbolised. The rules of Aristotle's logic served fairly well in the Athenian schools where the players in the game of dialectic were brought by common interest and respect for leaders to obey those rules; but in modern discussions, between men of different nationalities and different training, they will hardly serve; Dr. Schiller is right to this extent. For in the first place, the ideal of a reduction of all forms of inference to a few forms has only academic interest,—and academic interest hyper-refined. The completeness of logic in the sense that all valid forms of inference can once for all be tabulated is a myth. Logic is no more to be completed than is geometry or life. New forms of inference will appear constantly; and the symbolic logic of to-day is tabulating forms that are not expressible in syllogisms. The formation of a general logic is hardly to be expected from the symbolists any more than from their predecessors; the task of formulating a logic that will serve for all human intercourse is as hopeless as the task of inventing a language that will serve all nations for all time. Only a few and these the most fundamental logical laws can find even a very general application. A half hour with a student of linguistics who has worked with American-Indian languages will convince anyone that most of the conceptions of classical logic are inapplicable to a speech that very nearly lacks common nouns and tries to express in a word a situation that demands an English sentence. It is more correct to talk of logics than of logic,—the logic of each distinct culture must have a different formulation. It is with limitation of interest to a restricted field that the most complete logics arise.

In the sciences this condition has brought about specialised vocabularies and specialised structures for the use of those vocabularies; and the logic of scientific discourse becomes more complex as the method and structure of the science grow more and more definite. The logic of each science determines the place that new discoveries take in the body of that science; each of the sciences may have a method differing slightly from that of the others; though underlying them all we find the logic of common speech, whose few universal principles must be generally observed.

Of these logics of the sciences the logic of mathematics is the only one that has been given symbolic formulation. The work of Peano and Russell was possible because of the abstract nature of the subject-matter itself which admitted the use of symbolic expression. It is not true that these symbolic logics are completely expressed in symbols or can be completely expressed in symbols, for there are principles necessary to govern the operation of the symbols that will forever remain outside symbolic statement itself. In Russell's *Principia Mathematica* over fifty pages are necessary to explain the theory of types on which the logic is based. A number of paradoxes, to which the Scholastics devoted many volumes under the heading "Insolubilia,"—propositions such as "*Haec propositio est falsa,*" which being denied is true, and being affirmed, is false, led Russell to lay down the principle that no propositional function can have reference to itself in one of its own terms.[1] Now this principle must be taken as completely outside the logic for which it is assumed; for if it is within the logic, its reference to all propositions seems to include itself, and hence violate itself. To unravel this difficulty an elaborate theory is necessary before the logic can be well begun; and we can hardly feel that there can exist any truly symbolic logic in Russell's expansive understanding of the term. In every logic are innumerable difficulties that can be settled only by elaborate conventions—conventions of symbolism in logics of that character, agreements of expression in those arising more simply from analysis of linguistic forms.

Russell's logic may be adequate for the organisation of mathematical science, but it is *not* a general logic. It would be entirely inadequate in governing a parliamentary debate, for example, or delimiting a biological species. It abstracts from experience to

[1] This identical solution is proposed by Paulus Venetus, *Logica Pauli Veneti*, Venetiis, 1654, p. 84.

the same great extent as does mathematics and is useful only in mathematics for just that reason. The logic of classes, propositions, and relations in Russell is fitted to express mathematical theorems and their coherence, but not to express the uses of such a sentence as, "I wish I were in the surf." If there exists such a thing as a general logic (for it has not yet been formulated) it is altogether indefinite and is probably not expressible in symbols. Nevertheless it must be formal if we mean by formal, as Dr. Schiller would have us, "abstracted from the use of the logical material." We may paraphrase the statement quoted at the beginning of this article in some such way as: "It *is* possible to abstract from the actual use of the logical material and to consider 'forms of statement' in themselves without incurring thereby a total loss, either of truth or of meaning." The whole point lies in recognising that in expression we have the result of thought but not the thought itself, and if thought proves inscrutable we may still scrutinise statement.

The laws of statement are none the less laws if we find no instances of them in thought. Perhaps no syllogism was ever made that would stand close analysis of its terms and maintain its form. Inspection would always show the middle term susceptible of different interpretations in its two different contexts. It is the essence of usable words to be ambiguous. But that need not be taken as an indictment of the syllogism as a form of statement; it has fulfilled its particular function, whatever may happen to it; it has not forced its conclusion on its auditors, but it has offered this conclusion in an intelligible form. Other persons are not compelled to accept our individual conclusions; nor is it the function of language or of logic to force conviction. No party to an argument was ever forced to a conclusion that he was not willing to make,—forced, that is, by purely logical constraint. It is always possible to question premises *ad infinitum*—even though the questioners be fools. The function of the syllogism is to show a path of connection, not to lead one over that path. The idea of rigid proof in the sense that the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid is proved now and for all time and all men is meaningless. You can prove it only to one who has learned geometry, and learning geometry is in part accepting the rules of the mathematical game. Discussion is possible only where each is in turn a learner and endeavours to see the path the other has taken. If either

relinquishes his own path it is because the logical statement of the other gives him an insight that makes him able and willing to pronounce his own the worse way.

With the idea of rigid proof we must give up also that awe of logical form that leads Professor Royce to believe that he has discovered absolute truth in propositions (his own pet instances of the Insolubilia) whose denial involves their assertion. Denial and assertion can occur only in a logical system and paradoxes of the Roycean type are merely evidence of logical postulates and definitions that will not work together. They are demands for careful definition, not *cul-de-sacs* of reason. Truth is either to be taken as accompanying certain logical forms, and so as being a formal matter; or it must be regarded, as far as logic is concerned, as an accident of propositions. The latter horn of the dilemma is the choice of Russell, for whom, in consequence, truth represents no more than a feeling toward propositions, dictated by our interests and purposes; and he offers us as the true logic a mathematicised reasoning in which the forms of ordinary speech are hopelessly outlawed, while logical discourse becomes subject to forms so abstract and constricted that it must lose all connection with life. Dr. Schiller, on the other hand, would leave discourse so free as to be innocent of all connection and unity; it would be the capricious eloquence of temperaments such as is his, and would inevitably result in a dispersion of rationality more conclusive than was ever the confusion of Babel. But between these extremes there should lie a logic that finds its laws in the actual communications of actual men, resting upon compacts of human reason, and involving definite forms of statement which must be and are observed even by writers so independent and persuasive as Dr. Schiller.

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THE MYSTERY OF PAIN

One great mystery which confronts all men, as they contemplate this universe, is the mystery of pain. The problem is universal in its extent, for although there are the very few who claim never to have known a moment of sickness, the natural processes of their existence are inevitably accompanied by physical suffering in a greater or less degree, and pain is claiming its own among those with whom they come in daily contact, while the greater number of them have felt its iron hand upon themselves. Naturally an explanation is demanded. The eternal "why" rises from millions of hearts, who can not follow Leibnitz in his theory of the best possible world, or Malebranche when he asserts that it is the best conceivable.

Nor on the other hand are certain of the great religions much more satisfactory. In the Buddhist doctrine that pain is caused by desire there is no real contribution to thought, for it is not explained why desire should bring suffering, or why natural longings should be in themselves evil. The theory that present pain is the result of evil actions in a former existence would have some value if we could follow the generally accepted interpretation of the doctrine of transmigration of souls. Then, when we did not find present pain to be in any way commensurate with present sin, we could go back to a former existence to discover the cause. But unfortunately the generally accepted interpretation of Buddhist thought has been shown by Mr. Rhys Davids to be incorrect. It is not the soul, the entity, the personality which passes from one state of existence to the next, but the "karma"; that is, the result of a being's mental and bodily actions. Hence this explanation of the presence of pain is unmoral, since the punishment is in no way related to personality. The punishment of a collection of unfortunate results is not the punishment of the sinner.

In Zoroaster's solution we find the difficulty as great. Ahriman is not the Satan of Milton, a created spirit who chooses of his own free will to be evil, after he has lived for æons in the heavenly court, but a spirit coeval with Ormuzd the good, of apparently equal power and authority. Ormuzd is to triumph

at last, but this fact does not remove the difficulty of reconciling this belief with the conception of a moral relationship between the universe and man. As Bruce points out so admirably in *The Moral Order*, one owes his allegiance no more to Ormuzd than to Ahriman.

As for the ancient Hebrew doctrine, the statement of which is most familiar to us in the philosophy of Job's comfortless comforters, Job is afflicted with a sore disease; disease and pain are penalties for sin; therefore Job must be a prodigious sinner. This line of reasoning is unanswerable, if the premises, which form an integral part of early Hebrew thought, are correct. Pain is a penalty; in a sense it is for the purpose of reclaiming the sinner: but this side of the doctrine is of rather late development, applied by the prophets to national rather than to individual problems. In earlier times pain is regarded as almost entirely punitive—a fact shown clearly by the story of the destruction of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who went down into the pit where real life, and therefore real chance for change and repentance, was ended forever. We may safely assert that this doctrine of pain as a punishment inflicted in this world for each definite sin arose in the feeling for the necessity for retribution, that its occurrence must take place here and now, for hereafter, —why, there is no hereafter; Sheol is not hell, but a state of quiescence "where all things are forgotten." The book of Job was written for the express purpose of refuting this line of reasoning. Job himself in all probability would have agreed with his friends at a former time, but now he feels pain himself. Loss, bereavement, anguish, touch him to the quick, and this same deep and bitter personal experience lifts the scales from his eyes. He is conscious of no great sin which could have caused such punishment, and so to his mind his pain can not be a direct penalty. This story of Job, however, whether it be regarded as history, or as a great poem without foundation in fact, must be considered as representing not merely the experience of one man, but as expressing a growing consciousness borne out by a vast human testimony based upon personal experience. And yet as late as the Persian period it was necessary to re-establish this truth. The people saw that the good were suffering, the evil in prosperity. The author of Ecclesiastes steps forward to vindicate the moral order; and this vindication he accomplishes by showing that the material things of life do not constitute reality. They

are but "vanity"; while real life, the life which counts, the life in which satisfaction may be attained, is the life of the spirit.

The presence of demons is still another explanation for the presence of suffering. We find this answer suggested in the Old Testament, but more clearly stated in the New. Jesus himself apparently connects sickness with the activity of unclean spirits in many cases, but not in all. This fact is very significant, for it may suggest a possible interpretation of his words in reference to them. What is the unclean spirit? Does it not belong to the stricken man himself? In the words of Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust:*

> "How can men say that spectres haunt 'em?
> The mind, does it not make the phantom?"

As to diseases not in any way connected with the presence of unclean spirits, Jesus is most emphatic in denying their direct connection with sin. Neither did the poor boy nor his parents sin that he was born blind. The people whose blood Pilate mingled with sacrifices are not sinners above all the Galileans, nor are those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell to be condemned above all. In the consciousness and experience of the human race, in the testimony of the mind of Jesus there rests no proof that pain is a definite penalty upon a sinful individual.

In short the fact is, in the great world religions, in primitive belief, in early Hebrew thought, in demonology, in Babylonian, Greek, and Egyptian myth, there is felt to be some connection between sin and pain. Human consciousness in all ages, among all races, clearly testifies to an unformed and undefined belief that because of moral imperfection in the world, physical imperfection is in some way the inevitable result, and that when moral imperfection shall pass away, pain shall also depart and all the world will be right. A vital connection is inevitably established between sin and pain; but the connection is not immediate but remote.

Each day of our world's growth is bearing in upon human discovery the vital connection between mind and matter. The organist strikes the note upon the keyboard, sound vibrations are started within the pipe which travel to the ear, causing the drum to vibrate. This single statement is a complete descrip-

tion of what happens as far as the physical process is concerned. To know even that there is a "sound," to determine what kind of a sound it is, to relate it to others, the higher intellectual faculties of perception, memory, and the like must operate. Again, in order to appreciate that music, the æsthetic sensibilities must be cultivated. But on the other hand, if the ear is destroyed the mind cannot perceive the sound thus unaided by material activities. Further, the body bears within itself the marks of mental states. In fear the mouth becomes dry, the pupils of the eye dilate to a prodigious extent, the hands are automatically clasped or raised above the head. In sorrow the breathing is heavy and laboured, while in joy it is quick and sharp. The remark has been made that all Christians are "good looking," not that they all conform to the general standards of artistic beauty, but that in some way the inner peace and holiness is physically manifest in a certain light of expression which dominates the entire man. In the same way the connection is true of an evil character. He may be extremely handsome, he may look guileless and innocent; but a clever student of human nature can almost invariably detect the underlying slyness or evil intent.

From these considerations it would seem only a natural deduction to assert that the connection between pain and sin is a real one; that the painful, therefore, ought to accompany each individual life which transgresses the moral law. And yet there is an objection to this deduction—an objection which vanishes only when we inquire, what is the real relationship between an individual man and the others of this world? The architect designs his building. If he is a man of taste, of experience, one who has studied and laboured to perfect his understanding in matters of acoustics, proportion, and finish, provided he then puts his best self into his work, he will give to the world a substantive influence which will exert a profound, lasting, uplifting effect upon all who come within its view. If, on the other hand, the architect be of meagrely appreciative capacity, or poorly trained, he will produce a nonentity or a monstrosity which will make the cultivated turn away their heads and augment the poor taste already existing in the community.

In the same way, the work of his mind is not limited to the narrow walls of his own Ego. In a very real sense we are composite beings. Each one of us is part father, part mother, part

brother, part friend. Each one with whom we come in contact makes his contribution, which we take to ourselves, make our very own, without losing one atom of individuality, for these same contributions are not received as so many beans into a bag, but rather as water into sand, permeating the whole; or better, as two chemical substances which, occurring together, form a new combination of molecules. Of course such a figure is very inadequate, as any figure of matter for spirit needs must be, but perhaps it may serve to point out the fact that spirits, minds, souls, though on the one hand distinct and separate, are, on the other, closely related in their mutual influence.

Again, in the matter of health and sickness the power of suggestion is manifest. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said that commercially estimated a smile may be worth five thousand dollars to a physician. Encouragement, hopefulness, may help to turn the tide from death to life while depression and worry about a sick-bed will inevitably augment the power of disease and diminish the chance of recovery.

Furthermore, we have no way of estimating the extent of conscious and unconscious mental influence. The thoughts start within the self, but whither do they tend and where is the stopping point? Do they find their effect to be potent only upon those with whom one comes in daily and intimate contact, or do they perhaps go beyond the bounds of our own social circle, not merely through their transmission from one to the other, but as actually travelling through a spiritual medium as the wind takes its course through space, "The wind bloweth where it listeth . . . so is every one who is born of the spirit." Modern investigations seem to declare without a doubt that these questions are to be answered in the affirmative; and if we can so answer them, we shall find ourselves in possession of facts which will make clear much of the world now hidden and clouded in darkness.

If there is, then, a common world soul and a common world life, it is evident that all nature must bear within itself the mark of world character. When we look about or upon the physical world all we see which is beautiful, good, pure, elevating, is the sign of goodness; it is the natural accompaniment of God. We all need pictures, we all need to be taught as children. Our whole understanding of the spiritual life depends upon our analogies drawn from the world of matter. God to the little

child is so real, so concrete, so definite that in this childish fancy he would call up before his eye of imagination a picture of God in some human semblance. Beauty must be seen or heard, love must be felt, before we can in any way realise the essential weaving of those deepest of all spiritual facts. Thus, to look at the darker side of the picture, to know the darkness of sin, it must in some way be impressed upon the human race in such a way that its heavy hand is felt and its darkness seen. Pain tells men that all the world is *not* right, in spite of Browning, a teaching which is particularly impressive upon those whose development has not reached a point where they can see the truth in any way but by a sight with the physical eyes of the body.

But why then does this rod not strike upon the evil alone? It is part of the great law of vicarious sacrifice. The good ever bear the moral burden of the world's sin; working, striving, hoping, sacrificing self, all, for the sake of lifting that burden of sin, are also bearing the marks of that sin in themselves. They are the voices crying in the wilderness, they are bearers of the gospel to their fellows, who cry to the world: "O world, burdened with sin which ye do not realise, which ye count as of little moment, see what that sin is which has stamped upon the human race its indelible mark, indelible until the whole law shall be kept, until goodness reigns supreme, and the inevitable result, happiness, peace, rest, shall pervade the universe."

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A STUDY IN CONTEMPORARY BALLADRY[1]

Some time before daylight, May 11, 1894, at the foot of Jenkins Hill, about two miles from Browning, Linn County, Missouri, a quadruple murder was committed which made a very strong impression upon the people of the countryside. Though the crime was committed nearly twenty years ago, the memory of it is kept fresh in a number of ballads which constitute probably as good an instance of what Professor Gummere calls journalistic balladry as is to be found in modern times.

The trial of the murderers is reviewed, with a summary of the evidence, in the Reports of the Supreme Court of Missouri; but the best account is preserved in a chapbook published by Mr. Walker Ryan at Kansas City in 1896 and bearing the following title:

"Murder of the
Meeks Family
or
Crimes of the Taylor Brothers.
The Full and authentic Story of the Midnight Massacre, by
Bill and George Taylor, of the Meeks Family,
Father, Mother and Three Little Children.
Flight, Pursuit and Capture of the Murderers.
Their Sensational Trials,
Attempts to Bribe Juries and Guards and
Their Escape from Prison,
Recapture and Sentence to Death.
The Gruesome Story of Little Nellie Meeks,
Sole survivor of the Massacre,
Saved by the Hand of Providence to Bring the
Slayers of her Family to Justice.
Published by Ryan Walker, Kansas City, Mo.
921–923 Walnut Street."

[1] Practically all the material for this study in contemporary vulgar balladry was got together by Miss Goldy M. Hamilton of the Kirksville Normal School, chiefly from her students there. Memory of the crime is preserved in balladry, in one version or another, throughout a group of counties in north-

The victims of the murder were Gus Meeks, his wife, and two girls aged five and two. Nellie Meeks, aged nine, was also left for dead by the murderers, but recovered consciousness at daylight and reached a neighbour's house, revealing the crime. According to the chapbook a fourth child, born two months before its time as the mother struggled to escape, must be added to the list. Whether this item appeared in the testimony at the trial or was picked up by the reporter from the rumour of the countryside, I do not know. It is not mentioned in the Supreme Court review of the case. All five (or six) of the bodies were buried under a strawstack in George Taylor's cornfield, which the murderers had prepared beforehand with a view to burning it and so covering the traces of their crime; but it was a misty night and the straw only smouldered. Nellie got to Carter's house, near by, and Mrs. Carter sent her boy Jim to the stack to verify Nellie's story. Here he found George Taylor harrowing around the stack—for the purpose, evidently, of hiding the waggon tracks, as the ground was too wet for harrowing. George, finding that the crime was discovered, fled to Browning to warn Bill, and both took flight. They were captured three months later in Arkansas.

The Taylor brothers were prosperous people and prominent in the community, but already bore a bad reputation. Bill, the elder, had studied law at the State University, and later had been a clerk in the bank of Beverly Bolling at Browning, in which he rose to be cashier. He was also elected to the Legislature. Accused of crookedness in regard to the collection of a pension for a widow, he left Bolling's bank, and soon after became cashier in a new bank started for him by his father-in-law, Leonard, in the same town. Here he raised a draft for two dollars to two thousand, and got George to cash it at a bank in Kirksville. He was indicted for this fraud, but got off through the influence of Leonard and other friends. Then he set fire to a lumber yard for the sake of the insurance on a neighbouring building, and at the same time got a confederate to swear that Bolling set it afire. Meeks, who now first enters the story,

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central Missouri, reaching as far south as Boone County and as far east as Audrain; to this group of counties Kirksville is central. Ryan's chapbook I had access to through the kindness of Mr. F. A. Sampson of the State Historical Society, in whose library a copy of it is preserved. The third or Boone County version of the ballad was secured by Miss Lucy Laws of Christian College, Columbia, where Miss Cowden is a student.

testified that Taylor and his confederate robbed the building before the fire. The confederate was tried and sentenced for five years, but escaped; Taylor got a new trial, and then continuances, until in the words of the chapbook, the case was "lost in the shuffle." Meeks, clearly, was a poor-spirited creature ready to do anybody's dirty work for a consideration; for despite his testimony in the arson case Taylor presently employed him to steal the cattle of a man named McCullough and sell them in Kansas City. Meeks was caught and sentenced to two years; put in prison he confessed, implicating Taylor, and was pardoned by the governor to testify against his employer. It was to prevent such testimony that the Taylors killed him.

George was a Normal School graduate and had been a teacher. He was the handsome man of the family, and a loose liver; he had killed a man and a boy in Stone County, but Bill, then in the Legislature had brought him off. He had married into the Gibson family, and was a well-to-do farmer near Browning.[1]

Thus the Taylors were prominent people with a numerous and influential connection—as appears from Bill's immunity in the arson and cattle cases. The chapbook reckons that their party included about one hundred persons. The case seems to have taken on something of the character of a clan fight. It was tried under change of venue in Carroll County—tried twice, for the first jury was dismissed under the suspicion, afterwards proved, of bribery. The ease with which the murderers escaped after the crime points to a favouring element in the community. George escaped a second time—from the Carroll County jail, shortly before the time set for the hanging—and has never been heard from since; but Bill was hanged at Carrollton, April 30, 1896.

So much for the murder and its perpetrators: now for the ballad. The chapbook has a passage which carries us back to the Golden Age of vulgar balladry and suggests an origin for some of the versions. Describing the trial, it says: "Men and women travelled hundreds of miles to Carrollton to listen to the trial or to get a glimpse of the two noted murderers. Fakirs by the dozen flocked to the town and took possession of the public square with their catch-penny arrangements. There was no end of red lemonade stands, cigar wheels, cane racks, medicine

[1] Browning is close to the north edge of Linn County, and about nine miles south of Milan, Sullivan County, where Meeks lived.

and soap hawkers and strolling musicians of all kinds." At least one version of the ballad was current before the hanging, for a stanza of it is quoted in the chapbook as sung by the crowd in the street, to the tune of *Joe Howell*, while Bill was being led to the gallows. But the earliest version was composed before the trial and even before the capture of the murderers in August, 1894, if we may judge from the last stanza:

"About one mile from Browning,
Upon the Jenkins Hill,
Gus Meeks and family were murdered
By the Taylors, George and Bill.

"The first they killed was Mr. Meeks,
And the woman began to cry
And beg them to spare her little ones:
But they told her all must die.

"In vain they looked around
For their mischief to conceal;
So loaded them into a wagon
And drove to George's field.

"Next morning George was seen
With his team out in the field,
Harrowing around the old straw stack
Where their victims were concealed.

"But the hand of Providence was there,
As you all know very well,
To spare the life of the little one,
On the murderers to tell.

"And when she arose from her strawy grave
To Carter's house she went
And told them of the tragedy
And the horrible night she had spent.

"And when George Taylor heard of this,
He went to his brother Bill
And told him of the mistake they had made:
'There is one we did not kill.'

"So they hustled around, as you all know,
And soon they left the town,
And ever since been hunted for,
But still they can't be found.

"Now they are at large and the officers seem
To think that they are gone.
And if ever they catch those desperate men
I shall complete my song."

This ballad is declared by all who know it to be the production of Arthur Wallace, a blind huckster, musician, and travelling showman, whose home was until recently at Eversonville, Linn County. Luther Crookshank, a student at the Kirksville Normal School, who lives near Jenkins Hill and who remembers the coming of posses to search for George Taylor after his escape in 1896, gives some interesting particulars about Wallace. The ballad, he thinks, was written within three or four weeks after the murder. Wallace, who is probably not over fifty now, travelled mostly in Linn and Livingston counties, buying up old rubber. He was blind, and took a boy with him. He knew nearly everybody in the two counties by his voice. Alternately or along with his huckstering he ran a "show." For this purpose he had two other men with him, a driver and a man to set up the tent. The show included fiddling and singing by Wallace and, later, moving pictures, which he was the first to exhibit in that part of the country. Crookshank saw his show about ten years ago. It may be running still; it was two or three years since.

It is a curious testimony to the conservatism of the ballad memory or the poverty of Wallace's invention or both that this version, halting as it does before the capture of the murderers and the sensational escape of George Taylor, still holds its own in popular favour. But certain other versions are probably more widely known. At least one of these was made to be sung by Nellie Meeks in a show of which she was the chief feature.

The career of Nellie Meeks after the murder of her parents and sisters can be but imperfectly traced. George Meeks doubtless knows what became of her, but we have not questioned him. According to the chapbook she was adopted by the prosecuting attorney of Sullivan County; but this, if a fact, must have been a merely temporary arrangement. While still a little girl she was on exhibition, whether to excite pity or to draw trade does not appear, in a store window, in Kirksville. People now living in Kirksville remember seeing her there. Later she travelled with a "carnival company" on a salary, singing the tragic event of her childhood. Her singing was poor, but no doubt her presence on the stage contributed to the success of the show. She performed at Browning, among other places. Then there is a rumour of her having worked in a department store in Saint Louis; of her having married and appeared in her native place with a child;

and then—silence. The following version evidently owes its origin to Nellie's stage career:

"In Milan, Sullivan County,
There lived a family poor,
A father and a mother,
Three children round the door.
This man was sent to prison,
For stealing he had done,
And telling of some other,
His freedom it was won.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"And thus the governor pardoned him,
And sent him home to stay
Until he was needed farther
To swear before the court,
Against the Taylor brothers,
His country to support.

"'Twas on the night of May the tenth,
Two men to Milan came,
To get the Meeks family
And murder them the same.
They said they wanted to 'lease him,
And tell him of their scheme,
They would give him a thousand dollars,
A wagon, and a team.

"The wife said, 'They will kill you,'
But the father he thought no.
So they bundled up their baggage,
And started off to go.
They travelled very nicely
Till near the Taylors' farm,
And thus the murder ended
With but a slight alarm.

"I saw them kill poor papa,
Dear mamma and sisters too,
And then they tried to kill me,
And that was all I knew,
Until we reached the straw yard,
Our burial to prepare,
And God was there before me,
And God was with me there."

Of the third version there are two copies. The one quoted is from the manuscript ballad book of Ada Belle Cowden of Wood-

landville, Boone County, who learned it from a boy of her acquaintance a few years ago. On the whole the twol copies correspond pretty closely, though the second omits the third stanza which seems to have been made from the fifth and sixth stanzas of Wallace's.

"About one mile from Browning town,
At the foot of Jenkin's Hill,
Took place this awful murder
By the Taylors George and Bill.
Gus Meek's wife and children
Were taken from the home,
Were taken by those tailors
To meet their awful doom.

"They wrote Gus Meeks a letter
Telling him to be ready at ten,
And try to leave the country
To save disgrace from them.
How little did he think then
Those taylors George and Bill
That night would murder his family
Upon the Jenkins Hill.

"But the hand of providence came
To little Nellie and said
Ere the break of morning
A save escape she made,
She came from out her straw-made grave
And to Carter's house she came,
And told this mournful story,
That adds to our country's shame.

"She stood before the doorway
With that awful gash cut in her head,
While she sobbed and wept most bitterly
These were the words she said.
Some very cruel men came
And took us from our bed.
They shot our papa and mamma
And thought us three were dead.

"They put us in a wagon
And took us to our straw-made grave
How little did they think then
Their sad little Nellie would save.
But providence was against them,
The righteous hand was there
And willed against those murders
Little Nellie's life to spare.

"Next morning after the murder
George was seen out in a field
A-harrowing out the wagon tracks
His mischief to conceal.
But this was all in vain,
For nothing could they avail.
By J. E. South they were captured
And taken to the Carrollton jail.

"Once I had a dear mother,
A mother kind and true,
But those wicked men shot her
And shot my papa too.
Now I am an orphan
Nobody cares for me,
May God's blessing go with them
Wherever they may be."

Of the fourth version we have one copy, probably incomplete, and three fragments. The copy entitled *Nellie's Lament* derives from Grundy County.

"Once I had a mamma, likewise a papa too,
Two darling little sisters, of course I loved them true.
But they were foully murdered and I alone am left,
Of those I loved so dearly, alas I am bereft.

Chorus

"Sad, sad to be a little orphan here,
No more to see my little sisters dear,
They are in heaven, the voices they are still,
The fatal blows were given upon Jenkins Hill.

"Full well I do remember, 't was in the lovely spring,
The earth was wrapped in slumber, the birds had ceased to sing.
The sun in all its beauty o'er hill and valley smiled,
Its gentle rays were shining upon an orphan child.

"Next morning I awakened, my head was wrapped with pain,
I gazed in speechless wonder upon my kindred slain.
The sun in all its beauty o'er hill and valley smiled,
Its gentle rays were shining upon an orphan child.

"I wandered to a cottage and there I did relate
How they had been murdered, I felt an awful fate.
Then friends around me gathered, but I nevermore shall see
My sisters and my parents that were so dear to me."

The latest, and the weakest, of the Meeks ballads is the only one that we certainly know to have circulated in print. It is

the production of George Meeks, and was transcribed from a printed copy in Meeks's possession by Luther Crookshank, who visited him at his home in Milan. He lives in a little tumble-down clapboarded cottage on the outskirts of the town, and seems to be in dire poverty. He is very old, bedfast, and almost blind —he has some vision, but "his eyes jerk and wobble." In winter he makes brooms when he is able. Until recently he met the trains, selling peanuts from a stand made by putting a box on the framework of an old baby carriage. He is not a little vain of his authorship. Not thinking much of Wallace's song, he wrote this one, to the tune of *Narragansett Bay*. He says he sold five hundred copies of it at Unionville; but he had no copy with him at the time except that of his scrapbook. He claims also to be the author of *Joe Howell*, *I Wish I Were Single Again*, and *I Went to See Marinda*.

"Come, friends, and gather round me
And listen to my song,—
A sad and solemn story,—
I'll not detain you long.
'Twas eighteen hundred ninety-four
And on the tenth of May
The parents and three children
That night were called away.

Chorus

"Toll, toll the bell,
Sad stories it will tell,
For all of them that was left that night
Was darling little Nell.

"It was a solemn parting,
For friends were left behind.
With fear and anxious sorrows
Had seized their troubled mind.
It was the wicked Taylors,
Whose names were George and Bill,
The authors of that tragedy
Upon the Jenkins Hill.

"And when their work they thought was done
And all was laid away,
The angel spared little Nell that night
To give the crime away.
And in the morn at break of day,
When all around was still,
The neighbours learned the tragedy
Upon the Jenkins Hill.

"The courts declared that George and Bill
Should under justice come,
But George escaped in a mysterious way
And Bill at last was hung.
But how he rests or how he fares,
Nobody knows, nobody cares,
The murderers, George and brother Bill,
The authors of the tragedy
Upon the Jenkins Hill.

Notwithstanding the "five hundred copies sold at Unionville," it is clear that this feeble and faded composition would not get far by oral transmission. As a matter of fact we have no report of it except from Meeks himself. It is not in the ballad convention; and it shows a remarkable insensibility to the effect-values, as the art critics say, of the story.

But the other versions may still claim to be living popular ballads of a sort that goes back at least to the early days of the printing-press, if not farther; and it would be interesting to know just what part print has played in their dissemination. One would like to know, too, how the versions are related to one another, and something of the authorship of the second, third, and fourth. The first of these questions we are not in a position to answer, though it may be assumed that where the ballad was sung professionally—on the stage, in the tent, or on the street corner—printed copies of it were also offered for sale. With regard to the relation of the several versions to one another, plausible conjectures may be made. Wallace's is evidently the first, and with its "Jenkins Hill" stanza forms a kernel or basis for all the rest. Even Meeks could not miss the plaintive sonority of that rhyme. The second version enlarges this, supplying a conventional opening, "In Milan, Sullivan County, there lived a family poor," adding narrative details, and fitting the whole to be sung by Nellie Meeks in the "Carnival Company." The third is even more closely related to Wallace's than is the second; but it appears to have been made for strolling musicians, street singers, and the general ballad-loving public rather than for Nellie herself. The fourth is an independent working over of the theme, in the florid-sentimental vein of vulgar balladry, for the same public. The genesis of the fifth version is explained by Meeks himself. Of the four versions that have attained the dignity of genuine oral tradition only one can be confidently traced to a known author; but the other three, despite their

present anonymity, are clearly distinct productions—employing like other poetry, the matter and phrase of earlier workers upon the same theme—and originated with individual ballad-makers.

It will perhaps be an occasion of surprise to some to find vulgar balladry, and the social conditions from which it arises, flourishing so vigorously in a central commonwealth of the United States in our own time. The Meeks family murder is less than twenty years old, yet it has attained a comparatively wide circulation—considerably beyond the limits of any personal interest in the murderers or their victims—and in a respectable number and variety of versions. Will it have vanished in another score of years? One can only speculate. The murder itself, what might be called the plot of the ballad, lends itself to perpetuity by its uncomplicated brutality and its simple pathos. These are the things that appeal to the taste of the simple; and the simple, like the poor, we have always with us. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the social conditions will be swept away. For they too, under slight surface changes, are always with us. The mountebank in the court-house square, the blind fiddler on the street corner, the itinerant showman, and the school children singing his ballads at the noon hour—these, with slight changes of costume and "business," belong no less to our society than they did to Sidney's, and Gay's, and Goldsmith's, if one will but see them. It is too bad that our blind singer Meeks did not acquit himself better; for it is not every wandering bard that has the advantage of a *cause célèbre* in his own family.

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PUERO REVERENTIA

> "Thereafter my rocks and crystals served me as a mirror wherein I might discern mankind and man's development and history."
>
> FROEBEL.

"The kindergarten is no longer an experiment. Critics may say what they will about its being a waste of time, an opportunity to play under unnatural conditions; they may assert that the work done by the child there is purposeless, that the child is too old when he enters; in short, they may empty every chamber of their wrath; yet the fact still stands that children who have gone through the kindergarten in the normal way are better and stronger physically, mentally, and morally when they enter the grades than those who have had no such training. This has been proved true so often by actual experiment that it seems almost unnecessary to assert it before this body of teachers."

The reader of the paper made a slight gesture of emphasis as she turned to the next page. A number of young women who were sitting in the front of the room near the reader smiled and nodded their heads vigorously. It was a meeting of the Kindergarten Section of the city "Herbartian Society," or "Society for the Promotion of Pedagogical Novelties," as its detractors phrased it; and the room was crowded. I had missed the first part of the paper, and had stood at the door while this paragraph was read. Now that there was a slight interruption I stepped gingerly, between rows of frowns at my late coming, to the only empty desk on the opposite side of the room near a window. Besides, what right had I, a high-school teacher, and that, too, of English, in a meeting devoted to kindergarten ideals? But as I was passing the door I had spied my friend Mr. Nevius, a colleague, who was one of those selected to take part in the discussion; and I wanted to know what he might have to say on so remote a subject as education through play.

As I glanced at the reader, the kindergarten supervisor, I wondered if all who held that office were compelled to resemble poor Miss Havisham in *Great Expectations*, and if the child's whole-souled abandon in the game would follow her magic "play-

children." It was evident that I had much to learn. Many of the teachers were young girls just out of school; and their methods, at least, would have little in common with those of the celebrated Miss Havisham.

But the supervisor, Mrs. Schulreisepilger, waited for me to gain my seat, rustled the papers once or twice, smiled faintly a sour smile at the approving looks of her novices, and continued in the same dry, dispassionate voice:

"We have discussed the negative side of the subject only—the side which Froebel lays least stress upon—the value of the kindergarten in developing personality, or 'self-activity,' through co-operation in play, and the effect of this upon scholarship. In my last paragraph I alluded to a criticism that the *work* done in the kindergarten is useless and aimless. Let us take up this division of the subject. Do the little exercises we require of the kindergartners bring as a result any positive benefits?" She paused significantly, while all drew deep breaths.

"The greatest gift that God has given to man is that of Freedom. 'For,' says Froebel, 'the living thought, the eternal principle as such demands and requires free *self-activity* on the part of man, the being created for freedom in the image of God.' And where may we look, O friends, for a more exquisite, more pure manifestation of the beauty of the Absolute than in the vesture of sanctity adorning the innocence of Childhood; where, then, may we find a more perfect love and appreciation of Divine Freedom! Hence it is necessary not only that the child should be always active, but also that this activity should be *free*, and that it should be of his entire self in all the phases of his being. Thus the child should be encouraged to carry out all of his impulses (these will be good unless something foreign enters), and to act upon all of his decisions. Else we are resisting the spirit of God-given freedom, and stunting the nature of the child. It is necessary then that we remember these words of our master: The development of the child 'should be brought about, not in the way of dead imitation or mere copying, but in the way of living, spontaneous *self-activity*. . . . In every human being, as a member of humanity and as a child of God, there lies and lives humanity as a whole; but in each it is realised and expressed in a wholly particular, peculiar, personal, and unique manner, and it should be exhibited in each individual human being in this wholly peculiar, unique manner.'"

At these solemn words of the pedagogue of Marienthal the reader paused, laid aside her manuscript, wiped her glasses, and added with deep earnestness: "It is because we in the kindergarten realise more clearly than any this necessity for self-activity, creativeness, and objectiveness in education, that we are nearer the true methods of education than our colleagues in the grades, in the high schools, and even in the university."

There was a vigorous nodding of heads and smiling with *Genügsamkeit* in the front seats. But she was impervious to the subtle flattery, and catching up the manuscript began again: "This ego, this transcendental unit, this manifestation of the divine synthesis of thesis and antithesis of the all-pervading and all-including Logos, this spark of the Divinity, this Noumenon in a world of phenomena, this soul, we must train to know its source, to know itself; and this we can do only by teaching it to be freely active in the world of things. And we proceed on the principle of *Objectivity*. The little stories which are dramatically acted out, like the stories of Little Red Riding Hood and Jack and the Bean Stalk, teach a great moral. Red Riding Hood is the human soul sent on an errand of unselfish devotion across the wilderness we call this world. The Wolf is the principle of evil which the soul meets but does not recognise. The Huntsman who slays the wolf is the Absolute, the Divinity, who waits at the end to aid human frailty. For evil is nothing final, it is here only to be destroyed, as ninepins are only to be knocked down. And Jack and the Bean Stalk is again only an allegory of the human soul in conflict with evil. The man who sold Jack the pretty beans for the useful cow is none other than the tricksy principle of evil in a new guise. But evil turns out to be good in disguise. And, finally, when the human soul, Jack, has robbed evil, the giant, of all the good it possesses, it slays the evil, and we have the happy dawn of the millennium, when shall come the final synthesis, when there shall be no more thesis, no more antithesis, but all God, Freedom, and Immortality; and the Earth shall be robed in garments of pure Beauty.

"The children act these little plays; and through them what insights they gain into the transcendent beauties of pure thought, pure philosophy! All is objectified. The Logos becomes a real being who at the opportune moment steps in and slays the Wolf and liberates the ego; evil vanishes like a puff of vapour. And the child comes to know his position in the world. It becomes

objectified. This is one form of encouraging self-activity and creativeness. Even stories like Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, and Puss in Boots may thus become objectified and pregnant with the symbol of the soul's journey through this world of phenomena to the absolute Noumenon."

At this point one of the listeners who had been twitching with violent emotion in the front row could contain herself no longer, but broke out: "Oh, Mrs. Schulreisepilger, this is beautiful! beautiful! and I have done just this in my class, not knowing that I was teaching such exquisite thoughts. And—oh, I shall enjoy it so much more now! I have also used some of the pretty stories from the *Arabian Nights*. They can be acted so well, and are enjoyed by the children, for——" But she stopped, struck dumb with terror as the wintry smile on the supervisor's face slowly faded into an ominous, heavy frown.

"No, Miss Pearson," quickly came from under the storm cloud, "I should never even allude to the *Arabian Nights*. They are profane, an invention of evil-minded and coarse Semitics. They are eulogies of evil. There is no beauty, no good in them. They are preposterous, pernicious, perversions of all that we regard as holy in childhood. No, we should never encourage any reading of the *Arabian Nights;* and I am not a little surprised and pained that you——"

Miss Pearson wilted so completely that I was sorry for her. Gradually the frown vanished as the reader continued: "I should use only our beautiful German legends; for the Germans alone have ever had in their minds the close union of the human soul and the Absolute. The Hebrews may have been the chosen people of the Lord, but the Germans have been more: they have ever known that they were body and soul the Lord himself. The world's best art, best poetry, best philosophy, all true education, all true understanding of religion, have come from Germany."

"With the world's best guns, airships, conceit, and beer," muttered my friend Nevius, who is nothing if not consistent. Fortunately there were not many that overheard him. But there was a ripple of smiles. Mrs. Schulreisepilger looked puzzled, then smiled in acknowledgment of what she thought applause, and taking up her manuscript continued.

"But this activity and creativeness must go beyond self-appreciation and postures of the body. It must be further

objectified in the world of phenomena. As God created a cosmos to satisfy his self-activity, so the child must, in order to gain correct relationship with the cosmos, make a microcosmos of his own, and learn to see and study the things about him. For this we stimulate his instinctive love of Nature. We study her beauty in trees, rocks, birds, plants, animals, life, and not life. The child must perceive Nature and apperceive himself as an integral part of Nature. Then he draws what he sees, sings little songs about it, and at times acts that he is a bird, a tree, a grasshopper, or a stone. This makes him know himself to be a part and an intimate part of the great divine universe. This is imitativeness not of things trivial but of things divine.

"Again to teach him to create we have what Froebel called 'gifts,' the forms in which God moulds the world of space—cubes, cylinders, crystals, spheres, circles, triangles, squares. These have all of them a mystical significance which the child can readily comprehend, but which I need not discuss to-day. But in his drawing, his cardboard cutting, and pasting, the child learns to use these forms; and thus in a little world of objects of his own creating he models after the great world of the Creator. And we bring him to know all this. It is not an impossible feat, then, to show that all his little creativeness is but an allegory of the infinite creativeness which brings trees to grow into cones, flowers to bloom in corymbs, rocks to crystallise in hexagons, and the whole universe to revolve in one divine, harmonious sphere."

At this point Miss Pearson who had somewhat recovered her composure asked innocently: "And what 'gift' should we call the little raffia baskets we have them weave, and the red string lines?"

Mrs. Schulreisepilger paid her no attention, but looked around the room with the smile of satisfied power of a philosopher who has solved the problem of life, or of a creator who rests from his labours. Into this rarefied atmosphere no puff of doubting or inquisitive vapour might ascend. It was the ozone of the mountain peaks, the afflatus of the Absolute. It was a moment of triumph.

"This might be called the philosophical use of the kindergarten, a use that Pestalozzi and Froebel as well as Herbart would extend to all education; and which, fortunately for us, is slowly gaining ground beyond the kindergarten.

"But there are other uses. The child knows that he is in essence a free soul, partaking in the infinite freedom of the Absolute. His decisions, his emotions, his thoughts, all his various psychic activities he learns to carry out immediately into physical activity, just as God's psychic activities are physically manifest in the phenomenal universe. This is the nucleus also of the Montessori system. How different this from the repression and discipline of the old, formal education where the chief ideal was physical and intellectual subordination. The worth of the individual soul, the worth of emotion, the utter worth of divine passion, have we got in exchange for the narrow, formal submission to stultifying tradition. What a beautiful heritage, this, for innocent childhood! How the great Rousseau would have rejoiced had he once seen the great dreams of his *Émile* now at last coming true!" She looked around with expectancy.

"But the child, if he is a god, is still a very young god and inexperienced," broke in a sharp voice from the rear of the room. All looked around at the interruption. Mr. Brown, the speaker, had grown old in service as a grade-school principal, and was now retired. He was considered one of the best disciplinarians in the city; and yet no one was able to say that his pupils had ever come to the high school any the worse prepared. "May I ask a question or two at this point? We are on an exceedingly important topic, one that has bearing on almost every phase of our education and civilisation. Granted that the child is a god, he is still a very young god, and must still pass through his nonage. Are all the potentialities of glorious manhood secreted in the germ of his soul, from which, through the exercise of his own powers, they shall spring forth like flower from bud and fruit from flower? If so, is there not yet a place for discipline and a bending, even at times a harsh bending, of his will? We prune trees and tie up rose bushes, and no one can say that pruning and tying are the natural means for the egos in rose bushes and trees to be realised. Nature seems to have in her as much of positive evil as of positive good; and discipline is the means we adopt to strengthen the child to overcome the evil. Do we think that deep in the hidden recesses of the child's soul lies hid the germ that shall one day blossom out in multiplication tables and trigonometric formulæ? Is the love of grammatical forms and graphs innate and imbedded in a child's nature? Can we call out the resolute will to face stern duty by morning romps over castles of cardboard?

"But to be specific, is it not true that there is a little too much of this rule of divine passion and godlike caprice in our country to-day? How can we teach a child who, petted by indulgent parents, regards his every wish as law, that there are rights and duties which he must fulfil, if we do not introduce the spirit of firmness into our school world? Otherwise shall we blame the neurasthenic who shoots down in cold blood the man that crosses his caprice? Who can blame the possessor of wealth from piling up yet more that he may further indulge his fancy and trample his less fortunate brother? America has run amuck with this same gospel of divine passion, this passion undirected by intelligence or reason. We will ride this unbroken horse until our whole nation——"

"It is the resistance a man feels to his will that makes him run amuck," interrupted Mrs. Schulreisepilger. "It is the curb-bit or the tight saddle-girth that galls the unbroken horse. Put no restriction on either man or horse and the danger of unruliness vanishes. It is our false condition, half-free, half-enslaved, that irks and makes us mad. Discipline—what discipline is worth while save that imposed voluntarily by the free ego?"

The pause was broken by another voice from the rear of the room. It was Miss Laidlaw, a teacher in my own school, speaking calmly. "All that Mr. Brown means is that there must be a place in our kindergartens for formal discipline, which should extend up through the grades, high school, and university. As a country we are rudely undisciplined; and it is largely because we have abandoned discipline in our schools with the mistaken notion that when we make school more easy we make it more attractive and more democratic." She spoke easily. "As natural and necessary as the principle of action is the principle of inhibition; and this power we are losing. Probably our Puritan forefathers exercised it a little too freely; but we shall not make our lives any the more attractive by throwing it away entirely."

Miss Laidlaw had come from Scotland. When warm with her subject the Scotch burr was clearly evident. "We owe Mrs. Schulreisepilger an apology," she went on, "for interrupting her paper. But it is opportune I am sure. Froebel may have been philosophically right in his principles—personally I do not agree with his transcendentalism. It is very beautiful, almost naïvely so; but it fails to admit the gross facts that each child has a

divided nature, that this world is a cold, hard place to live in, and that a constant warfare must be maintained between soul and the world, and between the good and the evil in each soul. This life is more like an armed camp than a sweet-scented flower slowly maturing its full beauty. The kindergarten, had Froebel experimented further, might have allowed more for the disagreeable in life; but as we have developed it we have petted and mollycoddled all semblance of true virtue out of it. Its obvious result has been—not its result alone, but also that of the fearful optimism of our age, for it is true that Americans refuse to consider unpleasant things—its obvious result has been that our education is often an orgy of capriciousness, elective courses, neglect of disagreeable tasks, attempts by the so-called laboratory method and the like to make the disagreeable pleasant, petting children to induce them to work. It has become a Sunday-school with perennial rewards of coloured picture cards and candy boxes. There is too little spur and too much sugar-plum in our education; and this ideal has come up from the kindergarten."

Miss Laidlaw was a comely middle-aged woman with a winning smile which at first gave little hint of the inflexible honesty of spirit behind it. Children adored her, notwithstanding the fact that she made them work hard at their French and German. From her smile as she spoke now one would think that she and not the vinegar-visaged kindergarten supervisor were the natural advocate of Froebelian and Pestalozzian child training. The voice in which she spoke was so gentle, so unassuming, so devoid of all offence, that its effect on the audience was immediate. Miss Pearson glanced with a puzzled look first at Miss Laidlaw, then at her supervisor, wondering where and how much offence was to be taken. Some smiled their approval. Still, more than a few frowned at the unexpectedness and the vigour of the attack. The supervisor merely waited patiently, nodded, and said quietly: "This is a well-known criticism, and one referred to earlier. We are here not to attack the system on theoretical or philosophical grounds. We answer all such objections with the final answer, that the children who have gone through the kindergarten do better work in the grades than those who have not."

"But is that quite a fair test?" broke in my friend Mr. Nevius. "Does it not rather mean that they have been in school one year longer, and are in consequence more used to school ways? Besides,

there may be an essential similarity, notwithstanding the paper's assertion to the contrary, between the kindergarten and the elementary school. If the kindergarten is a deliquescence of the intellect and the will, so may also be the elementary and the grade school. Much the same joyous, carefree, listless abandon may reign in both. But, Mrs. Schulreisepilger, please continue your paper. This discussion is capital. It may become a true combat, and I want all of your words before we go farther into the discussion. So please pardon our interruption."

Mrs. Schulreisepilger smiled again. "I am afraid there is at least one verse from Scripture that admits of only partial application: 'No prophet is without honour save in his own country.' It is the high school that has attacked the kindergarten; and is that quite a generous battle? But to turn to the last topic of the paper, the other value of the kindergarten method:

"Quite as important as the blessing of freedom is the blessing of an education according to Nature, the process of establishing personal relations with Nature. I shall treat this very briefly, far more briefly than its importance deserves.

"We have all at times felt the passionate appeal in Rousseau's cry for a return to Nature. And though in a literal sense this is far more nearly impossible for us to-day than it was for him when he took up his residence at the Hermitage, yet in a fuller sense we can get that for which his soul hungered. For it is not as though Nature were a thing afar off. She is all about us, permeating our lives with a thousand of her subtle manifestations. Can we refuse to give her the due which is hers by right; and which she claims by appeal to our divine essence and hers? Shall we refuse to train our powers of action and observation, and fail to perceive this intimate relationship with her in her protean character whether in the country or in the city? For only by learning to be objective, by sharpening the emotions and the senses, by keeping them ever keen and alert, may we ever hope to gain the true education, the primitive education, the education according to Nature. For is it not obvious that powers which the race has been developing for countless thousands of years are potent far more than those purely subjective, intellectual faculties which have only lately been discovered and utilised?"

"Eat with our fingers," grunted Mr. Brown.

"To develop these primitive powers we have our nature study, our watching the growth of seeds, flowers, fruits; then our animal

stories, which are acted out, give the child a close sympathy with that other life not so different from ours. Every morning the child is asked what he saw at home or on his way to school, and in the telling of it is asked often to reproduce it in appropriate action. It is by such intimate observations of all forms of animate and inanimate nature that the child learns to feel himself not only a unique soul but also a part of the divine universe. Yes, we can carry this still farther. A story if only read remains to the end but an exercise of the intellect, bringing in only secondarily the sympathetic emotions of the hearer or reader. But if the child act the story, at once the primary sympathies are awakened, the imagination catches fire; for the moment the child forgets that he is John Smith or Lucy Jones, and becomes in an instant Cinderella or Jack the Giant Killer. It is necessary thus to catch the imagination or emotion of the child directly and make him apprehend rather than comprehend the object. He then more than perceives, he apperceives. (It is for this reason that we have led in the movement for what we consider ideal books for children, books written in simple, concrete words, words of one syllable.) The 'meddling intellect' which insists upon coming between the observer and the object is banished, the object is caught into the very soul, and becomes a part and parcel of the child's personality. It was this that led savages to personify nature and to see their own powers in all about them. This is the secret of all great art and poetry, the establishing of intimate, personal relations with all Nature; this is the return to Nature. And this is the ideal of the kindergarten, as it should be of all true education."

The spell which had been for a moment threatened by the high-school attack again asserted itself. The front seats were wrapped in silence until Mrs. Schulreisepilger slowly folded the manuscript, snapped open her large reticule, and slipping it in sat down. Then they broke into loud applause.

"Mrs. Schulreisepilger," broke in a neighbour of Miss Pearson, "I have been having my children draw leaves and flowers only; now I shall bring to school little animals for them to admire and perhaps to draw, caterpillars, cocoons, and even perhaps spiders and grasshoppers. And there were some lovely crickets in our cellar. The children ought to know those harmless little creatures that most people so despise. I am sure my children ought to be able to act crickets."

Mr. Nevius sniffed audibly as he rose. "There is something in the last topic that deserves careful consideration. There is such a thing possible as a training away from intellect and toward pure imagination and emotion. I fancy that such a one-sided development accounts for aberrations like Oscar Wilde and George Moore. My objection to the kindergarten method is that it does not stop where it should, where the imagination may safely be stimulated to the neglect of the intellect, but the method climbs even through the high school and the university. Our whole scheme of study has been falsely objectified, either scientifically or artistically, which latter process Mrs. Schulreisepilger has so well described in her last paragraph. Let me illustrate. Science as taught in our schools is not a synthetic study, where the powers of intellectual generalisation are called into use, as Poincaré has so well shown, but is purely an observation of isolated facts. Such is biology, chemistry, physics. The pupil observes so many experiments and makes a record of what takes place. Mathematics more and more is becoming an observational science, with its problems performed on real cubes, spheres, or string-constructed squares and circles; or it is drifting to applied mathematics in mechanics and engineering. The languages, which one would think would remain almost purely intellectual exercises, are likewise slowly giving way. Grammar is being kicked out of court because it has formal logic in its foundation, and hence is hard. English is a fine art with its emotional side uppermost, or is a visualisation of the history or meaning of certain words and figures. The foreign languages are objectified by means of charts and pictures. Their words thus stand for no concepts but merely percepts reminiscent of the charts. History is taught by stories and novels and pictures. Sociology, ethics, economics, no longer generalise, but live only in concrete instances. We live in a picture-writing age.

"Besides in most of these studies the ground of the appeal is almost purely emotional. The child must be made to enjoy his studies; so as much emotional content as possible is given even to the most abstract of the studies. There is always a great deal of the spectacular in all school science, with its crackling of Hertzian waves or its magic of mirrors, lights, and spectra. The dramatic is nearly always to the front in language study as well as in history and the social sciences, where the appeal is to their 'human interest.' Even mathematics has given a new

meaning to the term 'personal equation,' the children in algebra and geometry being amused by constructing with cardboard and strings or with wood and plaster the figures they are studying. Now within reasonable limits all this is very well. The child should enjoy his work. But we have forgotten the work in the sugar-coating.

"As a result our young people learn to think in pictures, in percepts, or memories of percepts and in the emotions these carry with them. The ability to generalise is being gradually lost; and with it will go the power of abstract thought. Let us take a petty and a serious illustration. Compare our humorous papers with, say, *Punch* or *Figaro* or even *Fliegende Blätter*. The latter usually demand a little thought before the humour is understood. They require a distinct stroke of the power of drawing generalisations or conclusions. I recall a picture in one of these: it was of a music-box from which were pouring a dozen of our popular songs and under it were the words, 'Let me write the songs of a people and I care not who writes the laws.' Compare with this the humour of Dingbat, Mutt and Jeff, or Rhino the Monk. Notice, too, in this connection the rapid advance in the influence of the 'movie,' which is due directly to the fact that it requires no thought only perception and accompanying emotion. In a higher realm read almost any editorial or leading article in our daily press. Its appeal is always purely to the direct percepts and emotions of the readers. It is almost as obvious as the 'movie.' This short paragraph from the editorial columns of a well know metropolitan daily carries its own comment: 'From being the purveyors of news and opinions in due perspective for the public, the daily and periodical press have become very largely the muckrakers of the universe, the distorters of fact, and the debauchers of thought for the masses, in whom eventually abides the fate of the republic.' This demand for highly seasoned and moving instances is not confined merely to periodical literature. By Kipling, De Maupassant, O. Henry, Masefield, and others, it has spread to the realm of pure literature; but to discuss this problem would require hours. Emotional concreteness, elementary concreteness often, is what we are demanding, and that is, I believe, due in no small measure to the picture-writing habits of our education. We are returning to primitive nature with a vengeance."

"But life itself," interrupted Mrs. Schulreisepilger, "is all

concrete, the philosophers tell us. Do we not falsify life when we turn from it to the generalisations which our intellects conventionally set up?"

"Hardly," answered Mr. Nevius, dryly. "Without the other faculty, the power of synthesising percepts into concepts, generalising with these, and with them thinking abstractly—without this faculty we should be in a bad way. Much as I admire Emerson, I believe he has done as much harm as good to our intellectual powers. He it was who, copying the vices of the German romantic poets, like a roman candle shot star after star of the first magnitude of beautiful poetic imagery and insight, but never grouped these into constellations. His thinking was done by fits of inspiration gathered from natural objects. But he never resolved these into a system, never generalised upon them. True, his thoughts were all lofty and worthy; but we have copied his vicious method and lost his fine ideals.

"Now science itself is for the scientist a huge mass of generalisations. Language is the means of arriving at judgments. History and the social sciences are a series of syntheses. Mathematics, besides being a related series of logical judgments, is an excellent mould for other thought. How comes it that we pick these to pieces, and throw the *disjecta membra* for children, like chickens, to scratch out and pick up, unless it is that we have become hypnotised by the unrelated object, and hasten to establish relationships between that object and ourselves, like the chicken and the grain of corn, instead of being truly objective and establishing relationships between the objects themselves? Our kindergarten method, with its itching desire to carry every suggestion at once into action, which is also the cry of the Montessori system, is like the chicken that gobbles down the corn, rather than like the careful farmer that plants it in the ground to grow and bring forth an hundredfold. Even chickens can have indigestion if they gobble too many grains, so children who carry into action every suggestion, every perceived object, will as surely have intellectual and emotional 'tummy ache.'

"The difficulty with the kindergarten is not with the kindergarten itself, except in its fanciful philosophy. It is rather with its boast, which it has made good, that it is the universal method of education. There comes a time, and that earlier than most of us suspect, when the child must turn inward as well as outward. The baby is probably right in regarding itself as the centre of the

universe, but age should learn better, that there is a universe without as well as one within, and that these two must be understood, the objects in each brought into relation, and the two as far as possible harmonised."

"And can you do this in your school—that is, require the intellectual effort in study it would involve on the part of the pupils, and still keep your rolls full, your pupils happy, and parents and teachers satisfied, let alone the superintendent and board?" gently inquired Mrs. Schulreisepilger.

But Mr. Nevius had already taken his coat and hat and was noisily on his way to the door.

PHILO M. BUCK, JR.

University of Nebraska.

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Vol. I. July, 1914 No. 4

I. *Literature as a Fine Art* S. H. Gass

II. *Professorial Ethics* Edgar L. Heermans

III. *Greek Accentuation* T. Hampton Abercrombie

IV. *Poetry and Archaeology* Robert Ellery

V. *Immortal Poetry* A. J. du P. Coleman

VI. *"Lusitania" and the Prize Question* Herbert B. Alexander

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LITERATURE AS A FINE ART

"The art of reasoning," says one of Wordsworth's eminent eulogists, "even the art of coherent speech, was to the poet a kind of art of lying." "The whole energy of his mind was spent to reunite what men had put asunder, to fuse in holy passion the differences that are invented by the near-sighted activities of the discriminating human intellect." "The unsophisticated perceptions and thoughts of children and of the peasantry, of half-witted human creatures and of the animals that are nearer to earth than we, lent him a more companionable guidance [than his own intellect and] to these spiritual directors he submitted his heart in humble reverence and gratitude."

I own I am not sure that the moment has come when such assertions seem to damn the poet. A few years since when they were uttered they took nothing from his eminence. They were orthodox romantic doctrine. But to-day they appear, to me for one, so discriminatingly true of Wordsworth, and at the same time so *naïve* in their intention to praise, that I have been emboldened to ask whether the shifting mood of the times may not have brought us again to Jeffrey's sense of the humours of the romantic attitude.

Romanticism was at bottom an assertion of the senses against the intellect—against what Wordsworth himself called

> ". . . the false secondary power
> That multiplies distinctions."

And it was but natural that it should have run to excess. The perception of excess is itself a distinction of the intellect. And

the romanticists repudiated the intellect. They did, perhaps, much good. They revived suppressed emotions. They gave the rein to impulses that may have been enchained by false restraints. But when they proclaimed the supremacy of the senses in matters which were in their nature essentially intellectual—in literature for example—they laid themselves open to the charge of having abandoned their wits.

Literature is intellectual, and the romantic attempt to assimilate it to the sensuous fine arts—to give it emotion without intellection, imagery without idea, style without structure—gave us a lively literature indeed, but a literature that had missed its point. It was an attempt from which literature is still suffering. But latterly, with the confusion that such a movement must inevitably bring, there has occurred a curious inversion. The fine arts have asserted an intellectual quality. We hear of the thought of a painting or a sonata. The fine arts are now popularly supposed to be the materials of culture. They are put into systems of education. Clearly here is a place to apply the power that multiplies distinctions, which Romanticism began by eschewing and has ended—with what intelligence the eschewal implies—by reasserting in an impossible place. For the fine arts can *not* convey thought, and are *not* agencies of culture. And as for literature, it is *not* a fine art.

I

To say that a painting—to take the art of painting as typical—does not convey a thought to the mind is not to affront art. It is simply to mark a distinction that corresponds to the truth that words do not present sensations to the senses. The mental reactions in the two cases are quite different. Painting gives to the mind through the senses the thing itself to be apprehended. Language, by means of arbitrary symbols, gives to the mind not the thing itself but something about the thing—some relationship, some classification, some generalisation, some cause, some effect, some attribute—something that goes on wholly in the mind and is not sensuously present in the thing itself. This latter process is thought. And I think, I am not going beyond the bounds of common usage when I add that the only vehicle of thought is statement. I can conceive no other vehicle than statement for saying, for example, "When I am grown old and

death approaches let there be no turmoil of mourning for my departure." The wish, the circumstances, the relationship between them, have no external equivalents. And though in *Crossing the Bar* Tennyson uttered the wish in what we may term sensuous language, yet there is no sensuous equivalent for what he wished to express. It is in the nature of such a process that it is internal; and it is in the nature of the arts that they are objective and appeal wholly to the senses.

To say this, however, is not to say that no thought is involved in art. Other things being equal the painter's product may indeed be enriched in its own peculiar kind by the richness of his ideas, general and technical. And to say this is not to say that the observer may do no thinking as he stands looking at the picture. He does, it is true, receive from the canvas nothing but the visual impression of things themselves. But with a given observer this may not end the matter; it does not say what in his mind the picture may evoke. A picture may evoke ideas though it can not convey them. There is no certainty that the ideas that arise in his mind are those that were in the mind of the painter as he conceived and executed the picture. Not until every line and colour, every light and shadow, shall have come, like words, to have a definite, conventional meaning, shall he be able to tell with certainty what were those thoughts and ideas. Have we on the canvas before us mother and offspring or nurse and charge? Is it a madonna, or is it Rachel with a servant's child, mourning for her children that are not? We can tell only by the title, and that is language.

It is true that if the painter, out of a rich nature and a wide experience, has attained to a keen sense for whatever unformulated laws there may be by which emotion and experience are written on men's faces, he may hope, indeed, that an observer rich too in nature and trained in those same laws will think back from the lines and shadows on brow and cheek and mouth to the same emotion or experience from which the painter started. And in truth the painter may come so near to conveying what we may term a thought as would be conveyed by the words "she loves," or "she is in trouble,"—matters which are not visual but purely ideal—though the symbolic means are uncertain even to so broad an end. If we look, however, into the range of even such possibilities we find it very narrow, largely limited to the human face and figure and the symbolic

trappings of social life, and leading back seldom more than a single step to a very general condition behind it. A piece of literature so limited in thought would be ridiculous. The observer may, of course, think as much as he pleases, just as he may think as much as he pleases whatever he may be looking at. In the presence of a picture his mental process is the same as before a silent, motionless object: what is conveyed is an image; his thoughts are his own thoughts.

What has strengthened the belief in the intellectual accomplishment of the picture has been the characteristic romantic confusion of revery, of the vacant or the pensive mood, with the process of thought. Sensuous beauty stirs the emotions; the roused emotions are thronged with imagery and fleeting suggestions; and the mind is agog with a stimulated activity very easy, especially for the romantic mind, to mistake for a flow of ideas. Now it is significant that the modern claim for thought in a picture is coincident with the growth of impressionism in art. Art of the classical school was comparatively generalised: the painter supplemented and modified his immediate perception of the object before him by the aid of his memory of that thing as seen before, and of that kind of thing as seen at various times and under varying conditions; so that the resultant picture was less strikingly unique, was sobered, was in a sense universalised. The emotional response to it was correspondingly sobered, and though it stimulated a more thoughtful attention, it never, in fact, stimulated a claim that it conveyed thought.

It is a commonplace to say that the emotions are comparatively sluggish in the presence of a generic conception, and are quickened in the presence of the specific. Impressionistic art, discarding the memory, purging the mind of all preconceptions, and endeavouring to capture the fleeting sensation of a moment's glimpse, attacks the emotions sharply with its unique image. The emotional response is all that is asked. There is no matter in the picture for thoughtful study; it must be got at a glance or wholly lost. And this impressionistic art, which in reality is far less concerned with thought than the art of the classic school, none the less stirs the emotional revery that is so easy to mistake for it. In the event it has remained for the most thoughtless art to lay the strongest claim to thought—a paradox that is not without its own tacit criticism, not only of the impressionistic school—which is beside the present point—but of the whole

romantic misnomer of the emotional revery as a process of elevated thinking.

II

Decadence arises out of the primary pursuit of secondary functions. But though we may assert that the expression of thought is the primary function of literature, and that its use to stimulate sensuous imagery is secondary and, as a primary pursuit, decadent; yet the presence of such poets as Wordsworth and his followers and of the taste that approved them makes it apparent that such a distribution of primary and secondary was not to the mind of the romantic age. Some analysis, therefore, of the nature of the elements of which literature is built—the word and the sentence—may help to fix the distinction.

At the basis of the matter is the fact that language is an affair of conventional symbols, fairly stable and fairly definite. The difficulty with line and colour, light and shadow, on the woman's brow is that men have not agreed that just those marks should mean, say, "fear for the future." Such an agreement for every mark in the picture would mean the destruction of the most valuable quality of painting—its plasticity. But the phrase "fear for the future" has for all English-speaking people a fairly uniform meaning just because they have agreed upon the significance of every mark and every sound presented to the senses. Language can convey thought because writer and reader and speaker and hearer have got together, in effect, and entered into a specific compact as to the meaning of every stroke. It is the fair degree of uniformity in this agreement that gives language its power to call up in the hearer the idea in the mind of the speaker.

It is at this point that the romanticists of art and the modern romanticists of philosophy—the pragmatists—join hands. It may therefore be worth while to make a brief examination of their respective positions in order to clarify the distinction between the word and the image, and so between literature and art. The romanticist values highly the object itself or the illusion of the object in art, and the direct emotion that the object or the illusion stimulates. To him that object is in itself the truth, and its literary value is its emotional value. The intellectual false secondary power, because it dims the vital reality of the mental

impression of such "truth," seems to him not to reach the mark. So inadequately does language convey this kind of truth that, as Wordsworth's eulogist says, "the art of reasoning, even the art of coherent speech, was a kind of art of lying." Reality is fluid, continuous; things merge into each other by imperceptible gradations; whereas words contract and crystallise and make sharp demarcations. To the romanticist, consequently, the best part of language is that which comes nearest to evoking the images of sensuous reality.

The pragmatists, for their part, though they approach the discrepancy from the opposite direction, arrive at the same dissatisfaction. They are concerned with reasoning, and they recognise that explicit reasoning is done in words. They see that the rational process takes place between concept and concept—that reasoning is not the concept of the thing itself, but the nexus between concepts. It is essential to reasoning, however, that the concepts should be clearly conceived and stable; and if the reasoning is to be true, it must concern reality as it is. But how, they ask, can this be done in words? Given the word *tree*, it corresponds to no particular tree. It names a class, but there is no such thing as class in nature, in reality. In nature there is nothing but individuals. Class is a human conception, a human convenience, a makeshift, associating a number of things no two of which are exactly alike. Looked at microscopically such a classification is gross. It may do very well for the coarse processes of everyday life, but for philosophy, where absolute truth is at stake, no reliable conclusions can be certainly arrived at by it. And moreover, if every individual member of every class had a special name, even then reasoning with those names would not be reliable, for aside from the fatal impossibility of generalisation, nothing remains the same for successive moments. Organic matter wastes and builds; inorganic matter disintegrates; ions speed away into space leaving the original entity less and forever different. Everything is flux, so that absolute truth, if attainable one instant, would not be true the next. Such is the logic, whether romantic or pragmatic—if indeed these are not two names for the same thing—of those whose prime concern is for *thing*.

If the universe is looked at from the point of view of *things*, it may well be true that *things* are insufficiently stable to act as the premises of reasoning—that they change even while the reasoning

process is going on, so that when the conclusion is reached the premises are no longer valid. From the point of view of humanity, however, which has invented the rational process for its own use, such reasoning—for even the pragmatists reason vigorously—is beside the point. For the human mind there stands in the midst of changing individual exemplars a class name *tree*, which indicates a conception more stable than any single exemplar—an intellectual convenience because it is more stable. When the need comes to apply a rational idea to a particular sensuous case, recognition must indeed be made of the individual variation from the class type. But the need of such adjustment is inherent in the human situation: thought and sense perception are not the same thing; each takes place, so to speak, in its own compartment forever disjoined from the other save for the connecting link of the intuition. Reality is in truth a flux, a chaos. Into the midst of it the human intelligence has been thrust. It possesses, on the one hand, the mirroring power of the sense perceptions; but they alone would give it no bearings. It has, on the other hand, the power of conceiving relationships. If this power is to be of any service in orientating the chaos it must, it is true, establish a connection with the sense perceptions. But for its own proper exercise the matter with which it deals must in itself be stable or there can be no reliability of conclusion. Reality and the sense perceptions not being stable, the intellect must in its own compartment erect those correspondent concepts by which the world of reality is stably orientated. Fundamental to this process of orientating the chaos is classification, then a symbol for the class, and so at last a stable datum for the reason. Whether or not with Plato we explicitly believe in an ideal prototype, fixed and eternal, of which the fluctuating reality is but an indifferent imitation, we must, if we reason at all, postulate such a stable prototype. Such a thing is the basis of reasoning; without it there could be no reasoning. To rebuke it for its discords with reality is to misapprehend its nature. A consciousness aware of no ideal stability, aware of nothing but the incalculable flux, could never have arrived at the conception of reason.

And so the pragmatist, viewing the process of reasoning from the point of view of the flux, casts his doubts upon it, as well he may. The Rhennish salmon might well doubt his ability to build a Cologne cathedral of Rhennish water. The romanticist and the pragmatist, swimming in the flux of things, may well doubt their

ability to build anything stable of the stuff of that fluid medium. Reason is not founded on the basis of the incalculable flux. Reality and language belong to two distinct categories. Words, the symbols of concepts, belong to the stratum of thought and reason, not to the stratum of reality and sense perceptions. Art, which simply adds an object to be perceived by the senses, belongs to the stratum of reality.

Thus pragmatism, though in its own activity somewhat futile, does us the momentary service of clarifying the distinction between the word and the image, and so the fundamental distinction between literature and art.

If we look to the mere complex elements of language we have but a more obvious confirmation of the belief that the peculiar function of literature is to convey thought. Language has universally evolved the statement—so uniformly, indeed, that we may think of the statement as we do of the word—as innate. And the statement is peculiarly limited to the process of bringing concepts into relationship and uttering truths about them—a process that in its nature is one of thought. The words in a statement, being mere symbols and not the things themselves or the illusions of them, can in themselves, unlike the painting, put nothing new into the mind of the reader. Their only power, as individual words, is to call up to the centre of his attention ideas that are already stored in his mind. But they have, in grammatical succession, this power: they can put the ideas that are already stored in his mind into new combination. The whole process; the whole point of the statement is to bring the images, the ideas, the concepts that are embodied in words and already held in solution in the reader's mind, into new and significant relationships. And this is a process of thought. This is the creative power of the statement; it is the only creative power of the statement; it is, as a consequence, the only creative power of literature. It is significant, therefore, for our conclusion, that the only creative power of literature is a matter of thought.

Naturally enough, however, an individual mind may fall far short of the collective mind through which a language has evolved, and turning back upon the intellectual path may cast aside the classification or other relationship symbolised in the single word, and substitute a single image. *Tree* may evoke a particular tree; *justice* may be simplified to a single circumstance.

The simpler the mind and the more meagre the experience, the more individual, when that experience is called upon, will be the conception that comes in response to the symbol. If I have seen but few trees, and but few instances to which I have attached the term *justice*, and if I have been far more concerned with things than with thoughts, my mental response to those terms will be correspondingly sharp, and individual, and concrete.

From some such fact arises our saying that children and savages have more vivid imaginations than civilised men. No doubt from some such conception did Wordsworth "submit his heart in humble reverence and gratitude" to the "spiritual direction" "of children and of the peasantry, of half-witted human creatures, and of the animals that are nearer to earth than we." No doubt from some such fact did he prefer, in his theory of poetic diction, words which in such mouths were most free from intellectual content. And though he was by no means able to live up to his theory in his choice of words, yet the very quality of his poetic purpose was displayed in it. He strove to go counter to the inherent function of his medium and make his words serve the simple end of evoking the simple image—the end pursued by the painter. He did pretty well. For even the cultivated mind, by virtue of its power to fill in a generic conception with the individual elements which it involves, can simplify the general into the particular; and so it is possible, even for such a mind, to use words in a way almost to eliminate thought, and do little more than create an image.

In the sentence too it is possible so to combine words as to reduce to a minimum the mind's attention to the relationship inherent in the sentence form. There are colourless verbs, verbs that declare sensuous acts, connectives that merely locate objects in visual space, so that here too it is possible to produce upon the reader's mind an impression approximating that of the painting.

> ". . . I saw a crowd,
> A host of golden daffodils;
> Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

It is not that such mere imagery is impossible in words and sentences; it is not even that such imagery is illegitimate in literature. Such imagery is among the valuable possibilities at its command. The evil is that they should be elevated to the

first place as Wordsworth elevated them. How inadequate such an inversion is, is recognised by Wordsworth's own eulogist. "How," he asks, "except in some transcendental sense, can a moral expression be given to a sunset? No clearly rounded period can reproduce that marvel with all its vague messages to the heart. And it was this sort of power, and this sort of beauty, that was the inspiration of Wordsworth's poetry." His aim, in other words, was to use language, not for intellectual and moral ends, but for sensuous and æsthetic ends. It is for such primary use of a secondary function that Wordsworth subjects himself to the criticism of being a decadent; and it is against a taste that tolerates the confusion which such decadence entails that it seems timely to repeat, and ever to repeat the protest of Lessing—the protest of those in whose vision of life literature fills a nobler place than that of pander to the senses.

How wrong the romanticists' conception of the function of literature is, has a demonstration perhaps more convincing than that of the nature of words and sentences. The word and the sentence are not the consciously wrought elements of literature. They are linguistic, and descend to us out of the darkness. What may be held as more significant, therefore, is the *conscious* use to which they have been successfully and persistently put. The *genres* which have grown up under conscious selection should show what, historically, has been the deliberate judgment of men in the matter.

That language is the one medium suited to the conveyance of thought is sufficiently declared by the fact that it has always been the prime agent of those processes that are wholly matters of thought—criticism, science, philosophy, even pragmatic philosophy. The doubt and confusion, however, with which we are now concerned arises about those other *genres* to which other than intellectual and moral ends have been attributed—those which are more narrowly called pure literature—the epic, the prose narrative, the drama, and the lyric. These are the consciously wrought *genres* which have given rise to the fusion of literature and the fine arts.

The distinction, however, now that we are on the ground, seems even here simple enough. Though there are other ends to which painting may be used, such as matter-of-fact illustration, the fine art of painting in common with the other fine arts has had uniformly an æsthetic end. It is the fundamental character-

istic of the æsthetic that it appeals to the mind through the sense, that the senses are the medium of our perception of beauty —that beauty, except in a merely figurative sense, inheres only in sensible objects. The intellectual, on the other hand, has no direct relation to beauty. It resides, not in the sensuous things in which beauty may inhere, but in the mental nexus between them. We should expect, therefore, that just as the processes that make use of the sensuous media—painting, sculpture, music, and architecture—have an æsthetic end; those which make use of an intellectual medium should have an intellectual and moral end. This, we should say, moreover, would be still more undoubtedly the case if, as far as could be judged from history, these latter processes—the literary—had grown up through a demand for their intellectual and moral accomplishment. And in fact such is the actual case. What is the most striking verdict of the past, indeed, is the utter absence of any recognised literary *genre* wholly given over to those æsthetic purposes which characterise the fine arts. Even though it is entirely possible for language to approximate such a purpose, no such *genre* has survived.

It is not that such a possibility has been until our modern times unknown. It is not that we have discovered a new use for an old instrument. Such a use is as old as literature—sufficiently old, at least, to have provoked Plato's protest when he saw it unduly emphasised, and to have characterised Plato's practice in moderation and subordinately to an intellectual purpose. It is highly significant, therefore, that though men have been fully aware of the sensuous possibilities of language, yet no *genre* corresponding to the epic, the prose narrative, the drama, and the lyric has persisted of which the prime function is purely sensuous. The sensuous element in all the persistent types has been wholly subordinate and secondary.

It is not difficult, on the other hand, to believe that these persistent types do in fact owe their survival to their intellectual element. What is difficult is to imagine a narrative—using the term loosely to cover the epic, the novel, and the short story—in which the successive events have nothing to do with each other—in which, in other words, the intellectual and moral relationship of cause and effect is not the informing element. We may indeed have a volume of short stories or ballads in which such a chain is constantly broken. That, however, is not a matter of literature but of the bindery. When the line of cause and effect ends, the

piece of literature as such ends. If our concern were purely æsthetic it would make no difference whether the successive events were interrelated—whether we knew of the early seduction of Tess, whether we knew that Sohrab and Rustum were son and father, we should be concerned with each successive image for itself, just as we demand no antecedent picture to the *Mona Lisa;* no subsequent picture to a landscape of Corot.

So completely is our concern in a novel or an epic bound up with the relationship of cause and effect—a purely intellectual conception—that we can not conceive such types of literature without it; and indeed without it such types could not exist. Even should we reduce the narrative to such sensuous simplicity as Daudet has done in his "pastels"—to minute particles—and reduce each particle as nearly as may be to a series of objective sensuous images, yet those pastels gain each its significance from the idea to which the sensuous images belong. "The little Dauphin is ill; the little Dauphin is dying," begins one; and the significance of a whole series of images is thus gained—else why mention the fact? Before we are through we have sensuous images enough to warrant the conclusion, expressed in the Dauphin's own words, that in the presence of death earthly rank is of little comfort. The very quality of narrative is this relationship—a fact that separates it sharply and forever from the purely sensuous purpose of the piece of fine art. For what is the significance of this demand for cause and effect, this concern for consequences and conclusions, but an intellectual curiosity, and ultimately a moral compunction in the presence of life? It is true that with a given reader the intellectual and moral essence may be obscured, just as with a given observer the æsthetic value of a work of art may be obscured. And in a given narrative the intellectual and moral value may be low just as may the æsthetic value of a piece of fine art. None the less the aim of each is determined, not by the obtuse reader or observer, or by the unsuccessful example, but by the touchstones which long experience has applied, and by which have been determined the surviving types. In literature that touchstone has been men's intellectual interest and moral concern in the spectacle of human life.

That Aristotle agrees with this idea may be nothing; but that Aristotle's judgment has been confirmed by the judgment of ages; and that those trial types that have not conformed to this

judgment have been willingly let die by men who have never heard of Aristotle or his judgment, is not without significance. We skip, not the action, but the description, not the current of cause and effect, but the part that stops to give a sensuous image. Our concern is intellectual and moral.

In the drama this is even more obviously true. Here the whole demand is for so close-wrought a chain of causal relationships that no room is left for deviation, no chance for sensuous description; and though the whole is sensuously enacted before the spectator, yet the significance is wholly in the causal relation revealed in the words. Every unmotivated action is a blemish.

The lyric at first sight seems to offer more difficulty. It is in lyric poetry that the romanticists have found their pleasantest grounds. It was the decadent lyric poets that the moralist Plato railed against more than two thousand years ago. It was the decadent lyric poets that the moralist Tolstoi railed against the other day. All literature is susceptible to the over-cultivation of its subordinate qualities, and the lyric is peculiarly susceptible. For its avowed attempt is to present an idea in all its moving power. Emotion may be stimulated by the concrete matter of the poem whether the idea is present or not; and there is the chance of the romanticist. Nothing can prevent one who has no intellectual tastes, and for whom life is a matter of beer and skittles and the titillation of his sensibilities, from ignoring the one and indulging the other.

And yet in the nature of the lyric seems to be sufficient indication that here as in other poetry the idea is primary and the emotion secondary. The persistent types are characterised by their ideas. The ode sets out with its idea; the sonnet with its idea; the elegy with its idea. The love lyric, classified by its emotion, falls back, in the event, for its materials upon thoughts about this pregnant feeling.

> "Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
> Youth's a stuff will not endure."

The lyric, like the other *genres* that use the intellectual medium, seems to be rational in its intention.

The confusion in the case of the lyric, and to a degree in the whole case of literature, arises out of the romantic identification of all the emotions as æsthetic. Now if anything may be said of the æsthetic it is that it is one of the co-ordinate exercises of the

mind, parallel with the intellectual, the moral, the religious, and others. And of the emotions it may be said that they are not co-ordinate with the intellectual, the moral, and so on, but are concomitant with them all; that they are the running obbligato to all the other preoccupations of consciousness. There are intellectual emotions, so to say, that arise at the perception of logical relationships and ideas, such as every thinking being experiences at the triumphant moment of understanding or discovery:

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken."

The love of truth is an intellectual emotion. There are moral emotions such as love, hate, terror, pity, sympathy, and the host of feelings that arise over this most extensive preoccupation of humanity. There are emotions that accompany sensation. Of these last, those that arise at the sight or sound or imagination of sensuous beauty are properly described as æsthetic. To endeavour to spread the term *æsthetic* to all emotions is to render it meaningless; yet how ready the decadent is to do so is shown in his eagerness to bring even Aristotle to his aid and claim him as an æstheticist because he has said that the service of tragedy is to rouse and purge the emotions of terror and pity in the minds of the spectator.

Why the decadent is so anxious to identify all the emotions as æsthetic is perhaps not difficult to understand. The æsthetic is felt to be an end in itself; it is an enjoyment pure and simple; it looks no farther than the moment of its experience; it has no ulterior responsibilities. It is the easiest of all ends, for its basis is in what all men inherently possess—the sensations—and its attainment is spontaneous and pleasant. The other ends claimed for literature are on the contrary more difficult. The intellect grows only under rigid discipline; its exercise is bound by exacting standards. The moral sense is weighted with the direst responsibilities. The intellectual and the moral together are fraught with the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world. The æsthetic is the escape from all this. Not but that such an escape in its proper sphere, in its own city of refuge, is a boon. The sense of beauty is one of the choicest possessions of mankind. But if all cities, even the capital city, are to be turned into cities of refuge, where are order and justice to be administered?

To think of literature as primarily æsthetic in its purpose would appear to be one of the shifts of mental lassitude, an evasion of the pains of thought, of the burden of moral obligation. It is possible to be too rigid in our conclusions—to look too wholly without bowels of sympathy upon that beauty in literature which gives it much of its charm, and by endearing it to our intenser affections makes its sterner aspects more lovely and acceptable. Literature without the grace of beauty—Ibsenism, Zolaism—is, like the life it depicts, a repulsive thing. Yet if we think of the nature of words, of the nature of language, of the nature of those demands under which the persistent types of literature have developed, it is hard to escape the conclusion that literature is primarily, not æsthetic, but intellectual and moral. Our protest is not against a thing, but against an excess; not against a proportion, but against a disproportion.

The robust intelligence, unafraid of the rigours of its own exercise, finds some censure to bestow upon a lassitude that would, for its own sensuous gratification, spread abroad the rumour that literature belongs to the realm of sensations and sensuous emotions—some censure to bestow upon a literary taste that would elevate to a high place in its regard a poetry that ministers to mental lassitude, and, like the *Daffodils*, has little point save the gratification of the sensuous emotions. For my own part, realising that in the last analysis human nature is the most important element in life, I humbly dare to propose human nature with all its complexity, its subtle fluidity, its mysterious consciousness, as the subject of literature. And recognising that literature must reflect this complexity, I believe that this reflection can be thrown by no mere sensuous surface, after the manner of the fine arts. It must be more than simply visual, and more than simply auditory.

To accomplish its purpose the spirit of literature has sought out the one medium suited to intellectual ends, has used that medium exclusively, and has developed only *genres* whose organic structure is wholly intellectual. In view of these considerations I can conclude only that literature is not a fine art ministering to the emotions, but a reflection of human nature, intellectual in its mode, critical in its spirit, and moral in its function.

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PROFESSORIAL ETHICS

We are aware that a lawyer, by the very nature of his profession, comes into peculiar relations with his clients, and therefore with other lawyers, with the courts, and with the outside world. By reason of the trust that is reposed in him, there are many things which he might do in an underhand way to gain personal advantage. All this, however, has been in some degree rectified by the development of a code of professional ethics, of such character that the man who offends against it is damaged by a certain loss of caste. The physician, in like manner, has to a marked degree the trust and the ear of his patients; and he might gain many an unfair advantage, either by betraying the confidences of his patients or by using his opportunity to foster damaging estimates concerning the skill of other physicians, his natural rivals. But here again the code of professional ethics becomes clear and explicit. The honourable man is thus warned concerning the things which he should not do by reason of his peculiar professional situation; and the man of less keen moral susceptibilities may even feel as a threat the strong class consciousness that is in this way called into action.

Now does the university service possess a distinctive professional code comparable with these? If so, what are some of its characteristics?

It is evident, I think, that the academic service is much less clear in the matter. In fact, I have sometimes been in doubt whether a faculty man, in order to discern his duty in any given case, really needs anything more than the sincere purpose of an honourable man; in doubt, I mean, whether we require or largely make use of an organised system of taboos placed ready at our hand by a developed class consciousness. And yet something of this kind seems to be often in evidence—sometimes, indeed, in a very beneficial manner. In order to see its nature a little more distinctly, we need to analyse briefly the relations which members of a faculty bear to one another, and the peculiar obligations which arise from the very organisation and structure of a modern university.

It is clear that the professor has a peculiar influence over his

students, partly by reason of the respect in which they hold his advice upon personal matters, and partly by reason of his power to indoctrinate them with his own fond opinions. It is evident, too, that this influence is a source of advantage to himself; and from this fact arises the temptation, in manifold forms, to foster it by unfair methods and to use it for unfair ends. And then again, there are placed in his hands the reputations and to a certain degree the interests and destinies of his colleagues, who are also in some sense his competitors. He will of necessity influence the rating of these men, and the breadth of appeal of the subjects they are administering; and it lies near at hand to exercise this influence in a manner dictated by his personal interests.

We first meet our students in a personal way, many times in discussion concerning their projected courses of study. They desire our advice about wise selections and the studies that are best worth while. And here at once is presented a series of ethical crises for the professor, of which the student is usually quite unaware. The intellectual interests of a lifetime, familiarity, and appreciation, all combine with personal profit to emphasise one's own topic and its related courses. And indeed, the subject is a vital one, concerning the significance of which the student is at the moment in good faith making inquiry. The student *wants* its best meaning to be made known to him. Why should we not stress it? And yet if we do so in disproportionate manner, we are yielding to some of the most unlovely forms of the self-seeking impulse, are outraging the real meaning of the student's request for wise advice, and are taking a distinctly unfair advantage of our colleagues. The only consideration that could possibly make it seem fair is the cynical reflection that while I am influencing this student my rival over the way is also making hay to the best of his ability with whatever material happens to come in *his* way.

Now while we deprecate this situation, I do not see that we find it very possible to set the dogs of academic ethics upon the offenders in these matters. And our hesitation does not arise entirely, perhaps, from a budding appreciation of the measure of truth contained in the old theological dogma that if perfect justice were done we should all be damned. The fact is that the situation is so complex that we simply cannot get at it with a code consciousness. These subjects that we handle *are* signifi-

cant, and their significance *ought* to be made known. The elements in the situation which at one time are entirely unfair may at another time, with only a slight change in environment, become entirely proper. It is a well-known fact that a law which cannot be enforced, or an ethical precept which cannot be applied, will cease to have binding force.

And yet, even if we cannot develop an academic code in this matter as definite or binding as that of the lawyer or the physician, that does not mean that the offence is to be passed over, or that we should allow the conscienceless self-seeker to have his way without let or check. Can we not vigorously maintain the demand that every man who exercises this function shall bring to it the alert conscience of an honourable man, imbued with a high purpose? The man who assumes to influence the curriculum of a student, and thus to condition his whole life and thought, has entered upon holy ground. And if the members of any faculty come to learn that in any one of their colleagues an attitude exists which knows nothing of this, may they not vigorously bring to bear against such an one the pressure of censure on grounds of academic ethics? Indeed, I think we should add something still further. The man who is to influence courses of study should possess not only the moral qualities of honour and fairness, but also the intellectual qualities of breadth of view and appreciation of the deeper meaning of culture and of a modern university. I think that as a group we may maintain the spirit of these demands in a broad way, and sink it deeply into the consciousness of the members of the university teaching staff; although for the carrying out of this spirit in complex detail we must still fall back, I suppose, upon the personal rectitude of each individual.

After the student has chosen his course, he next feels the professor's influence through the content of the things that are taught. And here a certain latitude of selection, often a very wide latitude, is within the professor's power. The ethical problems involved at this point deal largely with the motives and objectives which should control such selection.

In the modern university the pressure to build up a reputation for creative research and originality is tremendous. In this way many a professor is led so to organise his courses that he may bring in a large amount of his own writing and thinking. In the extreme form of this activity some courses amount to

little more than studies of the personal opinions of the professor; while there is an abundance of milder forms in which the fads and fancies of the professor have greatly overlaid the body of truth that is of general acceptability. Courses of this nature, like a debased currency, soon cease to have a standard value; and the matter may amount to a very genuine abuse, in which the interests of the student are sacrificed to the vanity or private welfare of the professor.

In dealing with this situation, we should probably find it unwise and impossible to exclude the theories that are unique and original. In particular, the rare man should clearly stand far above such a law. But it seems wise to hold before all the moral obligation which we are under to teach the "truth," in the sense of the body of doctrine generally accepted, approved, and standardised. Whatsoever is more than this should always be clearly presented before the student in the light of personal opinion, and except in the case of the rare man should not bulk so large as to threaten the standard quality of the course.

On the other hand, professors may sometimes influence the choices of students even before coming into personal contact with them. The methods employed for this purpose, or at least a portion thereof, go by the name of *advertising*. The situation is not free from its ambiguities and perplexities. It is rather clear that some kinds of advertising are entirely legitimate. That which comes from the development of a considerable body of students who gladly say, "I got a great deal out of that course," seems greatly to be commended. If what the students say is, "I found that course mighty easy," one has less enthusiasm. In general, however, it would seem that any favourable fame which issues from the merit of the subject directly, or from excellence in its administration, and which can grow of itself without stimulants from the doctor is to be regarded as sound and worthy. It is desirable, in fact, that desirable things shall be known as desirable. But wherever the professor has to use adventitious means, and in particular where he reverts to the cheap tricks of commercial advertising, then the academic consciousness may well become alert. Getting one's name into the papers and before the student vision on every occasion and no occasion, cultivating athletics with an ulterior motive, canvassing for students—well, these things indicate depths of depravity that are now happily rather rare upon every well-

regulated campus. Perhaps most university men are rather too diffident, indeed, concerning any form of public recognition which may seem to depend in any degree upon their own personal and deliberate efforts. At least I am sure that some horns are not sounded so loudly as they might well be, while the more strident noises that sometimes make themselves heard so readily are liable in a relatively short time to "move into another street."

When we turn to consider the more direct relations that faculty men bear to one another, we are met at once by the fact that to a remarkable degree they have in keeping one another's reputations. And this is a very serious matter—a matter to which, I regret to say, many men are never adequate. It is so readily possible, by carping criticism, sarcasm, or that delightful form of speech which the darkey called "insinuendo," to bring into doubt the standing and merits of men even of very genuine and substantial worth, that I think we are justified in turning against this whole business with the same vigour we should use in stamping out a nest of rattlesnakes. The lower stages of this vice, I suppose, are manifested in a certain haughtiness regarding men in other universities. One may refuse to recognise their merits, and brand them as "asses." I confess that when, as sometimes happens in academic circles, I hear this designation applied to some absent professor, I experience a revulsion of feeling. I remember that even a rattlesnake warns its victim before it strikes. I am sure that we are using a very poor means of honouring our own university, if we are inconsiderate of the earned reputations and genuine worth of men in other institutions.

Of course, the other side of the story is that we *must* judge men and reputations, and must make our judgment effective. Further, our standards may properly be high, provided only they be not unreasonably so. Here, again, it would seem that the possession of a genuinely honourable spirit is the root of the matter, and that it is difficult to formulate specifically academic rules. Yet the opportunities for quiet and sly knifing in academic life are so manifold, the temptation is so ever present, and I fear the usage is so common, that I am willing to unloose the hounds of professional ethics at this kind of thing and to urge them on with special vigour.

When we look at the situation within any given university,

complexities multiply. Cliques and alliances have formed, personal antagonisms and professional rivalries have become acute, and even differences of theoretical estimation concerning scientific or philosophical questions have often developed into matters that bear in an important way upon the very life-work of this professor or of that; while behind it all is ever the struggle for larger relative influence with the students. Now we are meeting in our classrooms and in our offices, all the time, the results of our colleagues' work, as they are presented in the views and training of our students. We must of necessity estimate this work which we thus see in its results; and it often turns upon ideas divergent in some ways from our own. In our own classrooms we are inculcating our own views. How inevitable that we should express a depreciatory estimate of the other view; and how natural that this should creep back into a reflection upon the competence of the other man. To use a phrase from childhood, we "deny the allegation, and defy the alligator." And an alligator that is not present *in propria persona* is not so very difficult to defy; but some people find it difficult to draw the line between a proper and necessary analysis of ideas, on the one hand, and a personal insinuation and reflection, on the other. And then, as we pass from our classrooms, to close conference with our trusty friends, we express still more freely what we really thought. And the damage is done.

Now I do not care to deny that some men sometimes need to be harshly judged. Some kings should be driven from the throne by force of arms. But when we appreciate to what degree personal interest is likely to enter into the harsh judgment we are tempted to make of a colleague, and what a damnable thing it is to strike him behind his back in order to secure a petty advantage or satisfaction for ourselves, I think we shall learn to be more thoughtful and restrained in this matter. And shall we not foster a spirit which will make every man feel that he is losing standing with all decent fellows, as soon as he displays anything but kindly consideration for the reputations of his colleagues? I have understood that there are still several universities in which such a spirit could be developed to advantage.

Aside from the matter of reputation and personal attitude, there are certain other relations which issue from the official organisation of a university; for instance the relation of deans

and members of the faculty, or of president and heads of departments, and in particular the relations of the head of departments to the subordinate members of the departmental staff. When we shall all have learned both to command and to obey, I suppose this subject will present very little difficulty. In the meantime I conceive that this relation may differ somewhat, according to the nature of the department and the departmental staff. In idea, however, it seems to me that the state universities of the mid-west are passing through a stage of incomplete organisation, towards a condition of complete organisation; and that the nature of the authority which may properly be exercised by the head of a department is undergoing a corresponding change. During the stage of incomplete organisation the subordinates in the department are young men, low in rank and salary, and presumably inferior in point of ripeness of scholarship and maturity of influence. In that case, the head is responsible for the order and tone of his department as a whole, and may properly dress the work throughout it all. As we approach more nearly a developed university, however, it must come about that to a greater and greater degree subordinate men will be still mature scholars, attached to the institution for life; men entirely competent to arrange their own work, presumably more competent, indeed, in some phase of the department, than is its titular head. This is now the situation, of course, in the large eastern universities. When this condition of more complete organisation is reached, I suppose that the departmental staff will work together more nearly as a board of equals, as is the usage now in certain great universities. The co-ordination of the department's work is of course a necessary objective, and would doubtless be sought by all, or could be enforced by the head. But in the long run it is inconceivable that this little matter should be made the ground for allowing one mature scholar to exercise over another mature scholar an authority which might penetrate deeply into the nature of the latter's life-work and life-plans.

Now it is scarcely possible, in a brief discussion like this, even to touch upon all of our most delicate ethical problems: the situations are too complicated. May we not demand, however, that our university men shall become vividly conscious of the temptations to unfairness that beset us in so many ways in our university environment, and shall determine, each man

for himself, that he will not do those things? The university professor's function is a consecrated one, by virtue of its intellectual leadership, its profound and worthy influence, and the spirit of justice which must be exemplified in its dealing with the students. Shall we not each catch the vision of its splendid significance, and resolve that no action of ours under the influence of personal motive shall sully the honour which ought to grace this noble function? Shall we not indeed *organise* this high estimate into a communal consciousness that shall shame into acquiescence any poor unfortunate who may be unable to discern the deeper meanings of things? If so, that will be our Professorial Ethics; but it appeals to me not so much as a class code, as the essential idealism of the noble work to which our lives are dedicated.

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GREEK NATIONALISM AND HOME RULE IN THE FOURTH CENTURY, B.C.

A certain view of fourth century Greek politics is familiar. We mean what may be called the Demosthenic theory in which nearly all English and American readers of history have agreed. It assumes Athens to have been a real democracy, a government of freedom, the great bulwark of liberty for the entire Greek world at the time. It sets down Philip of Macedon as a barbarian. It maintains that his conquest of Greece before it was completed was of right feared as the death of Greek liberty, just as when executed it actually killed Greek liberty and buried it out of sight. Demosthenes in opposing first Philip and then Alexander, so runs the well-known contention, was not only a hearty patriot but an altogether wise patriot, those who favoured the Macedonian being deficient in true Greek spirit, except perhaps Phocion and a few others whose character stands so high that no one can impugn it. Over these it is the fashion to heave a sigh. They were misguided, very likely wishing well to their country, but too ignorant to know what was for its best good.

For this common, popular, and time-honoured view, and for the tenacity with which it continues to be held, there are many reasons. It was burned into the souls of many of us by the hot periods of that incomparable orator, Demosthenes himself. Such as have read his orations are apt to be so bewitched by his eloquence and apparent frankness, so overpowered by his masterly argument, and so dazed by his brilliant invective, that they insensibly adopt his position without due reflection upon the evidence now available to substantiate a contrary one. The great number of general readers, who know nothing of Demosthenes at first hand, have still heard and read so much in his praise that they suppose him well-nigh infallible. Forgetting that there are two sides to this as to every question, and hardly remembering Isocrates or Phocion even by name, when the name of Demosthenes is pronounced they freely applaud him as the intrepid and knowing sage of Greece's vital crisis, whom all true patriots to the end of time must delight to honour.

But Demosthenes is understood to argue for democracy, for

a free polity, for a constitutional form of government; and among all to whom the institutions of freedom are dear this is an additional reason for siding with him. In what degree Athens possessed a statehood like the democracy which is so popular in the twentieth century we shall inquire farther on.

Another influence of tremendous weight in support of the Demosthenic contention is the attitude and argument of George Grote, the historian. Grote wrote so much upon Greek history, and for the most part so well, giving law to the great majority not only of those who read but also of those who write Greek histories, and maintaining this authority of his through so many years, that we have contracted the habit of accepting his assertions without challenge. His opinion, moreover, touching the matter before us, is presented in so enthusiastic and unhesitating a manner that if any ever incline to entertain scruples in respect to its truth, they are in danger of being swept off their feet by his very positiveness.

Grote, very able man though he was, was not infallible. In governmental theory he was one of the worst doctrinaires who ever put pen to paper. Along with a few of his contemporaries like James and John Stuart Mill, Ricardo and Roebuck, Grote was still under the infatuation of French Revolutionary ideas. These thinkers were profoundly impressed with the belief that all possible human happiness would come with the perfect triumph of democracy. Democracy, the world's one thing needful! This was the creed of the Gallican political church whose pope Robespierre came to be. The English radicals of a hundred years ago also all subscribed to it. Nearly everyone of them had recanted by the date of Waterloo, but the elect persevered in the faith, and Grote was one of them. One may thoroughly believe in free government without expecting from its prevalence so much of a millennium as these enthusiasts were sure it would bring.

Still another very powerful influence helps beguile us into accord with Demosthenes. It is that of the immortal Thucydides. In his history of the Peloponnesian War Thucydides makes everything turn upon the fate of Athens. One gets from him the impression that if Athens only remained and prospered everything must go well with Greece, and that on the other hand the fall or humiliation of Athens would of necessity be the undoing of all Greece. Thucydides so trains us in this manner of thought

that we become disqualified to consider coolly the question whether the fortunes of Greece might not possibly have risen or fallen in some other way. When therefore we jump the half century from Thucydides to Demosthenes, Demosthenes's theory of what was public policy in his day has over us an illogical advantage. We are predisposed to fall in with his estimates, to throw up our hats at every victory of the Athenian state, to curse the foes of Athens as the foes of mankind, dangerous in proportion to their might, and with all our pulmonary powers to re-echo the great orator's passionate outbursts against Philip and his party.

In all this are we not entirely or almost entirely mistaken? May not Demosthenes have been wrong in his conviction? May not he have been, if not less whole of heart, at least less wise than we have been wont to suppose him? Were Philip and Alexander either in purpose or in fact so inimical to Greek freedom or so truly the pests of the world as Demosthenes makes out? May not Phocion, the most conspicuous of Demosthenes's antagonists, have been quite as zealous in Greek patriotism as his more eloquent rival, with a very much larger and saner judgment regarding the proper public policy for Athens and Greece to pursue at that perplexing time?

Two special considerations force the historian to ponder these questions. The first is the character of Phocion. This is certainly impressive, even as presented in Grote. All the historians love to dwell upon Phocion's integrity, his splendid generalship, and even, touching most matters, his wisdom. Read Plutarch's account of Phocion, and you will find yourself unable to think that the opposition to Demosthenes and his policy by so clear-headed and public-spirited a man could have been wholly ill-founded.

The other cause which bends attention to this portion of Greek history is the analogy thereto furnished by German history since Napoleon. The great problem of Greek politics in the fourth century B.C. was precisely that of German politics in the days of Metternich and Bismarck. In tracing this parallel, compare Philip and Alexander with Bismarck, France and Austria with the Persian power, Phocion with the great men of the German National Liberal party of '66 and '70, and Demosthenes with Gagern, Rotteck, and the other zealous particularists devoted to small-state autonomy from 1848 to the achievement of German unity. This parallel is almost complete at every point.

As the real weal of Germany in our times has been and is bound up in the fortunes of Prussia, so in Phocion's day it was not for the interest of Greece as a whole or even of Athens to defeat Philip and Alexander. As William I and Bismarck, with all their selfishness and rapacity, were the evident agents of destiny in unifying and strengthening the fatherland, so the Macedonian monarchs were ordained to fuse Greece by fire into one whole. On the other hand, just as a real and most natural attachment to his immediate state led Rotteck mistakenly to defend its separate sovereignty, fighting Prussia as a dangerous and ruinous mischief-maker when she was not so, in precisely the same way narrow but deep love for Athens induced Demosthenes to antagonise with all his might the southward advance of Macedonian power, supposing that thus he was nobly serving Athens and all Greece, whereas he was in fact multiplying the sorrows of both. This being so, Phocion stands forth as the eminent and wise Athenian of the time, while Demosthenes, whom we have so long implicitly followed, is made to appear poor in political wisdom if not in sincerity and integrity.

Dr. John Skelton among "Some Reminiscences of Froude," in *Blackwood's* for December, 1894, relates an utterance which Froude once made in a party of members of Parliament, that "throughout human history the great orators had been invariably proved wrong." The account says that there were "shrieks of indignation" at Froude's utterance; but that "at last it was allowed that facts looked as if it were true." No doubt it was in part Gladstone's oratory that led Froude to say: "I do not love Beaconsfield, but I love Gladstone less."

We do not here challenge the moral character of Demosthenes. It is quite clear that he never stood so high in the estimation of his countrymen, even those of his own party, as Phocion did, and there were doubtless the best of reasons for this. Certain acts of his were mean and indefensible. But let this pass. The man had his excellent traits. His countrymen recognised in him a true patriot. The welfare of Athens, as he saw it, and that of Greece too, as he saw it, were dear to him. All will give him credit for meaning well. The judgment expressed is that he was mistaken at almost every point in his estimate of what was best. Neither were the great Macedonian characters, on the other hand, saintly or impeccable. They were no single-minded toilers for the welfare of Greece. Personally

both of them were very imperfect. As statesmen and warriors, too, they acted more or less selfishly. Inordinate ambition possessed them. In love of country they are to be ranked with Napoleon and Julius Cæsar rather than with Washington. The contention is that they both saw with clear eye the vanity of the old Greek *régime*, the total uselessness of endeavouring to unify Greece or to make her independent of Persia by any of the devices paraded by the noisy Greek politicians of the day, and that they therefore set out with patriotism and philanthropy enough to give their cause a certain moral glow in their own minds, and set out by force of arms, for this was then the only way, first, to unify Greece, and, secondly, to make her eternally independent of Persia.

In making up one's mind about a long past historical period, probability is usually all that we can expect; while there is perhaps not sufficient evidence to convert into a demonstration the hypothesis just sketched, careful study of the historical sources for the period renders this hypothesis far more probable than the old one.

Since Professor Droysen led off with it in his *Alexander the Great*, the best writers upon Greek history have been swinging around to this anti-Demosthenic theory, deserting Grote, Niebuhr, and Arnold Schäfer more and more. Droysen went too far. With him Alexander was the veritable demigod whom he sottishly decreed that his subjects should see in him. Of course Droysen has little respect for Demosthenes. Victor Duruy is the only late writer of note who still blows the trumpet for our old orator. He says that "the result of the Macedonian dominion was the death of European Greece," and calls it the immortal glory of Demosthenes to have perceived this; yet even he admits that "the civilisation of the world gained" by the Macedonian conquest, and hence, after all, places himself, "from the point of view of the world's history, on the side of Philip and his son." Younger writers, such as Holm, Mahaffy, and Benjamin Ide Wheeler, have trodden the ground with independent feet, and have in all substantial respects come out where Droysen did. They exalt the man with a great national policy in his head though with a sword in his hand, at the expense of him who dinned the populace with high-sounding pleas for his obstructive course.

Let no one be surprised at this change of view. Studies in

classical history have been pressed with remarkable vigour for the last fifty years, the result being that many opinions which our predecessors thought fixed are now reversed or radically modified. Take the subject of the despots. Formerly, under the same influence which led Grote to esteem Demosthenes and to abhor Philip, nearly all histories figured those despots who were perpetually appearing, flourishing, and perishing in Greece, as simply emissaries of the devil, dire scourges to the communities which they ruled; whereas it is now found that many of them were worthy men, moved, even in the assumption of their so-called despotism, by true regard for the people, and hostile only to aristocrats who before had been infinitely selfish and cruel.

We now know, too, what to say about the wealth of Athens and of Rome. Neither of these states became rich in a legitimate way. Athens piled up gold by plundering the confederacy of Delos, Rome by robbing the world. Hence their civilisation, as far as based upon their public resources, and of course that was to a considerable extent its foundation, forms no example for the guidance of modern societies in their efforts to rise. You cannot reason from the economy of either to any fiscal policy for states to pursue in modern days.

We are learning that republicanism or democracy, whichever one pleases to call it, was in ancient times a very different thing from aught that now exists under either name. The various republics of Greece and the republic of Rome were nothing but oligarchies, often atrociously tyrannical. Even at their best estate the rights of individuals in them, of their citizens even, were far less perfectly guarded than in some pretty absolute monarchies of later times.

"The Athenian imperial democracy," says Mahaffy, "was no popular government. In the first place there was no such thing as *representation* in their constitution. Those only had votes who could come and give them at the general Assembly, and they did so at once upon the conclusion of the debate. There was no Second Chamber or Higher Council to revise or delay their decisions; no crown; no High Court of Appeal to settle claims against the State. The body of Athenian citizens formed the Assembly. Sections of this body formed the jury to try cases of violation of the constitution either in act or in the proposal of new laws.

"The result was that all outlying provinces, even had they obtained votes, were without a voice in the government. But as a matter of fact they had no votes, for the States which became subject to Athens were merely tributary; and nothing was further from the ideas of the Athenians than to make them

members of their Imperial Republic in the sense that a new state is made a member of the present American Republic.

"This it was which ruined even the great Roman Republic, without any military reverses and when its domination of the world was unshaken. Owing to the absence of *representation*, the Empire of the Roman Republic was in the hands of the city population, who were perfectly incompetent, even had they been in real earnest, to manage the government of the vast kingdoms their troops had conquered. In both cases the outsiders were governed wholly for the benefit of the city crowd.

"The mistakes and the injustices which resulted in the Roman executive were such that any able adventurer could take advantage of the world-wide discontent, and could play off one city faction against the other. It is not conceivable that any other general course of events would have taken place at Athens, had she become the ruler of the Hellenic world. Her Demos regarded itself as a sovran, ruling subjects for its own glory and benefit; there can, therefore, be no doubt that the external pressure of that wide-spread discontent which was the primary cause of the Peloponnesian war would have co-operated with politicians within, if there were no enemies without, and that ambitious military chiefs, as at Rome, would have wrested the power from the sovran people either by force or by fraud."

In other words, however distressing the ills that might happen to Athens through Philip's success, they could not be worse than those which were sure soon to beset her in any event; while for Greece as a whole Philip's victory would mean unity and a peace such as could have been secured in no other way.

This splendid possibility, which must have impressed the minds of Phocion and Philip, is obscured to our thought by the untimely death of both the great Macedonian monarchs before their plans had any time to bear fruit. We know what actually came to pass. But two years from the decisive day of Chæronea, Philip is stricken down by the assassin Pausanias. Alexander mounts the throne, a youngster of twenty. The world flies to arms against him, not knowing that a greater than Philip is here. Marching double-quick against the Thracians and Illyrians, who at once succumb, he volts to smite rebellious Thebes and Athens. The West being thus quieted again, the boy warrior, leaving Antipater behind with a sufficient home guard, crosses to Asia, never to return. Desperate chaos follows his death, of course, and when, little by little, order is evolved, it is a new order, not the old one. Never again does Athens sit there as a queen looking out upon her Ægean; her day of political glory is ended forever.

It is of course natural to trace all this wild disorder, involving

the decline of Athens, the wars of Alexander's successors small and great, and also the Roman conquest at last, to Philip's victory at Chæronea, "that dishonest victory," as Milton, to Lady Margaret, calls it, "that dishonest victory at Chæronea, fatal to liberty, [which] killed with report that old man eloquent." As we read the tangled and bloody record, we say to ourselves: Oh, how much better all would have been had the Athenians risen at the cry of Demosthenes, and beaten Philip instead of being beaten! We assume that had this happened Greece would have kept on its old splendid way, able to have conquered Rome herself when Rome came. Philip ruined Greece; the advice of Demosthenes, had it been followed, would have saved her.

Superficially considered, all this seems clever reasoning; but it is in fact a stupendous fallacy. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc.* Philip conquered and subsequently things went ill with Greece. A man looked at Mars and afterwards had the cholera.

Let us no longer argue so childishly. The evils that befell Hellas were not at all those which Demosthenes prophesied. They are no proof of his foresight. From the point of view of his wishes they were entirely accidental. To see this we need only inquire what would in all probability have come to pass had Alexander lived. One may heavily discount Droysen's adoration of the young conqueror, and yet from what he achieved while alive and the way in which he achieved it, believe that immeasurable blessings to Greece and to humanity would have resulted from a lengthening of his days.

It cannot be rash to affirm that ten or twenty years added to Alexander's career would probably have changed subsequent history in at least three colossal particulars:

1. Probably Greece would have been more happily, perfectly, and permanently cemented together than was the case or could in any other way have been the case;

2. Probably Greece would at last have been not only forever free from Asia but also forever Asia's lord, and this in a manner truly beneficial to both;

3. Probably Greece would have ruled Rome instead of being ruled by Rome, and this, too, in such wise as to have benefited both, and the world as well.

It is probable, first, that a longer life for Alexander the Great would have secured Greece a more complete and permanent unity than was ever real or possible otherwise. No one will

deny that after the terrible Peloponnesian War it was desirable that Greece should at some rate or other be brought under a single authority. All agree that it would have been relatively a good thing if Athens could have attained a lasting hegemony. Next best, perhaps, among the apparent possibilities before the rise of Philip, would have been the leadership of Thebes, and next that of Sparta. But any supremacy would have been preferable to the dreadful discord and uncertainty whence Greece had suffered ever since the maritime power of Athens began to grow.

It seems perfectly certain that there was no possibility of a solid and continued *modus vivendi* in Greece in any of the ways named. They had all been tried and had failed. Too much jealousy prevailed among the states. As surely as Athens or Sparta or Thebes grew strong enough to threaten an overlordship, a league was formed against it, headed by the next most powerful city. Had the larger states grown less inclined to bite and devour one another, the smaller would have banded together to snub and humble any aspirant. Witness the continual hostility which met Athens both in her old Confederacy of Delos, and in the new Confederacy of 377, after the Peloponnesian War. There is nothing in the known history or character of the old Greek commonwealths on which to base the slightest belief that any of them would ever have been able to preserve peace throughout Hellas as Rome came little by little to do in Italy.

If then Greece was ever to be made one, the change must have been coerced with a high hand and an outstretched arm from beyond Greece proper. The Greek peoples were too proud and brave to have submitted to a foreigner without resistance. The condition of affairs which was for their own good could be set up among them only by a conqueror.

But two powers then existed able to inflict on Greece this needed mercy. They were Persia and Macedon. It seems incredible that any could have for a moment doubted to which of these it would be preferable to submit. It astounds us to learn of Greeks who, sooner than yield to Macedon, would have invited the Great King himself to set up in Europe the very mastery which the fathers at Marathon and Thermopylæ had so bravely fought to prevent. Demosthenes must have been one of these, for no language against any monarchy on earth could contain more venom than that which he applied to Philip. But

if it was undesirable that the centralising agent should hail from the east, he from the north must come and rule.

Philip did come. For a brief time he ruled, and with the best results. Never before for so long was Greece so well off in all the essentials of good government as during the period between Chæronea and the death of Antipater. This fact, again, we overlook because of the painful anarchy which succeeded. Had Alexander lived—such is the probability—the good times would have continued. His firm and unitary government must have grown popular at last. Athens would naturally have been its centre. The various Hellenic populations, including those of Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus, would little by little have become amalgamated, a desirable result which in fact never occurred. A national character might thus easily have been built up, lacking all those elements of weakness and meanness really displayed by the later Greeks, a character which might have preserved the nation at the head of civilisation for indefinite ages. No one knows that the future of Greece could have been so happy as this. We maintain only that such was the probability. Phocion, no doubt, saw as much. Only such a supposition explains his course. That Demosthenes did not see it was natural, yet forbids that he should be ranked in the first class of statesmen or of seers.

It is probable, secondly, that had Alexander not been struck down, Greece would have become not only forever free from Persia but also the permanent sovereign of Asia; and this, not by keeping the Asiatics down, after the old fashion, but by more fully fusing the two civilisations, as Alexander had begun to do, saving all the long Asiatic wars of the *diadochi* and of Roman and Mohammedan times, and making the entire march of west Asiatic civilisation indefinitely more splendid than it was.

It is a point not sufficiently attended to in discussing Greek and general history that ever after the Peloponnesian war, Persia had great power in Greece and was a distinct threat to the autonomy of the Grecian states. There is abundant evidence of this fact. In his panegyric upon Athens Isocrates taunts the Spartans with having, in the Peloponnesian war, made a treaty with Persia, surrendering to the Great King all the Greek cities of Asia Minor. That was base enough, surely; but the second Athenian Confederacy, of 377 B.C., the constitution of which is preserved to us in an important inscription, did the very same

thing. The high contracting parties, Byzantium, Lesbos, Rhodes, Eubœa, Thebes, and Athens, banded together mainly to protect these states against Sparta, acknowledged, as far as Asia Minor was concerned, the Persian supremacy. Can one for a moment question that if they had been hard pressed in war they would have accepted a Persian protectorate over themselves at the expense of Sparta, or that Sparta would have done the same to spite them? Nor is this all. The threat which Persia constituted is distinctly recognised in several important writings by Isocrates, in his oration *On the Peace*, and his oration and letters to Philip. This patriotic Greek saw clearly that it lay in Philip's power, and nowhere else, to put an end to this danger forever. With this in view he begged the monarch to turn his arms to the East, an importunity which, as everything indicates, had its fruit in Alexander's expedition. And further yet, Mahaffy has brought together texts of Demosthenes himself which show that he, too, at the outset of his career, regarded Persia as the serious foe of all Greece.

How Alexander's battles changed all this; how he turned the tables, forever humbling insolent Persia and placing upon the world's throne that puny Hellas who had previously been so timorous whenever she looked eastward—this all the historians recount; but none of them save Droysen and Wheeler duly appreciate the evidence that Alexander meditated a civil conquest of the East that must have been more glorious than all that his arms achieved. He purposed to break down the middle wall of partition between the two civilisations and to amalgamate them, combining the hitherto warring peoples into one new and richer nationality. Himself he married a Persian wife, and induced many of his officers to imitate him. He adopted Persian customs. He has indeed been charged with vanity for doing so; but the man's career renders such a view far less natural than that he was planning to win the affections of the vanquished in order to fuse them with the victors into one race. Oh, that time had been given him to work out that benign purpose! What Greek sweetness and light actually did accomplish in Asia gives some hint how sorely civilisation lost by the straitening of their opportunity.

Hardly more doubtful is it, thirdly, that had Greece and Asia been "Macedonised," occidental culture even down to our own time would have been far richer. Then Greece with all the

East at her back would have conquered Rome instead of being conquered by Rome, and an improved Hellenic instead of a Roman civilisation would have been imposed upon the West.

Words would fail should one attempt to measure how vast a meaning this would have had for posterity. Had the unification of Greece itself and of Greece with Asia been carried out, a blending of strength, wealth, and intelligence such as the world has never seen would have been realised, forming a civilisation dominated by mind and not by brawn. Superstition would never have occupied in it the place of rational faith, so as to have given way before enlightenment, as occurred at Rome, permitting wealth to occasion gross moral corruption; while, rich Asia being absorbed instead of plundered, wealth would have had to be acquired in a more legitimate and less dangerous way. Greece, therefore, we may assume, would not have collapsed as Rome did in face of barbarian attacks. Dark ages there would have been none, and the civilising of North Europe would have required centuries less time.

Further, there need have been no break in the development of art from Lysippus to Michel Angelo, for it was Rome's unspiritual control of the world and her subsequent "fall" which led to the æsthetic interregnum and chaos which did take place.

Most important of all, had Greece, under the auspices named, become, instead of Rome, the torchbearer of the world's culture during later antiquity, modern civilisation would have been guided by a momentously happy combination of theory and practice, in place of suffering as it always has from the divorce and mutual hostility of the two.

The health which the whole of civilisation has lost in this way is shown by contrast with the achievements of one specially favoured element of it, namely, Roman law. We never tire of glorifying Roman law, and the utmost praise we can give it is quite too small. Next to Christianity it is far the most precious gift which antiquity has sent down to us. The Roman law is precisely the one institute or instrumentality of culture in which Greek philosophy and Roman practicalness perfectly combine; and it is to this combination that its unparalleled efficiency has been due. Suppose that in the same manner thought and action, intelligence and will, mind and sentiment, ideal and actual had been annealed together in theology, in church policy, in education, in public law, and in politics. One's mind well-nigh

loses its balance in attempting to think "how heavenly far" we might thus have brought humanity by this time. The mere "practical" man with his swagger of self-sufficiency would then not be with us. Scholarship would never mean pedantry. The work of religion would not be clogged by formalism; nor, on the other hand, should we hear good people expressing contempt for all liturgy and church organisation. No crazily liberal crusade would there be in politics, for in a good sense all would be liberals from the least even unto the greatest.

It was not so to be. The Eternal, it would seem, saw that a longer, slower, tougher probation for our race fitted better into the infinite scheme of things. The needed integration of form and matter, thought and life, is therefore left for us of to-day to work out. Matter, crass, dull stuff—the other, as Plato calls it—confronts us everywhere. Man's task is to ram it full of mind. For this every intelligent man and woman is bound to contribute according to ability and opportunity.

Shall we not learn from the example of Demosthenes the danger of pettiness in our views and purposes? Limitless is the range of mind if we will only let it out into God's open. In shaping ideals for our characters and our work in life, let us cut by the biggest patterns. Plan to win all Greece, Asia, and the world instead of struggling a lifetime for a little rockpatch like Attica, to lose it at last, dying poisoned and in exile.

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POETRY AND ARCHÆOLOGY

Undoubtedly archæology is a strange word for anyone to be using in connection with the poetry of men like Mr. Masefield or Mr. Gibson; and probably it were well to explain immediately what I mean in using it. Unless I am much mistaken, both archæology, in the ordinary sense of the word, and naturalism were born of that prolific mother of strange children, the Romantic Movement. And more than this, besides having the same mother the two are so remarkably alike as to make me suspect that they must be twins. For what is archæology, after all, but the attempt to picture the actual, every-day life of a people by means of palpable existing evidence? Idealist "dreams" are rigidly eschewed; and whether or not the result is one-sided and eminently unsatisfactory is a matter wholly beside the question. But what is naturalism, save a very similar effort at picturing in precisely the same way the life of present-day people? Naturalism pretends to scientific exactness, but is actually pseudo-scientific; and so is archæology all too often. Now it is plain to a great many people that what Mr. Masefield is giving us in his long narratives is naturalism in poetry. He is providing stores of material for future historians and archæologists, whether or not he is writing for other sections of posterity. In other words, it seems to me, Mr. Masefield, in pursuing the "archæological" trend in literature which was first made prominent by Flaubert and Zola and which has been carried on so well in the field of the English novel by Mr. George Moore, has done a very limited and very impermanent thing. He has been writing about the passing, ever-changing affairs of a particular class, more truly, perhaps, of a particular section of a particular class, and this with fundamental unimaginativeness.

To make my meaning clearer we need not just yet turn to either of the young men who most obviously are following at present, in this sense at least, the great tradition of English poetry, we may turn rather to a little poem written by Mr. Masefield himself some three or four years before he achieved anything like his present fame and popularity. This little intaglio—*Cargoes* it is called—cut with rare tact and finest skill,

has the right ring, and the contrast between it and the spirit behind *The Everlasting Mercy* or *The Widow in the Bye Street* is evident at a glance:

> "Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
> Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
> With a cargo of ivory,
> And apes and peacocks,
> Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.
>
> "Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
> Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
> With a cargo of diamonds,
> Emeralds, amethysts,
> Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.
>
> "Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
> Butting through the channel in the mad March days,
> With a cargo of Tyne coal,
> Road-rails, pig-lead,
> Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays."

Now it is something of this kind, I protest, that we must look for if we are anxious to discover the truest poetry, and it is something of this kind, a quality of timelessness, which we do find to a certain degree in the work of at least two contemporary English poets, Mr. William H. Davies and Mr. D. H. Lawrence. It is significant that neither of them is very well-known, and that neither of them has as yet achieved the distinction of finding an American publisher for his verse.[1]

Of course it may be desirable, but it certainly is not necessary, that a poet should have been an actual tramp at one time; nor is it any more necessary, though perhaps equally desirable, that he should have only one leg—the other being made out of wood, with an iron or rubber cap on its end, according to the owner's taste in the matter of conspicuousness. Yet to listen to some of the men who have written about Mr. Davies one is led to think that these two things are almost more important than his poetry. Indeed, it would appear as if these critics, in their boundless enthusiasm over Mr. Davies's experiences as a tramp and over his wooden leg, gave voice to their praise of his poems in a merely incidental way! It is the same story with Mr. John Helston, a more recent "discovery" of some London literary circle; to read

[1] Since this was written, however, one of our publishers has imported Mr. Lawrence's works *in toto*, his verse along with the rest.

about him you would suppose that the most fundamental circumstance concerning him was the fact that he has been a working mechanic. These little things are interesting, but after all they cannot be of essential importance, in either case. Of this personal side of Mr. Davies's life you will find out everything there is for you to know if you read his *Autobiography of a Super-Tramp;* and if anyone is anxious to spend a wholly delightful afternoon and evening it would be hard to recommend to him a book more fascinating. There you will see pictured the life of a real, if most exceptional, tramp; you will learn how Mr. Davies spent a whole winter moving from one comfortable gaol in Michigan to another; you will discover his not at all flattering opinion of certain American laws; you will be told that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is the easiest one in our country for tramps to "beat";—and numberless other things which you may never have suspected. There also will you learn of Mr. Davies's first and most discouraging experiences as a beginning poet—and it is all told with a charming naïveté, with the curious directness and the semi-formality of one who is obviously not used to the English language considered as a written medium of expression. Compared with the body of the work its preface by Mr. Bernard Shaw, although done—to use his own words—"in his well-known manner," is very mild and uninteresting. Towards the end of the volume one learns that it was through Mr. Shaw that Mr. Davies finally achieved success in London; and he says of him that he is "a playwriter, an Irishman, as to whose mental qualifications the world is divided, but whose heart is unquestionably great." This, about Mr. Shaw! Someone, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, I think, has remarked that it was probably in revenge for this judgment that Mr. Shaw gave the book its monstrously inappropriate title.

At first, I suspect, Mr. Davies's London friends gave him such generous and such high praise, at least in part, because he was something of a curiosity. They are always "discovering" odd things and people in London; and it is hard work keeping up with the kaleidoscopic waxing and waning of literary suns, or moons. I have mentioned Mr. John Helston, who only a few months ago "emerged" from the deep obscurity of London lower-class life, as a typical example of this process, and Mr. Rabindranath Tagore, an "oddity" of yet more recent date, may serve as another. Well, Mr. Davies first saw the light in much the

same manner; but he has done a curious and most exceptional thing; he has kept his light steadily shining now for something over six years, and at the end of that period his position is distinctly higher and more secure than ever. In this time he has published several small volumes of verse,[1] besides various poems that have appeared in magazines and that have not yet been collected. The tone of these volumes has remained throughout consistent; in the last as in the first there is the same naïve, fresh point of view, expressed in simple language that is perfectly appropriate; the same love for nature and comprehension of its powers for calming and satisfying the mind of man; the same delicate fancy playing on through his work, the same keen insight illuminating his little vignettes of life. By this it is clear that Mr. Davies has remained quite unspoiled by recognition and success. He has pursued his way simply and unaffectedly; indubitably and naturally, gratified over the pleasure he has been able to give others, but remaining himself unchanged and undesirous of change, contented with doing the best that in him lies in the manner native to himself. The only difference I detect in Mr. Davies's work, produced by the passage of time, is not one of kind, but one of quality, and one that we can all heartily approve of. Practice has given him an ever increasing sureness of touch in bodying forth his ideas, an increasing facility in the use of words, and a more stable control over the flights of his fancy.

Mr. Davies, as was said, concerns himself with things permanent rather than ephemeral in their nature, and so has placed himself in line with those who have contributed to the lasting store of English song. At present there is no indication that his place in that company could be other than a very minor one, but he has been seriously compared with such men as Herrick, and Blake, and Wordsworth. There are many scattered similarities, in turns of thought and speech, between him and Blake, but an actual comparison of the two is hard on Mr. Davies. There is lying before me a poem of the latter's very similar in subject to one of Blake's earliest pieces, and it is enlightening to consider them side by side. Could there be anything more lovely in its severe restraint and measured stateliness than Blake's brief invocation to the muses?

[1] The titles of Mr. Davies's collected verse are as follows: *The Soul's Destroyer and Other Poems, New Poems, Nature Poems and Others, Farewell to Poesy and other Pieces, Songs of Joy and Others, Foliage.*

"Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From antient melody have ceas'd;

"Whether in Heav'n ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;

"Whether on chrystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wand'ring in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

"How have you left the antient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move!
The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!"

If now we glance at Mr. Davies's *Farewell to Poesy* we see at once what a falling off is there, what serious lack of the things that go to make up the supreme beauty of Blake's lines.

"Sweet Poesy, why art thou dumb!
I loved thee as my captive bird,
That sang me songs when spring was gone,
And birds of freedom were not heard;
Nor dreamt thou wouldst turn false and cold
When needed most, by men grown old.

"Sweet Poesy, why art thou dumb!
I fear thy singing days are done;
The poet in my soul is dying,
And every charm in life is gone;
In vain birds scold and flowers do plead—
The poet dies, his heart doth bleed."

The comparison of Mr. Davies with Wordsworth is the most obvious one, for like Wordsworth he has concerned himself very largely with giving form to his conception of the helpfulness of nature in the spiritual life of man. Unfortunately this resemblance extends even to those poems of Wordsworth's in which he descended swiftly and unconsciously to the merely humorous level. Certainly it may be contended that Mr. Davies's understanding of nature and of country folk is not so full or so subtle as Wordsworth's was; but his language is more homely, and while his skill in metre is not so great, his understanding is keen and very sound. The delicacy and beauty

of Mr. Davies's fancy, too, is a thing that cannot be overlooked by anyone familiar with his work. He says, of the kingfisher:

"It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
And left thee all her lovely hues;
And, as her mother's name was Tears,
So runs it in thy blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep."

And the same quality is scarcely less evident in the following:

"As butterflies are but winged flowers,
Half sorry for their change, who fain,
So still and long they lie on leaves,
Would be thought flowers again—

"E'en so my thoughts, that should expand,
And grow to higher themes above,
Return like butterflies to lie
On the old things I love."

If now before we turn—and in appearance through what a wide distance the turn will take us!—to the poetry of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, we should try to sum up the peculiar quality that Mr. Davies's work is of, we might say simply that he is through innate tendency the naïve child of the English countryside, the delighted and delightful child of nature, suddenly grown articulate.

In Mr. Lawrence we find, and more indubitably than in Mr. Davies, the qualities that make for literary permanence. Mr. Davies is probably not known very widely in America, and the name of Mr. Lawrence must be even more unfamiliar to us. I fancy that this ratio will hold good for England, too, and that, wherever Mr. Lawrence is known, he is thought of as a novelist rather than as a poet. At the present time he has published four novels; all of them show real power, and give one good reason for holding forth high hopes of his future work. But it is to the poet, and not to the novelist, that I would here call attention. In the spring of 1913 Mr. Lawrence's first and only volume of poems, *Love Poems and Others*, was published, and its appearance caused no particular stir that I know of—though why it did not, save on the ground of a monumental irony, it is very difficult to guess.

George Meredith once, in writing about the poems of Mrs. Alice Meynell, remarked that "some of her lines have the living tremor in them." We can with perfect justice say the same thing of Mr. Lawrence. The red blood of life itself leaps through his poems; everlasting reality is there—not in any fantastic and ultimately impossible sense of the word, but in its true sense. Here is passion ennobled, not through any so-called transformation in which its real nature is lost, but through a vivid realisation of its uttermost meaning and significance. All this comes to Mr. Lawrence as if in a vision:

> "The train beats frantic in haste, and struggles away
> From this ruddy terror of birth that has slid down
> From out of the loins of night to flame our way
> With fear; but God, I am glad, so glad that I drown
> My terror with joy of confirmation, for now
> Lies God all red before me, and I am glad . . .
> Yea like the fire that boils within this ball
> Of earth, and quickens all herself with flowers,
> God burns within the stiffened clay of us;
> And every flash of thought that we and ours
> Send up to heaven, and every movement, does
> Fly like a spark from this God-fire of passion;
> And pain of birth, and joy of the begetting,
> And sweat of labour, and the meanest fashion
> Of fretting or of gladness, but the jetting
> Of a trail of the great fire against the sky
> Where we can see it, a jet from the innermost fire:
> And even in the watery shells that lie
> Alive within the oozy under-mire,
> A grain of this same fire I can descry."

Like Mr. Davies—and yet in how vastly different a way!—Mr. Lawrence is concerned with things that are perennial, permanent, and perhaps more lasting than the rocks imbedded in the earth, with elemental things and their meaning for us. And I am of the opinion that Mr. Lawrence has already cut out for himself a place, albeit a small one, in the lasting body of English song. Fault may be found with the curious *heaviness* of his metres. But this is only a superficial difficulty; and on closer acquaintance these by no means dainty poems seem—in the words used by Fitzgerald of Shakespeare's sonnets—to be "all stuck about my heart, like the ballads that used to be on the walls of London." I think that probably this "heaviness"

comes, at least in part, from the fact that Mr. Lawrence has read Walt Whitman a great deal. My sense of what is due to patriotism, if nothing else, would forbid my deprecating this acquaintance with Whitman—so very obvious in such a poem as *Transformations*—and yet I could wish that more of Mr. Lawrence's verse moved with something of the quickness and ease of *Kisses in the Train:*

"I saw the midlands
Revolve through her hair;
The fields of autumn
Stretching bare,
And sheep on the pasture
Tossed back in a scare. . . .

"And the world all whirling
Around in joy
Like the dance of a dervish
Did destroy
My sense—and my reason
Spun like a toy.

"But firm at the centre
My heart was found;
Her own to my perfect
Heart-beat bound,
Like a magnet's keeper
Closing the round."

Greatness in literature has frequently been defined as the expression of the thing that everybody has believed or felt. Now whether this is a true definition of literary greatness or not, at all events when one is compelled to use this phrase in connection with a piece of work it is pretty safe to say that the work in question carries with it a fair degree of universality, and hence of permanence. And that, as a last word, is precisely what I would claim for the poetry of both Mr. Davies and Mr. Lawrence. Their work may not be extremely important, but of its kind it is the truest poetry, it is genuine and full of life, not for a moment, not for a generation, but in a permanent and lasting way. This, too, is the reason why I have here considered them together, for by this characteristic they are marked off as being essentially different from the men of naturalistic tendencies who are at present to the fore, and as essentially different also from

other versifiers of the day who have set out with aims generally similar to their own but who have ended up in mere conventionalism or adherence to a lifeless tradition.

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BONNEVAL PASHA

When, a few months ago, the Turks crumpled up helplessly before the fierce onslaught of their hereditary foes, there must have been some among them well enough acquainted with the history of their country to wish for at least one hour of the brilliant Frenchman who, almost two centuries earlier, came to place his sword at their disposal and ended his life as a Pasha of three tails in Constantinople. His strange career was then the talk of an amazed and fascinated Europe; now, there will probably be few of those who chance upon these pages to whom it will be familiar. And yet his adventures merit recital. Unheroic in many ways as was the eighteenth century, the "Age of Reason," yet in its chronicles one comes continually upon the stories of adventurers as picturesque as any mediæval knight who rode out to the slaying of giants, robbers, and Saracens.

Claude-Alexandre, Comte de Bonneval, was no adventurer in the ordinary sense of the word—no impudent Casanova or charlatan Cagliostro. He traced his descent from one of the oldest and proudest families of the Limousin, allied by marriage with all the high nobility of that and neighbouring provinces, and even, through the house of Foix, with most of the royal families of Europe; Henry IV, firmly seated on the throne of France, had not forgotten that they were his "cousins." The future Pasha was born on July 14, 1675, at the manor-house of Coussac-Bonneval near Limoges, which is still in the possession of a branch of the family. When he reached the age of twelve, Tourville, the great admiral, a connection, put him into the *gardes-marines*, which served as a training-school for the officers of the two regiments specially charged with sea-fighting. The first personal anecdote recorded of him is in delightful harmony with his whole future life. When the war-clouds, rising from the Palatinate, gathered thick over Europe in 1688, Seignelay passed the naval strength of France in review. As the *gardes-marines* defiled before him, he singled out Bonneval as too young and small for his place, and was minded to send him home. His head well up, the lad flung back at the powerful minister "*Monsieur, on ne casse pas un homme de mon nom!*" Seignelay was shrewd

enough to see the spirit which lay behind the defiance, and answered him with "*Monsieur, le roi*"—note the fine distinction: Not I, but the King, to whom even a Bonneval must bow—"*le roi casse le garde-marine . . . mais le fait enseigne de vaisseau!*" Thus promoted, the boy served with distinction in the engagements of Dieppe, of La Hogue, and of Cadiz.

In 1698 he bought a lieutenant's commission in the Guards, with whom he served until the outbreak of the war of the Spanish Succession in 1701. Then he was sent to Italy, as colonel in command of the Labour regiment of infantry, and in more than one sharp encounter earned the name of a daring and resourceful soldier. The principal exploit which he achieved on his own responsibility, the conquest and pacification of the Biella district in Piedmont (of vital importance to the communications of the French army), was destined to lead to the abrupt termination of his service under the fleurs-de-lys. He ruled his little province with statesmanlike capacity (you may read in the archives of the French War Office the testimony of the grateful inhabitants); but his careless expenditure of money brought him into conflict with the *bourgeois* book-keeping habits of Chamillart, the War Minister, who wrote with condensed offensiveness to ask for an accounting.

The fiery "colonel of the school of Vendôme" failed to realise how times had changed. The League and the Fronde, the days when his haughty ancestors did what seemed good in their own eyes, lay far in the past; it sufficed no longer to have birth and courage—now the old Roman maxim was in force, and they who would rule must first learn how to obey. But all his life he was incapable of learning this hard lesson. Without taking a moment for reflection, he wrote back in terms as "lofty, passionate, and insolent" as any of Sir Walter Raleigh's own:

"I have received the letter you were good enough to write me, in which you suggest that I fear to reckon with clerks because they know too well how to reckon. I am compelled to inform you that the great nobles of the kingdom willingly sacrifice their lives and their property in the King's service, but that we do not owe him anything contrary to our honour. If, therefore, within the space of three months I have not received reasonable satisfaction for the insult you have offered me, I shall pass to the service of the Emperor, whose ministers are all gentlemen, and know how to deal with men of their own class."

This was to throw down the gauntlet with a vengeance. A brief period of reflection must have convinced him that he

could hardly hope to allow himself with absolute impunity the luxury of telling the Minister of War what he thought of him. The army being in winter quarters, he went to Venice—a charming place in which to pass the idle days, but a dangerous one for a man in his state of mind. It was a "free port," offering unquestioning hospitality to people of the most diverse character; and not a few officers of the imperial army were whiling away their leisure in its seductive atmosphere. Here for a time he floated up and down the canals, nursing his wrath and looking vainly, not perhaps for an apology in terms, but for some diplomatic overtures which would enable him to resume his service without too great a sacrifice of his pride. None came; and in March, 1706, he definitely accepted the flattering proposals which were made to him by his imperialist acquaintances—no doubt with the full sanction of Prince Eugene, who had had opportunity to be well aware of his worth as a soldier, and whose own entrance into the Emperor's service was not without resemblance to Bonneval's. With two other titled deserters, he was condemned by the Parliament of Paris to be hanged in effigy in the Place de Grève, and remained legally dead in France for twelve years.

Outside his native country he was very much alive. Holding now a general's commission, he served with vigour under Prince Eugene in the two following campaigns, and played an important part in the relief of Turin in 1706—where his oldest brother the Marquis, serving on the other side, was taken prisoner and suffered the humiliation of being rescued from rough treatment at the hands of his captors by his scapegrace junior. In 1708 he commanded a corps intended to act against the States of the Church and dissuade Clement XI from supporting the French claimant of the Spanish throne. He occupied and governed Comacchio in the Emperor's name: the Gualterio manuscripts in the British Museum contain some extremely interesting correspondence from this period—in fact, whether in London, Paris, Vienna, Brussels, or Venice, one is almost discouraged by the wealth of material for his biography which the official archives of the first half of the eighteenth century contain. Even if one read Turkish, however, it would be of little avail to add Constantinople to the places I have named; I am told that the classification of the vast undigested mass of records there is among the reforms which are still waiting for accomplishment.

While the war lasted, there was always work for him. At Malplaquet he was posted opposite to the French Guards, whom he charged (says the Prince de Ligne) with an impetuous daring that he had learned in the days when he was their comrade. Yet it would be a great mistake to figure him as a mere swashbuckling soldier. Accomplished, witty, well-read, he was a welcome addition to any company of gentlefolk. There is one long letter extant from the Duchess of Marlborough to him, inviting him to England in the most flattering terms; and in the same year (1714) Leibnitz was writing to him repeatedly as one scholar to another. Passing through Vienna in the winter of 1716–17, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu found him in the intimate *entourage* of Prince Eugene. She writes to Lady Mar:

"Prince Eugene was so polite as to show me his library yesterday; we found him attended by Rousseau, and his favourite Count Bonneval, who is a man of wit, and is here thought to be a very bold and enterprising spirit. . . . The books are pompously bound in Turkey leather, and two of the most famous bookbinders in Paris were expressly sent for to do this work. Bonneval pleasantly told me that there were several quartos on the art of war, that were bound with the skins of spahis and janissaries; and this jest, which was indeed elegant, raised a smile of pleasure on the grave countenance of the famous warrior."

In the following spring, now that Louis XIV's implacable resentment was buried with him, Bonneval's friends achieved the result for which they had been so long and pertinaciously working, by obtaining from the more tolerant Regent the annulment of the sentence against him, and thus allowing him to revisit his native land. He came back to Paris in the spring of 1717, not merely no longer under a cloud, but with a fresh halo about his head from the battle of Peterwardein the year before, in which he had contributed not a little to Eugene's victory over the Turks and had been severely wounded. The Rousseau just mentioned, Jean-Baptiste, the courtly poet, consecrated a glowing ode to the exploits of the "nouvel Alcide," and he was the lion of the hour in the French capital. Saint-Simon, who had never forgiven his change of allegiance and had voted to the last in the Council against his restoration, was yet at home to him when he came to call, and drily records the impression of his habitual manner in a single phrase—"I have never seen a man less embarrassed."

Now that he was thus rehabilitated, his mother conceived the

notion of marrying him—perhaps hoping that (at forty-two) he would "range himself," as the French say, and settle down to a sober, conventional existence. Apparently he gave her fair warning not to set her hopes too high. "My mother," he said to his brother, "has a mad idea of marrying me. If she persists, I will not answer for it that I shall not spare them the grief of lengthened farewells by leaving for Germany the next day."

But the dowager did persist; and on May 7 he was married to Judith-Charlotte de Biron, daughter of the marquis of that name—later first gentleman in waiting to the Regent, duke and peer and marshal of France, but in 1717 distinguished largely for the size of his family and the anxieties of his pocket. There were twenty-six children in all, of whom half were now dead; it was only by the exercise of infinite prudence and tact that he succeeded in finding suitable partners for all but one of the seven girls who survived. Saint-Simon, always cynical and ready to believe what his prejudices dictate, suggests that the whole thing was a bargain of the most unblushing sort—Bonneval marrying one of the daughters without a dowry in return for Biron's influence with the Regent to obtain the "letters of abolition."

But all the evidence is against this; and there is room for a romantically modern theory that the girl's own charms may have had much to do with determining the reluctant bridegroom's submission, or even his mother's choice out of the tolerably wide range that must have been open to her. I have been able to find neither a portrait of Judith-Charlotte nor a contemporary description of her appearance; but the picture which, all unconsciously, she draws of her mind and heart in the dozen or so of letters which we have from her pen is so gracious and attractive that it is easy to understand how, even without a penny, she might have been welcomed into a proud and ambitious family. The letters were published first by the Prince de Ligne in 1802, in his memoir of her husband; fifty years later, Sainte-Beuve revived their memory, calling them "delicate, discreet, tender, perfect at every point"; and, after another half-century they have been edited with devotion, though not with infallible knowledge, by M. Gustave Michaut. One need not claim for them the brilliancy of Mme. de Sévigné; but they are full of an exquisite charm all her own, and nothing could be more touching

than the love which, years after the marriage, she displays for the husband of a fortnight whom she was never to see again.

In that May the trumpets were blowing on the Turkish frontier; Prince Eugene was leaving Vienna for the front as Bonneval left Paris, and in August they were fighting furiously side by side at Belgrade in the memorable conflict in which the imperial army defeated a Turkish host of nearly twice its numbers and delivered Europe from the fear that had hung over it for generations.

After the peace of Passarowitz, the next important military employment found for the hard-hitting Frenchman was the command of an army corps in Sicily against the Spaniards. Here too his irrepressible temper broke out in a quarrel with the old field-marshal Mercy which brought down on both the disputants a rebuke from the Council of War in Vienna. When the King of Spain had withdrawn his forces from Sicily, Eugene, who was sincerely attached to his protégé, kept him for some time in Vienna, and finally, when his high spirits had made him a somewhat troublesome neighbour there, allowed him to go to Brussels—where, in the summer of 1724, he was destined to cause the noisiest explosion of his whole tumultuous career.

Eugene himself was nominal governor of the Austrian Netherlands; but his functions were discharged by deputy—and the deputy happened to be a certain Marquis de Prié, a Piedmontese and from Bonneval's standpoint an upstart, in any case the sort of person with whom he was not likely to keep long on civil terms. The excuse for the outbreak was the circulation by Prié's wife and daughter, with lifted eyebrows, of derogatory rumours about the young Queen of Spain, who was that summer getting herself talked about in various parts of Europe.

Whoever has the curiosity to search for the real facts of the case will be rewarded by some very diverting "scandals about Queen Elizabeth," though a very different Elizabeth from the tawny old lioness who had "the stomach of a king—aye, and of a king of England." This Queen was but a poor, pathetic, ill-governed child, not yet fifteen. The third daughter of the Regent, as Mademoiselle de Montpensier she had been brought up in the Palais Royal, where a girl's education was not conducted precisely on the lines of a convent school. Married while only a tiny thing to the Infante Don Luis, son of Philip V, she had but newly, by the old king's abdication, found herself raised to the

giddy height of a throne—and a throne which, in the eyes of Spaniards, differed as much from other thrones as to Elizabeth Tudor a king of England was more than the other kings of the earth. The really interesting thing is that in all the *chronique scandaleuse* of the time one finds no well-attested grounds for suspecting her of anything more than a light-hearted indifference to Spanish ideas of decorum. The recurrent charge against her centres around her unwillingness, on the ground of a climate so much warmer than that of Paris, to wear in her unceremonious moments the usual complement of petticoats and stockings. It was an ancient and consecrated tradition that "the Queen of Spain has no legs"; and in the face of the spoiled child's refusal to fetter her movements by stiff and cumbrous attire the convention could no longer be maintained. Her solemn old father-in-law was obliged to leave his devotions long enough to administer a severe reproof to her; and when that did no good, her husband's royal authority confined her for a fortnight to her own apartments in the palace.

By the time the story reached Brussels, and in the mouths of people bitterly hostile to the French royal family, it had grown into a melodramatic assassination, by the King's order, of a French or Flemish gentleman discovered in the Queen's chamber. Such was the form in which Bonneval heard it; and he lost no time in entering the lists on behalf of the young Queen, with whose family, he remarked gravely, he had the honour to be connected. At an assembly in his own house, he said with precision that those who spread such fables against the reputation of so great a princess were blackguards if men—if women, the feminine of blackguard, no matter who they might be. Not content with this, he was at pains to circulate the same challenging definition, in writing and in print, far and wide; and a tremendous hubbub arose. All the diplomatic corps in Brussels were busy sending almost daily reports to their governments of the progress of the quarrel, and there were those who would not have been surprised to see it end in a rekindling of the flames of war between France and the Empire.

Prié took summary measures to suppress his enemy. Stretching his authority to the utmost, he ordered the arrest of Bonneval and his transportation to the citadel of Antwerp under the escort of a captain and fifty dragoons—a precaution abundantly necessary, for the governor was anything but beloved by his subjects.

The case was tried by the council of war in Vienna, and the final sentence was one of confinement for a year in the Spielberg, the great fortress which dominates from its hill the town of Brünn in Moravia. Bonneval took his leisure-way thither, stopping for some time at The Hague and elsewhere to write voluminous appeals and countercharges addressed to the Emperor, to Prince Eugene, and to the Council of War, with a pen that had lost none of its mordant vigour since it wrote to Chamillart twenty years before. Charles VI wavered for a time, and seemed to seek a way of keeping for his service a general of whose capacity he had ample evidence. But Eugene, now at the end of his patience, spoke the decisive word: "Your Majesty is, of course, the master; but if M. de Bonneval enters Vienna by one gate, I shall leave it by another." When all hope failed, an utterly impenitent offender, Bonneval surrendered himself to the governor of the Spielberg, and began his imprisonment in a cell which is still pointed out to the visitor, with an alleged portrait of its famous tenant.

Released in the spring of 1726 (by a curious coincidence, on the very day of Prié's death), conducted to the frontier, and forbidden ever to set foot again within the hereditary dominions of the House of Austria, he took up his abode once more in Venice. No city in Europe could have afforded more amusing material for his lively and satiric humour; Beckford, a couple of generations later, goes so far as to call it "the city in the universe best calculated for giving scope to the observations of a devil upon two sticks." Here, for nearly two years, he led an easy, idle life, associating upon equal terms with the most distinguished citizens and foreigners. He could not, of course, leave affairs of state alone; and his relations with the Spanish Ambassador attracted the attention of Vienna. He began to look about for a safer asylum. Tentative approaches to France, Spain, Poland, and Russia came to nothing. For the moment, he thought only of a place where he might live in security—although remunerative employment must have been a thing much to be desired. Fifteen years later he said to young Casanova in Constantinople: "When I left Venice, the soup had devoured the dishes; and if the Jewish people had offered me the command of fifty thousand men, I would have gone to lay siege to Jerusalem."

Finally he turned his eyes to the East. In the summer of

1729 he chartered a small vessel, taking with him some ten companions, partly old servants who had remained faithful to his fortunes, partly adventurers disposed to follow his star, and set sail for Ragusa, then a free city whose territory marched with the Turkish dominions. Thence he made the toilsome journey northward through the mountains to Bosna-Serai, the modern Serajevo. Here he was recognised by a major of the imperial army who was passing through; word was swiftly sent to Vienna, and Talmann, the Emperor's Ambassador in Constantinople, succeeded in arresting his approach to the Porte.

The delay was annoying in the extreme to his ardent temperament; but it was probably the means of saving his life. The recent researches of a Frenchman, an Englishman, and a Russian in the archives of Venice have furnished material for an extended treatment of the systematic use of poison by the rulers of the Republic to rid themselves of troublesome persons. In the eighteenth century the pretty custom had begun to lose its popularity; but they had not forgotten what could be done in an emergency, and when they realised that Bonneval, whose stirring disposition and masterly abilities they knew well, had departed to their most hated enemies, they lost no time in attempting to deal with him in the ancient manner. If only as almost the last notable case of the sort in Venetian history, the letter of the Inquisitors of State to their *bailo* or envoy in Constantinople makes interesting reading.

"In our preceding letter, of which you will receive with this a duplicate, the reasons are sufficiently expressed for thinking that this person may prove fatal to the Republic and to Christendom, and your well-known ability will require no further explanations. It is now fitting that we should add a word on the indispensable necessity of grasping at any decisive means for ridding ourselves of a firebrand which cannot help being ruinous and ill-omened. It is also the desire of the Senate, and your Excellency has sufficient prudence, to try every way to accomplish this result, if it is at all possible, but to attempt it with such secrecy, attention, and caution as may hold harmless your person, your office, and consequently the Republic from any danger of being involved in the matter."

The whole situation was so precarious that Bonneval finally decided to take the only step which would insure him against being delivered up to the Emperor and provide him with the standing he hoped to gain in Turkey for the furtherance of his far-reaching plans of vengeance. He who had never been a very

fervent Catholic, whose youth had been passed in the company of the Regent, of the Dukes of Vendôme, of the Marquis de La Fare, and the rest of that witty and freethinking crew, found no particular difficulty in making a formal profession of Mohammedanism and assuming the turban. "None of the saints before my time had ever been delivered over to the tender mercies of Prince Eugene," he wrote afterwards to Voltaire in a characteristic letter giving the history of his conversion. It seemed the only way to insure his safety at the moment and the realisation of the dream which was the ruling motive of the rest of his life, the abasement of the House of Austria.

The necessary ceremonies accomplished, there was no longer any question of surrendering him to the Emperor; but a whole year passed before he seemed to have gained anything more than mere comparative safety. The Turkish Government kept him in Bosnia; they treated him with somewhat greater consideration and increased his allowance, but apparently thought no more of employing his services than if it had been a question "of a sub-lieutenant of infantry." As late as September, 1730, Lord Kinnoull, the British Ambassador, was writing home to the Duke of Newcastle:

> "Mon. Bonneval has been a long time in Bosnia upon a very uncertain foot with a small pension from the Port. He sent an officer here some time ago to make terms with the Court. . . . They have since made him a Pasha à deux queues and he has taken the name of Achmet Pasha. . . . It is thought they will give him some employment of consequence. But it is everybody's opinion that he has brought inevitable ruin upon his own head. If he's of no use to them they'll allow him just bread to live; if they trust him and put him in any great employment, the great men of this country will lay a noose for him and procure him a bowstring."

Finally, however, he was summoned to Constantinople by a new grand vizier, who assigned him to the command of the corps of bombardiers, as part of a movement for reorganising the Turkish army and profiting by western military science. In the symbolism of his rank he rose from two tails to three; and—with the exception of a few months' banishment to Kastamuni in Asia Minor (1738)—he spent the remaining sixteen years of his life in the Turkish capital as the trusted adviser of the Porte in all matters relating to international politics, while in the later years he was in not infrequent correspondence with the ministers of Louis XV for the general purpose of bringing about an alliance

between France and the Turks which should enable them to dictate terms to the rest of Europe. Especially during the war of the Polish Succession, his advice, if it had been followed, might well have changed the course of history.

But the reader who has no special interest in diplomatic intrigues will find more to detain him in the personal descriptions of the old age of a man who seems to have exercised such a strange personal charm on all who came in contact with him—"people forgave him everything," so Voltaire sums him up, "because he was such a lovable fellow." His house continued to be the meeting-place of men of wit and intellect, Turks or Franks. A part of it was furnished in European fashion; and to this he liked to retire at times and lay aside his turban and flowing robes to dress himself once more from head to foot as a French nobleman. His busy brain was never idle for a moment. Now he was amusing himself by designing flat-bottomed boats which should facilitate a French invasion of England; now he was proposing to plant a Swiss agricultural colony in Roumelia, or working to provide Turkey with a body of European engineers; while one of his memorials to the Porte contains a project which in so many words directly anticipates the construction of the Suez Canal.

A pleasant picture of him at the age of sixty-six has been left us by a young naval officer, the Chevalier de Baufremont, serving on one of the vessels which conveyed the Marquis de Castellane, the new French Ambassador, to Constantinople in 1741. His manuscript narrative of the entire voyage, some eighty folio pages, is in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, and would be well worth publishing in full.

"I had occasion there," he says, "to make the acquaintance of the Count de Bonneval, for whom I was charged with a letter from his brother. I found him a delightful man, and the best company in the world. No one has more wit than he, to say nothing of his talents for war, which ought to have brought him to the greatest fortune. He possesses all the sciences, and has a lively and accurate understanding which makes him seize the meaning of things at the first word. . . . He enjoys an income of forty thousand livres, and has a very good house and a well-served table, at which I found myself as often as I could, for it is impossible to be dull in the company of this amiable Pasha."

But the engaging host himself, as the years went on, began to tire of the life, and had more than one half-formed plan for returning to spend his last days amidst the surroundings of his

youth. The closing scene of his adventurous career is by no means the least full of dramatic suggestion. He had been for some time in treaty with d'Argenson for a return to France, the correspondence being conducted in a cipher of which the Ambassador himself had no key. On March 20, 1747, a letter arrived from Versailles for him, containing the definite permission to return to his native country and indicating the best means to arrange his departure from Constantinople. Castellane carried it at once to him, and found him ill. "It is in cipher—I will read it to-morrow," said the weary old man, and put it under his pillow. But before the morrow his eyes were closed forever; and soon he was carried to his last resting-place in a green, garden-like cemetery in the outskirts of the city, where a half-effaced Turkish inscription still piously prays that his soul may repose in Paradise on a pillow of roses.

A strange story, the whole of it—

> "pure crude fact
> Secreted from men's lives when hearts beat hard
> And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries hence":

the story of a man of dazzling talents, whose career was again and again broken, just when it seemed most promising, by some subtle defect, some invisible flaw in the temper of his steel. A little less pride of birth and hot-headed impatience, and he might have been a great personage of history, not a hero of romance. Yet, for romance, what a hero—how inexhaustibly colourful and picturesque his story! "Why shouldn't civil-service reform," says Bromfield Corey in Mr. Howells's best novel, "and the resumption of specie payment, and a tariff for revenue only, inspire heroes?" Well, they may; but the pictures that they make seem strangely pale by the side of Bonneval picking his way at midnight with his men along the ice-covered mountain paths of Piedmont, or holding his little court in Brussels, or lying down to rest in his palace at Pera, with eleven scars of old battle-wounds in his body and the French minister's undeciphered letter beneath his pillow.

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"LAOKOON" AND THE PRIOR QUESTION

The first gift of criticism is perspective. By perspective I mean a comprehensive view of related matters shown in their just and intelligible proportion. To attain such views in any department which falls within our human ken is no light task. The matters considered must be seen, as Arnold would have us see life, steadily and whole; and steadiness implies balance in the observer, no less than wholeness depends upon the accessibility of the phenomena. It is a happy union, therefore, of the personality and the season which produces the truly great critic.

The source and fountain of European criticism, Aristotle's *Poetics*, appears just after the greatness of Greek literature had run its course, when Greek epic and drama lay before the observer with all the completeness which was to be preserved to posterity. *Longinus On the Sublime*—if we are to assume the probable date—follows the entire flowering of the pagan classics. Lessing's *Laokoon*, published in 1766, is contemporary with the rococo decadence of the new classicism which came into being with the Renaissance. Each of these treatises is something in the nature of an obituary disquisition, for each is concerned with the portrayal of excellences which, at least in the form that is foremost in the critic's mind, are not to appear in the literary expression of the ensuing age—excellences which are in a bodily sense dead and buried, and if at all subject to resurrection only so in some decidedly novel incarnation. It is partly for this reason, I fancy, that the panegyric temper of Longinus so movingly affects us.

And is it not fairly obvious also that the recency of the development considered, as of a bereavement not yet clearly realised, unconsciously disturbs the critical office? I would not say that in the case of such minds as those of Aristotle and Longinus and Lessing the criticism is warped by its circumstances—that is too strong an expression; but it does not seem unfair to affirm that each of these critics writes with a local and circumstantial bias which modifies the final value of his perspective. Aristotle clearly gives us no standard for judgment of Greek poetry as a whole (which, doubtless, he never intended to give); his interest is centralised in the public, the agonistic, types

of composition—in the dithyramb, in the epic, in tragedy,—and consequently his criticism elevates the dramatic elements in literature and judges merits by dramatic effects: ἦθος rather than φύσις, man rather than nature, becomes for him the proper theme of literary art,—though perhaps we had better say that the poems which went under the title Περὶ Φύσεως, even when they attained to such epical imaginings as appear in the works of Empedocles, seemed to him to involve no proper artistic problem; for with Aristotle as with Plato the problem of art is a problem of ethics, and the poems on nature were to be tried before the metaphysical tribunal of truth rather than subjected to the æsthetico ethical adjudication of καλοκάγαθία.

Longinus clearly has more feeling for nature (in an æsthetical sense) than has Aristotle. But Longinus, no less than Aristotle, has partialities which constitute a bias. For if Aristotle is a spectator, Longinus is a listener: it is the oration which is foremost in his imagination, and he hears all poetry as from the mouth of a declaimer. And in nature what he most admires is a certain cosmic magniloquence, of thunder and flame and of the moving sea, susceptible of imitation in the high speech of mortal men. The world of nature is after all but a setting for the works of man, and if these are now to be celebrated from the rostrum rather than upon the stage the change is but one of the manner, not of the matter of the art.

Said in all fairness, Aristotle and Longinus give us the best measure of ancient criticism; they define for us the classic conception of literature, as essentially human and essentially dramatic. I do not mean to say that no other forms appear in antiquity; I have already cited the poems on nature; and many minor modes, lyric, meditative, passively descriptive, find their due examples. But were we to excerpt from classical literature the elements neglected by Aristotle and Longinus we should have taken away little that is of more than antiquarian interest; the vital body would still remain.

It is worth while to get clearly in mind this essential classicism before turning to Lessing, for the feeling for what is human and dramatic is the very pillar of Lessing's criticism. Viewing ancient literature at a distance, he could see it in truer perspective; and he had besides the advantage of comparison with later literary developments. Further, Lessing had seen the rise of that consciousness of the separateness of art from the run of

human interests which has given us the domain of æsthetics as a distinct domain; so that where the ancients saw only a problem of the good we can see a problem of beauty, and by comparing art with art—a task which they never seriously attempted—we can analyse beauty from diverse situations. We should expect, then, that Lessing, having the equipped mind and having the materials before him, when he undertakes his discussion of the "boundaries of the arts," would give us a more capable and satisfying depiction of the office of literature than even the greatest of his antique predecessors. We should expect him to be free from the adventitious and circumstantial, in so far as this may be allowed to man; and perhaps the highest tribute that could be paid to Lessing's value is the fact that a capable editor, a hundred and fifty years after the *Laokoon* first appeared,[1] in giving us an edition "purged of the ephemeral" finds so little of what was printed on the original page to be excluded from the modern.

In Lessing, we may reasonably assume, classicism finds its central expositor. And in undertaking a review of the works of some contemporary critics, whose conflicts largely turn upon their conceptions of "classic" and its assumed antithetical, "romantic," we may best serve our purpose by a restatement of the main thesis of Lessing's work,—all the more in point from the fact that a notable modern book by Professor Irving Babbitt challenges the comparison in its title, *The New Laokoon*.

I

It is the genius of the German to generate an atmosphere of profundity about the simplest ideas. Most Teutonic thinkers are men of one idea, but that idea is so patiently dichotomised and so ingeniously elaborated that it ends by becoming a system; for them experience is confounded with logistic and metaphysics identified with *Schematismus*. It is doubtless for this reason that the German philosophers are of all men the easiest to epithet; a word or a phrase will carry the whole burden of their thought, whose formidable outward show is only the gaseous enlargement of its ponderable substance.

Lessing is a German. I do not mean that he lacks matter; but compare him with Aristotle or Longinus and he reads thin;

[1] *Laokoon*. Edited by William Guild Howard.

it is, after all, the garb of learning with which he invests his idea, rather than its own native richness, that makes its impressiveness. I speak of "his idea" in the singular, for he shares the peculiarity of his countrymen, and the *Laokoon* is very obviously a book of one thought. Indeed, he himself reduces it to an epigram: "*Die Zeitfolge ist das Gebiet des Dichters, sowie der Raum das Gebiet des Malers*"—"Temporal succession is the province of the poet, as space is that of the painter." The whole essay is but an elaboration of this conception: time is the "pure form" of poetry, space is the "pure form" of pictorial art.

I cannot strictly call this Kantianism, though the application of Kant's *Transcendental Æsthetic* to the problems of art must have produced exactly this conclusion; for while Lessing had some personal acquaintance with Kant, the *Laokoon* antedates the *Kritik* by some fifteen years, and indeed is contemporary with Kant's first puzzling over inner and outer space. But the analogy is none the less interesting, showing as it does how inevitably the Teuton of the period solved his empirical problems by transcendental reason—so explaining in advance, what any reader of Lessing must feel, that his illustrations are chosen by his thesis, and his thesis not, as would be the temper of our times, framed upon the materials.

But let us turn for a moment to the matter. Lessing is discussing the limits of the arts, and he makes of these psychological limits. The imitations (Lessing accepts the classical definition of art as imitation) of plastic and pictorial art must be apprehensible in a single glance; the powers of the eye, which is the organ by which we perceive objects in space as unitary objects, themselves set the bounds for unity in spatial art; and these bounds are best described as the limits of what can be embraced in a moment of clear seeing. Spatial art is, then, momentary art. The moment is indeed the very soul of the art, and its choice the crux of inspiration. It must not be a transitory, a temporal, an active moment; rather it must be a moment of pause, a suggestive, or, as Lessing calls it, a "fruitful" moment,—one in which physical action has ceased, but, as it were, in a suspense which indefinitely challenges and intensifies imaginative activity. One of Lessing's surest passages characterises this moment:

"That alone is the fruitful moment which gives the imagination free play. The more we see the more must we be able to add in thought, and the more we add in thought just so much more must we feel that we see. In the whole

course of a passion there is no moment which has less of this advantage than has its highest stage. Beyond that there is nothing, and to reveal the utmost to the eye is to bind the wings of phantasy and to necessitate that, since it cannot pass beyond the sensible impression, it should busy itself with weaker images for which the visible fulness of the expression serves as a limitation."

Lessing illustrates this fruitful moment by the Laocoön group. The artists have seized upon the instant before struggle has passed into surrender: Laocoön's lips are open, but the despairing shriek is not yet uttered. And he illustrates again from the art of Timomachus: Ajax is depicted in dejection, contemplating self-destruction in the moment after yielding to his berserk passion, he is not shown in the midst of his rage; Medea is shown before the murder of her children, torn between mother-love and jealousy, the only moment which our sympathies will endure.

But, says Lessing, poetry is not confined to such restricted moments; poetry can legitimately depict the whole suffering of Laocoön, the whole passion of Ajax or Medea. Indeed, poetry must not concentrate upon the single moment if it is to produce its own proper effect. Its business is not to compete with painting, but to imitate that of which the painter's art is incapable; and that is action, moving events, temporal reality. Objects contiguous or with parts contiguous are bodies, the visible peculiarities of which are the theme of plastic and pictorial art; objects sequent or with parts sequent are actions, and these are the peculiar objects of poetic art.

Here we have, in its *a priori* simplicity, Lessing's *Grundbegriff;* and it is not without significance, touching such modes of metaphysic, that the law is no sooner laid down than it is modified. For all objects are both contiguous in space and sequent in time; each moment is an enchained appearance, the effect of its predecessor, the cause of its successor. Hence painting can in fact represent action, "*aber nur andeutungsweise durch Körper,*"—but only suggestively through objects; while poetry, no less, may depict bodies, "*aber nur andeutungsweise durch Handlungen,*" —but only suggestively through actions. Thus Raphael, in his treatment of draperies, shows the last preceding movement of the limb; Homer, on occasion, uses three and even four pictorial adjectives. The rule of practice is that the two linked moments which the painter is permitted must be so near in time that we see them as one without shock, while the successive images of the

poet must be presented in words so interlinked that we seem to hear them as one.

Alas for metaphysics and the high *a priori* road! The clear-cut boundaries between the arts are no sooner envisaged than they shimmer and fuse and fluctuate away. For the limits which Lessing would impose are not outer, but inner; not in the nature of the matters of art, but in the power of the artist's imagination. If your artist has the compelling imagination of a Michelangelo; we can see without shock, in one graphic presentation, moments of time so far apart as birth and death, Creation and the Day of Judgment, while the scenic power of words is so chief an ornament of literature that we can hardly conceive of great poetic imagination apart from its exercise. Indeed, Lessing erases his own demarcation when he maintains that the poet "will make the ideas, which he arouses in us, so living that we seem to feel the true sensible impression of the objects themselves, and in this moment of illusion cease to be conscious of his words which are but the means that he employs to this end." If the ultimate effect of art is a moment of illusion, the agency by which this illusion is produced should be a matter of indifference.

The truth is that the moment of physical contemplation accompanied by imaginative zeal, which is for Lessing the proper effect of the painter's art, and the moment of vivid imagery accompanied by oblivescence of the words, which is for him the life of poetry, these two moments are one and the same; they are occasioned by diverse agents, but they are like experiences, and it is impossible to determine from the experience what the agent ought to be. In words which cannot be bettered, Herder put the central truth: "If action be the proper subject of poetic art, yet can this subject never be determined through the dry concept of succession; *force* is the midpoint of its sphere. And this force is the force which cleaves to the inwardness of words; it is the magic which, through phantasy and memory, works upon the soul; it is the being of poesy."

If we pause to ask ourselves why, with all its apparent strength, Lessing's argument analyses so weakly, the answer will be found to turn upon two deficiencies.

The first of these is of a material nature. Lessing's outlook upon art is woefully limited. With all his erudition—and no man can speak of it without respect—he seems to have no balanced experience of literature. For him poetry is dramatic

poetry; it is the poetry of action, and that action human action. Here Lessing is at one with the ancients; here lies his classicism. But surely it is a defect for a modern critic to overlook, even if he be not drawn to, that body of lyric and devotional expression which makes so great part of what the world counts its poetic riches. Similarly, on the side of art, Lessing seems to see in the painter only a possible illustrator,—not of poetry, but of ideas; his contention is that poetry cannot be pictorially illustrated, although there are ideas which can be depicted. To a degree this contention is justified, but to make it the foundation of a philosophy of art implies small acquaintance with the aims and themes of the painter. In brief, Lessing takes human forms and human conduct, the scenes and actions which make life, and he shows how in dramatic portrayal spectacle and book supplement one another; what he gives is admirable as a guide to truth in the theatre, but it is a slight survey of the whole field of art.

The second deficiency in Lessing is one of psychology. I know that "psychology" is nowadays a term to conjure with, and that its charge of knowledge is overblown with bosh and bluster; but the charge of knowledge is, after all, genuine; and if the critics insist upon being psychological it is but in nature that the psychologist retort upon them. In the case of Lessing his ignorance is quite pardonable in the man but a heavy burden upon his theories. For in the first place the whole assumption of the momentariness of our visual perceptions of objects, as unities or entireties, is a false assumption; yet he makes it the support of his theory of painting and sculpture. And in the second place the notions upon which he frames his theory of poetry—notions of the laboriousness of visual imagination and of its inability to compose unities competing with those of sense,—these notions must strike with astonishment many of his fellow-men whose experiences are quite the reverse. The truth appears to be that Lessing was what is technically known as a motile, or movement-minded man, one who thinks in terms of action rather than of sense: "In general," he says, "we can remember movements more easily and in a livelier manner than forms or colours,"—a statement which may very likely have been true of himself but is certainly not true of many another. It is obvious that no man can safely erect a theory of art upon his own idiosyncracies, and Lessing himself is never wiser than in saying, "*Nichts ist betrüg-*

licher als allgemeine Gesetze für unsere Empfindungen"—"Nothing is more deceptive than general rules for our sensibilities."

II

Professor Irving Babbitt entitles his essay *The New Laokoon* as an indication of his intention, with an added century and a half of literary history in perspective, once again to take up the discussion of the boundaries of the arts. The essay divides into two parts: in the first of these, entitled "The Pseudo-Classic Confusion of the Arts," he analyses the conditions and theories which led up to Lessing's criticism, whose value and shortcomings he appraises; in the second part, entitled "The Romantic Confusion of the Arts," he resumes the developments of the nineteenth century and attacks the errors into which he deems our time to have fallen.

The argument of the first part is to the effect that the "classicism" of post-Renaissance times is essentially a false classicism. It confuses the arts externally and formally,—a confusion due, in large part, to its mistaken understanding of the Greek conception of "imitation" as the first definition of art: this doctrine of imitation was regarded as throwing the whole stress of æsthetic creation upon the element of reproduction, either a formal copying of classic models or a no less formal symbolism of *la belle nature;* that is, of nature regarded as a gracious theme for the display of artistic tact and taste. The result is obvious and calculated fiction rather than true imaginative illusion—a chimæra-like consumption of "second intentions" rather than a vital interpretation of the idea in nature. It was this formalism, based on an external and mechanical conception of imitation, which begot the pictorial poetry and poeticised painting attacked by Lessing. Lessing "is as willing as any critic of the Renaissance to grant that poetry is a painting and an imitation," but "he is not willing to take the next step, and establish a formal resemblance between words and figures of speech in poetry and colours in painting." Lessing has done little more, adds Professor Babbitt, than develop the aphorism of La Fontaine: "Words and colours are not alike, nor are eyes ears"; his discussion is really confined to the realm of sense-organ and stimulus, the realm of experience remains unanalysed.

And it is precisely in the realm of experience, in an inward

and psychical sense, that Romanticism creates its confusions. In place of neo-classic "imitation," it exalts "spontaneity"; in place of a mind which is a blank tablet for outer impressions, it offers a soul immured in its "tower of ivory"; in place of a chimæra feeding on "second intentions," it gives us a monstrous inner assimilation of "first intentions." "Back to Nature" is its cry, but the nature to which it would return is unconfined and lawless, animistic rather than humanistic, with "higher" and "lower" inextricably interfused. It is a sort of post-Kantian "absorption" and "transmutation" in which things and ideas, appearances and realities, disappear in an absolute blend, which merits its name of "absolute" only because it is indescribable. Word-painting, programme music, works in which sounds are meant to be seen and colours to be heard, all these are symptomatic confusions: "as a man thus melts into nature," says Mr. Babbitt, "his vocabulary melts into nature with him and takes on all its variegated hues."

This extraordinary development our critic finds to be but the outward expression of a psychic mutation which has altered our faculties. He says:

> "The inward eye of which Wordsworth speaks was comparatively dormant in men before the last century; since then it has been so developed as to become a sort of new sense that brings the objects of outer nature into contact with the soul through the medium of imaginative illusion, refining them in the process and attuning them to human emotion. This new sense is in itself delightful and legitimate, and the revery with which it is associated has its own uses. The romantic error has been to make of this revery the serious substance of life instead of its occasional solace; to set up the things that are below the reason as a substitute for those that are above; in short, to turn the nature cult into a religion."

In a further passage the diagnosis is expanded:

> "If all the arts are thus restless and impressionistic, the reason is not far to seek: it is because the people who practise these arts and for whom they are practised are themselves living in an impressionistic flutter. If the arts lack dignity, centrality, repose, it is because the men of the present have no centre, no sense of anything fixed or permanent either within or without themselves, that they may oppose to the flux of phenomena and the torrent of impressions. In a word, if confusion has crept into the arts, it is merely a special aspect of a more general malady, of that excess of sentimental and scientific naturalism from which, if my diagnosis is correct, the occidental world is now suffering."

It is obvious from these passages that the author of *The New Laokoon* is, like his predecessor, a classicist in the sense that his feeling for art is merged in his feeling for human conduct: that moral and æsthetic problems are identical. In the concluding chapters of the book this classicism comes to explicit expression. Neo-Classicism and Romanticism, he argues, stands each for a half-truth: the need of form and the need of matter. But in divorcing these complementary needs, each movement has fallen into error: formalism, the result of an indolence of the imagination, is the error of the false classicists; "eleutheromania"—"an undefined liberty and an unselective sympathy,"—the result of an indolence of the reason, is the sin of the romanticists. But there is a happy mean: the humanistic law of concentration and selection, of a *will* intent upon *truth*. Real freedom is that of a spirit which knows and owns its limitations; the need of the hour is form, in the Aristotelian sense, which will permit sanity and encourage humane feeling in the midst of the confusions of sense and spirit which Romanticism has engendered. "If art is to have humane purpose . . . intuitions of sense must come under the control of the higher intuitions." Or, as he elsewhere says, "What we have in the great artists is the intellectualising of sensations, and not . . . the sensualising of the intellect." Finally: "The Greeks at their best had humane standards and held them flexibly. They thus effected in some degree that mediation between the One and the Many that is the highest wisdom of life."

III

In our estimate of Lessing we criticised his defective psychology. To a degree this was an incidental criticism; for Lessing's main contention is not a subtle one; and since his analysis turns upon the nature of the æsthetic stimulus rather than the æsthetic experience, his defects, in the matter of psychology, limit the application rather than the essential truth of his theories. But the case is obviously different with the more recent critic. Professor Babbitt transfers the discussion bodily to a psychical realm; the romantic confusion of the arts is, he tells us, an inner and experiential confusion; it is due to unfocal thinking and feeling, not to confounded sight and sound. Very clearly, the value of criticism from this point of view must

depend upon its psychological truth: whether intentionally or not the critic has diverted his profession from an analysis of matters to an analysis of mind; he has transformed criticism into psychology, and it is reasonable that his thought should be met on his own grounds.

I may illustrate the psychological turn by certain current antitheses: there is "inner" and "outer," intellect and sense, feeling and will, imagination and reason; and if we will apply these terms according to the formula, we shall find that the volitional, intellectual, and reasonable is the proper definition of what is classical and humane and in some precious meaning "higher," while the emotional, sensible, and imaginative defines what is romantic and naturalistic and axiomatically "lower" in our mortal experience. When the matter is put in this bald form, one begins to suspect that our modern mode is not wholly redeemed from the fallacious seductiveness of *Schematismus!* At the least, we are on our guard against that illusion of order which is so often introduced into complex subjects by the deft arrangement of categories.

If there is, as I suspect, an error underlying this neat itemising of æsthetic experience, it is yet an error peculiar to no one critic; and before endeavouring to lay it open, we may pause to consider other instances. Professor Babbitt (accepting his own definitions) is a stout classicist, while Professor Fairchild discusses *The Making of Poetry* from a point of view which can be only that of the unsubdued romantic. For him poetry is indefinable; it "begins and ends in feeling"; whatever is to be said about it must be said from an external, from a circumferential point of view. However, since this outer attitude permits his book to analyse the elements, creation, value, and even the "real nature" of poetry, it cannot be supposed that we have lost much in losing the "definability" of the poet's art. To begin with, the material of poetry is mental images; the language which stimulates these is merely an outer and servile circumstance. But these images must be more than replications of nature if we are to have poetry; they must be "personalisations"—that is, absorptions of nature by the poet's personality. "Everywhere there is a going out of my own nature," writes our critic; "I identify myself with all that exists in thought, action, or person, not my own. Everywhere I carry on a process of self-projection; I put myself into the life and action of people and of things; I humanise them."

Corollary to this is the notion that form, verse-form, is purely adventitious: "versifying," we are told, "finds its most satisfactory explanation, not through consideration of its external form, but in terms of its inner effects." This analysis leads up to the doctrine that the nature of poetry is "self-realisation,"—poetry is "a form of pleasurable and unified self-realisation" which "must represent either something new that is valued, or, if not something new, something known and wished for, but not consistently attained in feeling, thought, or action."

It would be difficult to find a more unadulterated statement of the "romantic" point of view than is this of Professor Fairchild's,—which, it is but fair to add, he supports with a liberal analysis of materials drawn chiefly from sources which are confessedly of the romantic movement. We can imagine that Professor Babbitt might feel nervous at Professor Fairchild's preemption of the term "humanism" to designate his philosophy of art; for "self-projection" and "self-realisation," in the expansive and catholic sense employed by the latter, is as far as can be from that "concentration of the will" which is the former's definition of humanism. But after all can an impartial arbiter deny the right of either conception? "Concentration of the will" is a reasonable interpretation of μηδὲν ἄγαν, but "self-projection" may no less reasonably be inferred from "*esse* is *percipi*," and each of these rests with equal right upon the prior humanistic maxim, "Know thyself." And it is not without point that the critical philosophies of our two exponents, though following very different routes, are altogether neighbourly in their conclusions; for between "that mediation between the One and the Many that is the highest wisdom of life" for Professor Babbitt, and the "feeling of unity attained and continuity of experience emphasised" in which Professor Fairchild sees the value of poetry, the difference is verbal rather than speculative.

As much cannot be said of another book which also must be classed as the expression of an unsubdued romantic. The very title of Max Eastman's *Enjoyment of Poetry* is meant to shunt it off from all those philosophies of art which centre on will and reason; in place of these, emotion and the senses are for Dr. Eastman warp and woof of the poetic fabric. He begins his discussion with a sharp severation of the poetic from the practical; people are of two kinds, "some of them are chiefly occupied with attaining ends, some with receiving experiences"; it is the latter

who compose the tribe of poets. Now the distinguishing mark of the two temperaments is their use of names; the practical man will select names which familiarise "adjustments," the poetical will employ epithets which challenge "realisation." "Is the right name of water *wet*, or is it *H2O?*" Here we have the antithesis set: a perfect algebra is the ideal of the practical reason, while poetry is "the art of calling names."

We are not surprised on being led to infer from this that Homer and Shakespeare get their lesson from folklore, or that poetic wisdom is most certain to be found on the lips of babes, savages, and yokels. "Poetry is of necessity the language both of children who do not understand the general names of things, and savages who have not decided upon those names"; and "poetry is a countryman, and greets every experience by its own name." Framed from this calibre the essence of poetry is the monosyllables of thought; it is an art of words, of morsels succulent or bitter, each giving as its delight some special delice or poignancy—and if my talk seem to savour closely of the cuisine, it is yet untrue to our critic's conception only in that for him poetry makes real for us objects of sense which can but verbally pass our lips. "Millions of so-called 'stories' are current among men, women, and children of which the climax is not humour but poetry, a vivid filth."[1] Plato, we will remember, not even for the sake of scientific consistency would admit "hair" and "filth" into the aristocracy of the Ideas,—and perhaps this is a measure of the distance we have come unto a time when poetic effulgence is found even upon offal.

To be sure, ideas have a kind of place in Dr. Eastman's theory. They are not valued in poetry for their use—which is their essence—but for what is adventitious to their being; the poet "loves the idea, as he loves the thing, for its suggestiveness, its discursiveness, its inapplicabilities." "The realisation of ideas is a part of the adventure of being"; but it is made sufficiently clear to us that, on the whole, it is much the poorer part. The

[1] Our author adds, "This is the dry rot of poetry." But on his theory, there is no reason for this judgment except his temperamental dislike of filth. On the other hand, taking his own valuation of words for their suggestive qualities, there is perfect right on the part of anyone who cares vigorously to deny that "filth" is ever "poetry." The word *poetry*, as Eastman's description acknowledges, has won for itself a flavour which distinctly proclaims that it *has* something to do with beauty,—a flavour, I may add, upon which the author often, if unconsciously, relies to persuade assent to his judgments.

qualities which make the poet are sensitiveness, sympathy, and self-knowledge; and while each of these qualities is excellent in itself, it is evident, from the limitation of the catalogue, which way the wind sets: sensitiveness is the quality of a mind perceptually resilient, sympathy calls for quick-welling emotion, while self-knowledge is here no Greek thing, but something more surely the possession of indigenes and sucklings than of sages and kings.

In fact, what is called *mind*—and in particular, poetic mind—"is itself a part of *things*" as far as these engender experience. "The poetic impulse is a love of that experience for its own sake. Poetic creation begins in us when we marry, with such love, the images of memory to the impressions of sense, and when to this union we set the seal of a vivid and communicable name we are poets in the full and divine sense. We are makers of a world."

Here poetry is not, as it is with Professor Fairchild, an outward flowing of the ego, familiarising and personalising a world of unillumined externalities; rather it is the chaotic precipitate of mind particles upon the things themselves, or (perhaps more in the spirit of Dr. Eastman) it is the myriad dew crystallised upon the world's gardens for the morning's intoxication;—one jewelled moment it sparkles to the sun's flame, then vanishes forever. Here is no talk of concentration, but only of dissipation; nothing to be garnered or gained, but all for profligate spending.

Nor does the will fare better than the reason in the compounding of the poetic experience. To be sure, we are told that poetry is a manifestation of the "will to live"; but we recognise this will as the blind and distempered passion for life philosophised by Schopenhauer rather than any guided control of conduct. Life is a reasonless adventure, with surety only in its present gift, and poetry, whose office it is to catch the momentary glint of momentary things, obtains its excellence just in "a vivifying of present experience in an adventurous world." If poetry has no portion with purpose, naturally it has none with consecutive action. It was the accident of Greek form that made Aristotle regard tragedy as poetry, according to Dr. Eastman; narrative is not properly poetry at all, but a satisfaction of the appetites of the will; Shakespeare is the poet of action not because he is a creator of drama, but because he excels all others in galvanising thought by images of action: "Look to Shakespeare for the poetry of verbs." The upshot of it all is that "poetry is a series of

pictures accompanied by appropriate music,"—which is a flaring defiance to Lessing and Mr. Babbitt.

By the time we have been taught that poetry is the particoloured babble of infants and primitives, that it is akin to magic and adventure and Bacchanalian orgy, that even the rhythm, which seems to give it tautness and form, is but a lethargising hypnosis, by this time we begin to misdoubt the very possibility of such a thing as a poem or a poetic work; and, despite the relish of many palatable phrases and some fair-said truths, in the presence of the obvious fact of literature, we turn from the *Enjoyment of Poetry* with the feeling that the most its author has done is to make a saucy statement of a bad case.

IV

The question which naturally occurs to us sociable human beings, when we encounter sharp antitheticals contrariwise shaping our conduct and conceptions, is whether there may not be some comfortable and compromising middle way, friendly to each extreme. William Allan Neilson's *The Essentials of Poetry* is a search for such a *via media* between "classicism" and "romanticism." Neilson agrees with the current diagnosis in making imagination the distinctive mark of romanticism; it is associated with the "rediscovery of the soul" and the "return to Nature," with emotionalism and naturalism, and with that expansiveness of temperament which drives your romantic to seek his theme in the far-away and the unfamiliar, in barbarous Outlands or Mediæval Thules: "emotion stimulates imagination and is stimulated by it in turn, and in so far as the free expression of natural human feeling in a poem is due to imaginative causes, it is to be reckoned as a romantic character,"—emotion, imagination, free expression of feeling; it is the familiar formula. Classicism, on the other hand, is intimately dependent upon reason: "the predominance of the rational and formal element in art results in the tendency known as classicism." Predominance of reason necessarily means an especial concern with the peculiar instruments of reasoning, namely, abstract ideas. But this involves, in the first place, loss of imaginative vividness and emotional stress, for both imagination and emotion are essentially concrete, not abstract; and in the second place, it involves the ever-present endangering of that very character for which vividness

is sacrificed, and that is truth; for while truth is necessarily expressed in general terms, generality is by nature formal; and when we have to do with matters so capriciously elevated from the phenomenal world as are æsthetic matters, then, more than elsewhere, is formality in danger of resolving into formalism. Classicism stresses form; but its peril is lest in our passion for formal perfection we lose our sense for fact. So Aristotle caustically says of the Pythagoreans: "All the properties of numbers and scales which they could show to agree with the attributes and parts and the whole arrangement of the heavens, they collected and fitted into their scheme; and if there was a gap anywhere, they readily made additions so as to make their whole theory coherent."

It is just for the avoidance of like emptinesses that the "sense of fact" which we find in realism has come to be so valued a quality, says Professor Neilson. The sense of fact is the salt substance of literature, "lending steadiness to imagination and supplying material to reason," though "resulting, when it exists in isolation or excess, in its own characteristic kind of failure." The case is that imagination, reason, and the sense of fact must all be maintained in a happy proportionality if we are to have creations of the first value, and the quality which can so maintain them he finds in "intensity." The situation is presented in a quaint allegory:

> "Up the sides of Parnassus labour the would-be poets coming by the three main roads of imagination, reason, and the sense of fact. Those who have arrived at the top are camped on that side of the plateau next the road by which they ascended, and the camps are called by the names Romantic, Classic, and Realistic. There are other roads and other camps, but so far we have concerned ourselves with only these three. The great leaders, however, are to be found, not in the heart of any one of these camps, but, in proportion to their greatness, towards the middle of the plateau. The farther from this great centre, the more partisan they become, and down the slopes on each side and out on the plains of prose one sees little figures waving their party banners and shouting their party cries, far from the summit of victory at whose centre is a great peace."

The quality of "intensity" is, as it were, the radiance which suffuses this Parnassian height. If we wish for a more definite description; "It is what the modern critic means—when he means anything—by temperament. It is often called merely emotion, or feeling, or passion,"—though it is more than is

conveyed by any one of these terms, being a kind of alembic quality whose one office is to redeem all other qualities from dross.

With these four qualities the centre of Professor Neilson's critical edifice is completed. They constitute a statement of the æsthetic core of literary art. There are other qualities, —for example, he treats sentiment and humour; but these have to do with the ethical side of art, æsthetics as affected by ethics, rather than with its untouched essence: sentiment builds up and humour criticises ideals of conduct rather than patterns of beauty, and hence these qualities are incidental in criticism.

Beyond question, we have here an attractive platting of the "middle way." Inevitably we ask, is it satisfying? is it an adequate and workable philosophy of criticism? In order to answer such questions, we must, I think, resume our consideration of the psychological theory which, with curious uniformity, underlies all these diverse critical excursions.

V

Professor Neilson, when he is seeking a text for his treatise, chooses a passage from Bacon's *Great Instauration*, to wit: "The best division of human learning is that derived from the three faculties of the rational soul, which is the seat of learning. History has reference to the Memory, poesy to the Imagination, and philosophy to the Reason." In the light of this passage it is easy to see upon what support rests Professor Neilson's division of realistic, romantic, and classic; for the sense of fact, imagination, and reason in poetry are but the manifestations of the three faculties set in relief by Bacon's partition.

Perhaps the most signal effect of Bacon's work has been the sense of form, and the form of the sense of form, which it has imposed upon modern critical thinking. Bacon developed, with great elaboration, his notion of the relation of the fields of learning to the faculties of the rational soul; and in that veritable incarnation of the spirit of the Enlightenment, *L'Encyclopédie . . . ou Dictionnaire raisonné des Sciences, des Arts et des Métiers*, as its title continues, . . . as explained by d'Alembert in the *Discours préliminaire*, Bacon's arrangement is made the model for the encyclopædic organisation of all human knowledge. The influence of this work upon later thought is wellnigh universal;

and certainly, in all branches of criticism, where perspective is essential to sound conclusions, the spirit of the *Encyclopædia* is autocratic.

Now it is quite obvious that Bacon's division, and the point of view which it has engendered, is a psychological one. Is the psychology true and sufficient? This is our inevitable question; and if the achievements of psychological science in modern times are in any degree to be taken seriously, it has only to be asked to be answered in the negative. For the psychologist of to-day, though he may still use the notion of faculties in his provisional analyses, is perfectly aware of their fictive nature. For him the human mind is not a thing to be dissected, part from part, the parts duly prepared and labelled, and then properly exhibited in museum array; rather, he conceives it as a living reality, whose action is always one and simple though its description may be many and complex; it is not a composite structure of faculties, nor yet of states; it is growing and adaptive and unifying, as are all forms of life, and its essence is its operation. As it is with the mind, so is it with experience as a whole, and especially with those products of experience by which we judge what is essential humanity.

Now if we turn from the psychologist to the critic, what do we find? In the first place, an ostensible psychologising of his subject-matters, a passage from the "outer" to the "inner," from the stimulus to the experience; and in the second place, no accompanying understanding of psychological problems.[1] The psychology of Bacon and the Mediævalists is still all-sufficient for the commentators upon art; they still discourse in terms of wits and faculties quite oblivious of the changed intentions which scientific progress has brought to these terms; and they fail utterly to apply, and apparently to grasp, the conception of mind and its creations, which, I venture to affirm, is not only the modern, but also the conception of the best of the Greeks, for it is Plato who tells us that "being is power," and Aristotle who says that "actuality is work, action," and who defines the soul as actuality.

[1] Dr. Eastman does recognise the more modern view, but he makes no essential use of it. "Probably any theory which regards the laboratory analysis of our experience into emotion, sensation, affection, image, idea, and so forth, as a final truth, will itself prove but temporary. We are safer when we talk of experience as a whole."

Plutarch, in one of his catechetical paragraphs, asks how many are the senses, and responds that according to the Stoic school there are five—sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch,—but that Aristotle adds to these a "common sense" whose business it is to perceive the compounded forms given us by the representations of the special senses, and likewise to reveal those developments in nature which appear in our perceptions of change. This sixth sense exercises an hegemony over all the others, from the simple fact that it alone deals with that actuality of action which is the essential being at once of outer nature and of the soul—a fair and pragmatic reason, by the way, why it should be the lineal source of our own prized "common sense."

Now the critics seem all to cleave to the decadent Stoic psychology. When they are dealing with the physical senses only, as in the case of Lessing, their conclusion may be, as Lessing's is, a sound if narrow theory. But when they would pass from this external and safe province to the more central facts of æsthetic experience, their dangers are multiplied and, we fear, their weaknesses made evident. In the cases resumed we have illustration. Mr. Babbitt's theory rests upon antitheses of sense and intellect, emotion and will, which govern his conceptions and determine his formulæ,—as if there could be intellect devoid of sense, or will apart from feeling, or either pair in independence of the other. Mr. Neilson has memory, imagination, and reason in Baconian compartments of the mind, ready to serve as the proper keys to æsthetic intelligibility. Mr. Fairchild, after postulating an indefinable thing-in-itself called feeling, as the essence of poetry, proceeds to divide a material of phantasma from a combining-form of poetic intelligence; and so deems that he has marked out for us some advance in some direction worth pursuing. Finally, Mr. Eastman would compound poetry of sense-perception, emotion, and memory, leaving will and intellect to be the concern of the man of affairs. The pertinent question is, to what does all such criticism lead? The classifications which it engenders are not true; it cannot define the proper themes or modes of æsthetic creation; and it can hardly be expected to give reliable guidance to our tastes. The total impression which it conveys, after one has taken time for sober analysis of its meaning, is of the substitution of eloquent but empty "abracadabras" for the familiar term "spade"; and the lesson it conveys is, if

anything, the reiteration of Lessing's wise caution: "*Nichts ist betrüglicher als algemeine Gesetze für unsere Empfindungen.*"

VI

But though we condemn the psychology of the critics, as antiquated and inadequate, there is another point of view, which is, indeed, a prior point of view, from which their conclusions may be judged. The prior view is the philosophical, and it raises a question which may reasonably be regarded as essentially precedent to such psychological discussion of the boundaries of the arts as is found in the *Laokoon* and similar treatises.

We will take our departure from the current conceptions of "romantic" and "classic," giving to these terms as precise an interpretation as their customarily loose employment will permit. The sharp antithesis of sense and intellect, feeling and will, imagination and reason, we must reject as inherently false, and conducive only to hypostatical idols and epithetical combats. We will thus avoid such absurd prejudgments as that sensible beauty is necessarily inferior to intellectual because sense is in some mystical meaning "lower" and intellect "higher"; or that unions of sense and intellect which we demand in poetry, under the forms of imagination and reason, are impure and bastard when they occur in musical art; or that emotion is a thing that can be operated upon and cured by will, rather than an intrinsic phase of volitional experience. These are assumptions which spoil our tempers without advancing our wisdom; and since they are grounded in unreality we will pass them by, and we will turn to inquire what legitimate philosophical meanings underlie our terms.

As I see it, the metaphysical burden conveyed by "romantic versus classic" is that of the particular as contrasted with the general or of the changing as opposed to the changeless. The two terms denote attitudes toward experience and methods of presenting impressions derived from nature. Neither method has any prerogatory claim as the *vera causa* either of knowledge or of beauty, and each must prove its own value. Nor is either justly condemned by pointing out, for example, that the romantic affection of mind is neither humble nor economical, or that the classical purchases its clear and distinct definition by confining itself to superficial ideas, while its immaculate form is only the

rigor mortis that for a moment preserves the aspect of life from imminent decay. Such judgments do not condemn until we have first inquired whether arrogance and wastefulness, superficiality and mechanical rigidity are sins and are avoidable; and these questions we cannot answer until we know under what conditions knowledge and beauty are humanly attainable, and, I may add, in what sense they are good.

We must resume, in other words, the Greek mode of criticism, which was an ethical mode, but ethical in the most philosophical sense. I do not mean that we should parrot the Greeks, priggishly asserting, as some do, that they have once for all uttered all that can worthily be said. There is rather every reason why we should avail ourselves of that distinction of moral and æsthetic which we see and which they failed to see, so that in place of καλοκἀγαθία we shall discuss καλὸν καὶ ἀγαθόν, seeking to determine their likeness and difference in the total ordination of experience. And having placed our criticism upon such basis as this, we shall then surely be able to appraise our activities with a more certain justice.

This conception of criticism is not "classical" in the current sense; but it is, I believe, true to the Greek mode. For it is difficult to imagine any Greek condemning the principle of evolution as our modern "classicists" condemn it, or yet proposing that separation of man and nature of which we make so much. Our classicists are too often men made timid by possessions, fearful of venturing the new lest they cease to prize what they already have; and the romanticist is to them a man gone mad with arrogant ambitions. It is as if the heavy saurians of Mesozoic ages were to reproach the first of the winged tribe because of their aspiration: "Behold us," they would say, "are we not perfect? our articulate scales, our iridescent armour, shield and crest and serrate spine,—could aught be more beautiful? And ye—scant-feathered, toothless, beaked,—what seek ye in the empty air? The stable and occupied earth is the proper abode of temperate life!" We can imagine what Plato would say in reply to this, for he utters it in a great passage—the figure of the winged horses and the charioteer and the period of thrice ten thousand years of effort to attain to the divine vision, whereof the memory is such that he who recalls it, forgets his earthly affairs and is rapt in the divine, while the vulgar deem him mad and upbraid him, seeing not that he is inspired.

Nor will our modern classicists, I imagine, derive much comfort from Plato in their notion that discursive and dichotomising reason is the prime support of intelligence, for it is the master of dialectic himself who says that when "all philosophers with one voice assert mind to be king of heaven and earth, in reality they are but magnifying themselves." The truth is, as Plato of all men most persistently recognised, there is more than one form of human experience and more than one form of knowledge. Reason is one such form, and none judges it more highly than did Plato; but there are other forms that cannot be expressed in the discourse of reason.

Can they be expressed, and do they deserve expression, in the discourse of the arts? This is a metaphysical question and it must be answered by metaphysical considerations. It was Pascal, I believe, who defined metaphysics as "a sophisticated poetry." A countryman of Pascal's, writing of Greek poetry, gives the obverse and truer statement: *La métaphysique est l'âme de toute poésie.* And if metaphysics is the soul of all poetry, is it not evident that our modern critics must become, what the great critics of antiquity were, metaphysicians first and judges of literature afterwards? Nor will any critic so equipped feel that his humanism is imperilled because our modern understanding of nature, far more penetrating than that of any Greek, has vastly extended our conception of human endeavour. Rather he will feel that this expansion of our mortal prospect is a challenge to our powers of expression, and judging our modern art by the greatness of the demands made upon it rather than by the weakness with which it too often meets these demands, he will prophetically see its bright future and inspiringly guide it upon the path of attainment.

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SOCRATES AND THE STREET CAR

It was at half past ten in the morning that they took me down to the operating room, weary with pain and numb with morphine. Upon my closed eyes I felt, for an instant, the soft, cool touch of the doctor's hand, succeeded immediately after by the warmth and woolliness of gauze and by the pressure of the rubber hood over my nose and chin. I wriggled a moment, coughed, and the pressure vanished. When it came again it brought with it the pungent sweetness of ether. I breathed deep, gasped and breathed deeper, gasped again and pumped for breath, my mouth open and my ears ringing. I heard voices, clear but very distant:

"He's going quick."

"Philosophers are easy. Ether is their native element."

The voices were cut off as sharply as they came. I was rushing with swiftness indescribable through black space, past balls of dazzling whiteness, balls immensely large and ridiculously small, but bright unendurably,—rushing straight into the empyrean. When I stopped, magically, without *why* or *how*, I had a feeling of being nowhere in particular and everywhere at once. At first it was too terrible, like the colic; later it became homelike and acutely pleasant. I soon discovered why. I was in the pineal gland of the Absolute, manipulating his system of eternal and self-representative ideas, which are everywhere and nowhere at the same time. To reach this high estate, mortal man must become disembodied and timeless, a mere neutral unit in the dialectical paradise. The process is far from agreeable, and the attainment peculiarly difficult to report. But, if I may so express it, I was the whole show; I enacted and contemplated my scene at one and the same time; I was both moving and inert, both myself and not myself, amicably at one with my ego, and more amicably divided against it. My whole panorama had that dual aspect which philosophers of the Absolute have made familiar. Seen with the inner eye it was a noncommittal mass of undivided protoplasmic ooze; seen with the outer eye, it was the piling of system on system; systems of philosophy, jiujitsu, thimble-rigging, dress-making, social reform, bridge, stock-manipulation, tariff-building, all woven into a vertigo of internal relationships,

in the single time-span of eternity. It was so stunning that my synthetic ego of apperception reeled, and I became dissociated, returning by degrees to that fragmentary aspect of the Absolute which is my terrestrial self.

"Does Socrates," I thought, "or does Plato,—do Socrates and Plato *like* this sort of thing?"

"Surely not," a voice replied. "Though this is a world of ideas, it is not our world of ideas. It is called a self-representative system, but to us Hellenes it is no better than chaos. It is identical with all orders, and therefore can exemplify no order in particular. It is sheer potentiality, the region of imperfection, of non-being, of becoming,—that is, it is the ideal world of your own time. *Our* ideal world is the world of perfection. If you wish to see Eternity, come to us."

I seemed both to utter the words and to hear them,—both to see before me a short, broad-shouldered, long-armed, mat-bearded, and touzle-headed old fellow, and to be that old fellow. I obeyed his will, or my impulse, and proceeded toward the Hellenic world of ideas. It lay well beyond the modern one; and as we approached it, comet-swift, the old gentleman became more and more distinct from me, and I from him. When we entered it we were each quite individual. The way to this world was far and hard, up a perpendicular wall of words, a wall translucent in places and of hues warm and sweet. In the middle of the wall was the gate, a narrow one of Attic speech and Athenian dialectic, for me impassable, but as mere vapour of the morning before the halcyon breath of my guide. The land within sloped gently to a broad plateau of emerald, shaded with trees of cypress, of laurel, of oak, and of cedarwood, and starred with ambrosial flowers. In the centre of the plateau stood a noble temple, builded of gold-veined marble, a structure luminous and clear and wonderful. This was the temple of the Highest Good, so just in figure and proportion that, whencesoever viewed, it appeared whole and perfect. Before its portico stood many men; and chariots stood there, each drawn by two horses, a black and a white. Far beyond the temple, clear and luminous, in vast procession filed the march of spirits intent upon the Good. Nearest us who were at the gate, lonely chariots raced and paced in paths parabolic and in perfect circles; they were the chariots of Sophists, intent upon dialectic exercise.

At the portico of the temple we were greeted by a little ferret-

eyed, bald-headed man, trying to look taller than he actually was and his companion a broad-shouldered, eager gentleman, weak-mouthed and perfumed, with dreams in his eyes. These were Aristotle and Plato; a little behind them followed a hook-nosed patriarch with a Semitic accent—Protagoras. All were eager to talk, but Socrates stopped only to explain how he had rescued me from the Absolute, and led me into the temple to pay homage to the Highest Good.

Within the temple was nothing which one expects in such a place. A city was there, of perfect beauty. Its centre was a living man, noble of stature, and in form and lineament of inexpressible excellence. He stood at ease, his calm gaze fixed on the boundless flood of dark and light that was the roof of the temple. As the citizens laboured, each cheerfully and utterly, so the man increased in majesty of excellence, while the dark of the roof diminished and the temple grew more luminous. Ever and anon one of the citizens stopped to gaze on the man, and having gazed returned to his task enriched in power and joy. And I too, as I gazed, was filled with comfort and with hope, with desire to achieve excellence. I would have leaped into the city and laid my hand to any needed work, but Socrates took me by the arm.

"It is enough," he said. "Your desire is your libation." And he led me out.

On the porch a crowd surrounded us.

"You have promised, Socrates," said Plato, "to lead us *more geometrico* to the minor properties of the non-Euclidean space."

"Let Euclid do that. He can discover the more swiftly what he does not yet know. But as for me, and this earth-dweller, we have poured a libation of our souls to the god. Our discourse shall be of him."

But Plato persisted, and others; one taking hold of him by the cloak, another by the hand.

"You have promised, Socrates. You have promised *us*. And we are many while this stranger is one. Why do you always prefer the one to the many? Will you ever consort with Alcibiades in his opinion that the majority has no rights which the minority is bound to respect?"

"Have your will, then," said Socrates. And forthwith there was a joyful mounting of chariots. Socrates, with a gesture, indicated that I was still to be his guest. I mounted and he bade me hold the reins while he secured the checks on his horses. "No

precaution can be too great," he said, "in this ideal jungle whereinto we now adventure."

How it happened I could not say. Perhaps, I tugged at the reins without intending it; perhaps, Socrates's unaccustomed labour irritated the horses. There was a sudden rush upward and a more sudden plunge down, down into a horrific abyss yawning infinitely black to swallow us; and when my senses renewed their life they were awake to the circumstance of a dirty street car. I found myself seated on the dust and plush-upholstered bench, wedged against the grime of the unwashed window behind me. On one side of me sat a malodorous fat man, on the other was Socrates; sitting and standing were labourers, with reeking clothes, widespread knees, and heavy voices; gum-chewing and perfumed shop girls; men of business, obese and smug, absorbed in newspapers; students in rakish clothes; gentlemen, gloved and caned and supercilious; a lady with a lap-dog; a bawling newsboy; and next to Socrates a round-shouldered, hollow-breasted woman, soothing a vexed child. Overhead, advertisements of nostrums edible and bibable, of clothes, of cosmetics, of newspapers, of what not, stridently invited the travellers to buy, alluring the loafing attention of the passengers as the car careered along, throwing their bodies from side to side, in the olescent murk. I stared weakly into the plain face of Socrates, now ugly with disgust.

"The depths of Tartarus do not know the like," he said wryly. "Prometheus sinned, but the expiation of his impiety is Elysian bliss compared with this; Tantalus's craving but ecstays! For what mortal lapse did Zeus contrive this place?"

"But, Socrates," I expostulated, "this is not hell. This is a street car. Thousands of hands have laboured in its making; thousands of men and women live by its use and in its service. Surely, in the world of ideas, you must have contemplated also the idea of a street car."

"Recall, I pray you," he returned, "that in our ideal world mud and hair have no prototypes. How then shall it contain an idea of the street car? But have I understood you aright,—that thousands of men labour in the making of these things?"

"Yes."

"Then street cars must have a purpose, must they not? Or is their making, their purpose?"

"I do not understand you, Socrates."

"Are street cars made for men, or men for street cars?"

"Nay, Socrates, street cars are made that men may go more speedily from place to place."

"Then the function of your street car is speed?"

"Yes."

"So that the best street car would be the street car that runs with greatest speed. Will you now tell me, is the motion of a vehicle helped or impeded by its burden?"

"Impeded."

"Then of two street cars of equal power, the one carrying least unnecessary weight would go faster and exercise its function better?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, carry the roof on your street car, and the walls of glass and those auricupidous praises of worthless things?"

"But you forget, Socrates, that while we desire to be conveyed with speed, we do not aim to be both speedy and uncomfortable. The car must not only take us from place to place, but while so doing, it must take us comfortably."

"And by 'comfortably' you mean?"

"I mean that the well-being of each passenger should not be disturbed, but maintained and even increased in passage."

"Then the function of your street car is to take you speedily and comfortably from place to place?"

"Yes."

"Do you, then, spend all your lives in street cars?"

"You are laughing at me, Socrates. Of course we do not. The street car is only an incident in the affairs of our existence. We have to earn our livelihood, to bring up our children properly, to govern ourselves, and to know the world."

"These are noble and difficult tasks. And what bearing have they on the street car, and on going about speedily from place to place?"

"Why, they justify the being of the street car."

"You would hold, then, that locomotion is not an end in itself, but an instrument."

"Yes."

"And perhaps you would agree that it is a good instrument in as far as it perpetuates and perfects the various functions

that you mention, and that it is evil as far as it fails to do so?"

"Yes."

"We agree, then, that the production, distribution, and operation of street cars are entitled to places in human activity in as far as they serve to maintain the whole of that activity?"

"Yes."

"And what, pray, would you say of this street car?"

"Well, it is not an unmixed good, Socrates."

"And is not the evil wherewith it is mixed greater than the good? Read these advertisements, awaking the discomforts of empty desire. And how are we packed together—not slaves in the trireme lay half so thick; nor were they so shaken and wrenched by the ship's motion as we by this. Were it not better to abandon these waggons of ill-fare utterly?"

"You would be right, Socrates, if the evils you mention were intrinsic demerits of the street car. But they are not. All street cars can be comfortable and speedy. But there is in our society a class of men called capitalists. These are persons who get control of the wealth of our community. And the use they make of it is to breed for themselves more wealth. But they cannot do this alone; so they hire the majority of mankind, whose only wealth is their power to labour, and their children; and for the price of food, they engage them to make street cars and many other things, needed and not needed. And these being made, they obtain from our government the privilege of supplying the people with the street cars and other commodities the people themselves have made and rendered valuable. In this wise the capitalists get back from the people most of what they have paid them in wages; and so they grow ever richer, while their more numerous fellow-citizens grow poorer and poorer. So it is not the street car itself that is evil,—it is the greed of the capitalist that makes it evil."

"Do you mean, then, that the street cars serve two conflicting ends,—namely, the enrichment of the rich and the service of the public?"

"Yes."

"But are not the rich enriched in this instance only through the service of the public?"

"They are, Socrates."

"Then, how will you have their ends in conflict with the

public service? For unless they serve the public they cannot grow rich."

"But have not you yourself said, Socrates, that the street car is evil?"

"I have."

"And is not the evil the failure of the street car to exercise its function?"

"Assuredly."

"And is it not the greed of the owners of the street car that is the cause of this failure?"

"You escape your own notice in the question."

"How so?"

"Let me ask, and do you answer."

"Very well, I will answer."

"Tell me, then—when you pay for any object, do you pay for what you receive or for what you do not receive?"

"For what I receive, assuredly. No, wait a moment, for what I think I receive. Modern commerce is carried on mainly by deception."

"And you are aware, when you purchase a commodity, that the vendor is deceiving you about its nature?"

"Well, I think this to be the case, in most instances."

"Yet you buy it?"

"What else can I do, being honest, if I need it?"

"Are you, then, paying for the article as you believe it is, or for the article as it is represented by the vendor?"

"For the former, surely, Socrates."

"Then you really pay for what you receive?"

"You lead me to believe so."

"And do you pay in proportion to your own desire and need, or to the need and desire of him who sells?"

"In proportion to both, I think."

"And if you had no need of the object or chose to deny yourself the satisfaction of that need, neither could the vendor satisfy his own desire."

"True."

"Then the satisfaction of his desire depends upon the satisfaction of yours; and conversely the satisfaction of yours depends upon the satisfaction of his."

"Quite right."

"So far, then, you serve each other, and do not defraud each

other, nor can one of you live without the other. You are in harmony and not in conflict. And the street car serves not conflicting but harmonious ends?"

"I had not thought of this, Socrates. Perhaps I should have said that the street car subordinates the service of the public to the enrichment of the rich."

"Do you mean by this that the enrichment of the rich is in your state a higher good than the service of the state?"

"Our society seems to be organised to that end, Socrates. The whole process of our social life, our government, our industry, our art, seems to accelerate the increase of wealth, merely, and to concentrate it in the hands of a very few."

"And these few, do they make no use of their wealth?"

"They cause it, as I told you, to breed more wealth for themselves."

"So that the accumulation of wealth among a few people is your highest good?"

"Not so, Socrates. Our state is evil just because its purpose *seems* to be accumulation of wealth among a few people. There are many among us who abhor this practice and desire, besides accumulation, the equitable and just distribution of wealth among all of us. If this could be, then the public service and the enrichment of men would be more than harmonious; they would be coincident. For the possessor of wealth and the user of wealth would be identical persons."

"Excellent. And your highest good would, in that case, remain still the increase of the riches of your state, but the apportionment of the riches would be altered?"

"Yes."

"And how would you bring about this reapportionment?"

"Our social philosophers plan the gradual absorption by the government of all the instruments which serve to create wealth. They urge the ownership and use of those instruments by the state and the distribution of the created wealth by the state. So each man would be in the service of all, and all in the service of each."

"That is very good. But do you not escape your own notice when you say that each man would be in the service of all, and all in the service of each?"

"How?"

"Have you not just said that your highest good is the accumulation of wealth?"

"Yes."

"And however wealth were distributed, your aim would be still to get more wealth?"

"I admit it."

"Then would not each man and all men serve wealth rather than each other?"

"But, Socrates, they would use this wealth?"

"For what purpose, if not to breed more wealth? Since otherwise, the production of wealth and the existence of wealth must be instruments to a good, and not themselves the good."

"But cannot wealth be both instrument and end?"

"Not unless it is the highest good. The highest good alone is self-perpetuating. By its virtue alone are other things good. In its service they are not only used, they are used up; while it remains eternal."

"I had not thought of that, Socrates. You mean, do you not, that if men are really to change society, they cannot change it by merely altering the position or distribution of its ideal? They must alter the ideal."

"You say well and truly. Our friends are like certain housewives who wash only the outside of the cup. But the clean cup must have first of all a clean interior. Let us return, however, to the public conveyance in which we set out. Can you tell me what difference in the street car the reorganisation of your state would make?"

"Why, as it would be the property of the state, and at the same time in the service of the state, the more useful it became, the more the state would gain. Therefore, it would be built so as to serve its function perfectly."

"And how would it perfectly serve its function?"

"It would run much faster, more smoothly, more commodiously, and at less expense. It would contain no advertisements stimulating unnatural appetites. It would carry no more passengers than could healthfully travel in it. In a word, it would supply maximum efficiency at minimum cost."

"I see that you have the perfect street car well in mind. But, my young friend, is this perfection an intrinsic perfection, independent of all external accidents, or is it of the nature of those things which are perfect by virtue of a perfect cause?"

"Our new street car would be intrinsically perfect, Socrates."

"Then it could never, while in operation, lapse from its perfection? It would always remain swift and comfortable?"

"I should think so."

"In this street car in which we are now riding, which is the greater evil—its tardy gait or its deleterious discomforts?"

"The latter, Socrates, for speed is unnecessary to health, while good air and space are both needful."

"And does the street car intrinsically exclude air and space, or are these excluded for other reasons?"

"I see what you are driving at, Socrates. The greater evil of the street car is caused by overcrowding."

"Then your intrinsically perfect car, made and owned and operated by the state, might yet be as evil as is this in which we now ride?"

"You convince me of it, Socrates."

"And if the collective ownership and operation of wealth cannot be pledged to abolish or even mitigate this evil, have we any assurance that it will free us of any others?"

"I must agree that we have not."

"How, then, shall we perfect our imperfect car, or keep the perfect car as it is?"

"Why, we must seek the source of imperfection and remove it, in the first instance, while in the second we must prevent it from infecting our excellent car."

"Right. And what have we found to be the source of imperfection?"

"Overcrowding."

"But overcrowding is an act of individuals, is it not?"

"Yes."

"And individuals act, either freely, through desire; or slavishly, upon compulsion?"

"You speak truly, Socrates."

"Is there any compulsion which forces men and women to crowd into cars?"

"None.

"They do so freely, of their own wills, do they not?"

"Yes."

"What, then, is the source of our car's worst imperfection—its mode of production, its ownership and operation, or the will and desire of those who use it?"

"The will and desire of those who use it."

"Then, to have perfect street cars, you would first need perfect men?"

"Right."

"And the source and seat of perfection is not a multitude of possessions, but excellence of character?"

"Yes."

"In this you approve the saying of my disciple, Aristotle, that 'character is man's destiny.' Have we not thereby indicated already the general nature of the highest good of any state?"

"Do you mean that the highest good of society is human character and that all other values are only instruments in its attainment and maintenance?"

"Nothing less."

"But, Socrates, there are characters and characters. How is one to choose?"

"You ask well, O Earth-dweller, and your question is most difficult. For excellences are infinite, and some, by their very existence, prevent the existence of others; while the varieties that may exist together are multiform and complex. But we shall not let the difficulty affright us; rather we shall proceed bravely to the task. And do you answer me carefully. Of two actions, equally good in respect to pleasantness, to completeness, and to expressiveness,—but in respect to self-conservation different—one tending to conserve and perpetuate itself in its own process, the other to destroy itself thereby—which is the preferable?"

"I cannot say surely, Socrates, but I think the one which tends to perpetuate itself."

"You think rightly; for it is true, is it not, that a self-destructive action in destroying itself destroys also all that it engenders and all that depends upon it, so that not only is it in itself ephemeral, but as an instrument it is positively harmful."

"True."

"And is the source and principle of conduct character, or is it some other matter?"

"It is character, Socrates."

"Then shall we say that our first requirement for excellence of character is that it shall confirm and preserve itself in operation?"

"I do not know, Socrates. I am not sure that what you describe as excellence is not mere selfishness."

"How do you mean, selfishness?"

"Why, egoism—concentration on one's own interest as against the interest of others."

"O Earth-dweller, have we not already seen that in a society one man cannot live by the destruction of another, but that as far as he destroys the other he destroys also himself?"

"I do not understand you."

"Have you not agreed that public service and private development or enrichment support and harmonise one with the other?"

"I have. But how does this concern the present issue?"

"Do you not mean by selfishness the activity and aggrandisement which individuals undertake in their own behalf?"

"I do."

"With respect to our street car, could this go on without the corresponding development and perfection of service?"

"No."

"Then selfishness, in as far as it is self-conserving, is coincident with altruism? And if in this instance, why not in all?"

"I am very stupid, Socrates. Even yet I do not understand you. Show me how the altruism of a man who loses his life in saving another is coincident with selfishness."

"Very good. If men are free to do as they choose, would they do what they like, what pleases them, and enhances their proper sense of their own worth, or the contrary?"

"They would do what pleases them."

"And is it not customary to call doing what you please selfish."

"Why, more or less so."

"Rather more than less, my friend. Now tell me, is there any external compulsion upon which a man acts, when he performs impulsively an act of daring?"

"One would think so, Socrates."

"What is this compulsion?"

"I cannot name it."

"Because it does not exist. Impulse, since it springs from character, not consideration, is its own compulsion. A daring act, we may say, is as natural as eating or loving. It is performed because it is preferred, and it is preferred because it is inwardly

inevitable to the nature of him who executes it. Must not we say, then, that in its essence your act of courage is a selfish act?"

"But he who performs this act risks and loses his own life, Socrates."

"Does not such a risk accompany all activities—even eating and loving? And do you forget that the purport of the act is not to destroy the hero's own life but to save that of another? The loss is a calamity arising not from the inner quality of the act but from the external disfavour of fortune. It is but another expression of the omnipresent evil with which man must blindly cope."

"I am compelled to accede to your contention."

"Let us, then, carry the argument farther. Who is the more selfish, in your sense of the word—he who acts with respect to few interests or he who acts with respect to many?"

"He who acts with respect to few."

"And since a man acting on impulse considers nothing but the end envisaged in his impulse, may we not say that impulsive men are generally more selfish than others?"

"Yes."

"So that your hero, in as far as he had other interests and shut them off or even destroyed them by his act, would be, in your sense of the term, not less selfish but more selfish?"

"True."

"And in as far as his act by intent destroyed the possibility of his repeating it, it was selfish?"

"In this you are certainly right."

"While in as far as he acted with reference to the largest possible number of his interests, he approached the altruistic ideal, as you call it?"

"Right."

"Let us consider other examples. What is the interest of the physician?"

"To heal the sick, and to keep the healthy in health."

"And concentration upon this interest, its development and aggrandisement, you have called selfishness and egoism."

"I must admit it."

"So that the more people cured and the more stable and assured the public health were rendered by the acts of the physician, the more selfish he would be?"

"Ye-e-s."

"And this would be true of the farmer, whose function as a

farmer is to grow corn; of the oil-refiner, whose function is to perfect oil; and of the cotton manufacturer, whose function it is to render cotton usable. Their business would be to perpetuate, aggrandise, and conserve these functions?"

"I agree."

"Then in these cases is it not true that the private right is the common weal? And if in these cases, why not in every case?"

"You have convinced me, Socrates, in that I cannot answer you. But my conviction is merely verbal; I do not *feel* convinced. You cannot deny that there is evil and injustice in our social organisation."

"Have I denied it? First, I have but pointed out that the difficulty in your society lies not so much in its form as in its ends and ideals. Secondly, I have sought to make you see that change of form can do no good unless it presupposes a different ideal. Thirdly, you have agreed that this ideal is an ideal of the perfection of individual character, and that social organisation can be only an instrument toward this end. You feel, however, that I reason like a sophist, granting me the victory of words and refusing the homage of truth. This comes, first, from the fact that your generation have inherited an unnatural tradition, an immoral notion of justice, and a false view of goodness. You think only of instruments and care not at all for ends and ideals rationally defined. Whereas in all actions the end is the important thing, since thereby the excellences of all instruments are defined and adjudged. The ideal, by conserving itself, perpetuates the instruments that serve it: an unnatural ideal makes an inhuman society. Your second reason for charging me with the sophist's sin is your characteristically latter-day failure to see that the source of conduct is character, and that character is an inner necessity, not an external compulsion. For consider any action, contrary to nature, would it continue or disappear if its occasion were removed?"

"It would disappear."

"Surely, it would disappear, as the bent spring leaps to its proper form when the force which constrains it is removed. But of the motives and conduct of men you moderns consider only their external occasions not their internal demands. When you speak of *self-interest*, you speak of a slavish and unnatural thing which even among you is relatively rare; you speak of the self-interest of such as perform a deed at the sword's point, a

thing external and unreal, neither binding on honour nor viable for justice. Whereas natural self-interest is internal in its compulsion, being the untrammelled expression of human character. Natural self-interest should be the art of life, spontaneous, free, liberal, like sport or play. But among you life is not art; it is labour. You are not concerned with humanity and its perfection; you are concerned with wages. You forget that the function of the wage is not to breed more wage, but to liberate life, to free human instincts, and to enlarge human capacities. All of you, rich and poor, are therefore mere labourers. Your arts are artificial and your artists parasites. Whereas, of any naturally and truly rational society, the contrary should be true—collectively you should be artists, while your labourers, if labourers there must be, should be the parasitic class. The greater part of you are engaged on tasks for which you are not naturally fitted, your social life is slavish, you are labourers and not artists, and you are bondsmen to unnatural needs and exotic desires. The injustice lies not in the existence of these maladjustments but in the ideal which lives upon them. It is your false notion of justice which is the source of your incompetent exercise of it. You think of justice as restitution, or equality, or wages according to the measure of need, whereas we, you will remember, have long ago shown justice to be coincident with the spontaneous and proper exercise of all natural human functions, by all men. True justice is the greatest possible harmony of ends, the Highest Good. Your own way of saying this would be to call justice the uttermost perfection of self-interest."

"Why do you call justice the perfection of self-interest, Socrates?"

"Such a self-interest would be adequately stable and self-perpetuating, would it not?"

"It would. But how shall such a perfect self-interest be made real?"

"Have we not agreed that such a self-interest shall consist in the exercise by each of the function natural to each?"

"We have."

"Then if we devise a means by which we may discover what functions each may most perfectly exercise, we shall have discovered at the same time the means of realising our ideal of justice? And that would be a perfection of self-interest?"

"Right."

"Let us consider. In a society of young men who seek to perfect themselves in the sport of running—do all run equally fast and equal distances, or do they run some faster, some slower, some short distances, some long distances?"

"The latter is the case, Socrates."

"And how is it ascertained?"

"Why, their members have free entry to all forms of running. And in trials those who can best run certain given distances are selected to perfect themselves in these distances."

"And how do they perfect themselves?"

"By training, each in his special aptitude."

"Then the whole function of the club is to select and train runners, each according to his capacity, and to prevent them from such acts as are contrary to their natural capacities?"

"Yes."

"Does it not also reward excellence in running?"

"Yes, it distributes medals and cups and trophies."

"And it recognises, does it not, that the excellence of the individual is the glory of the club, and honours him according to his excellence?"

"Assuredly."

"Will you tell me now if this inverts the natural process of selection, or is in harmony with it."

"I think it is in harmony with natural selection; in fact, an improvement upon it."

"Why an improvement?"

"Because it prevents much waste and discomfort and unhappiness."

"Right. And the activity of the club might be called rationalised and progressive selection."

"True."

"Then, cannot we now define the means to attain social justice?"

"Will you tell me how, Socrates?"

"That is my intention, though I had rather you had told me. We must organise our state as this club of runners is organised. Instead of aiming to produce wealth we must aim to produce perfect men. The basis of our new state must be not industrial but *eugenic;* its organisation not commercial, but *educational.*"

"And how is this change to be accomplished?"

"Primarily, as I have already shown, by honestly changing

your ideal. The instrument with which the ideal is realised must be analogous to that used by our club of runners—progressive selection through the test and training of education."

"As in your Republic, Socrates?"

"Exactly, in principle. But our ideal republic had reference to conditions which you of the latter-day need not face. For you the principle of selective education should be paramount. In your society the children of all classes should receive identical opportunities in education and should be trained to a readiness for all things and perfection in those for which they have especial aptitude. Their education should make, not for efficiency or vocation, but for a just life, honoured and rewarded in proportion to the scope of other interests their activities directly involve. By such means you would form a state in which everybody would be in his place and in which there would be a place for every healthy body. Such a society would be just, would be fundamentally and absolutely human. Its concern would be, in intent as well as fact, the improvement of mankind. Its sanction would be its perfection of individuals; as it progressively produced and perpetuated these. Its outcome——"

Here the car swung round a sudden curve and seemed to keel over. The baby in the lap of the woman beside me fell forward and to save itself caught me by the throat; the umbrella of the strap-hanger jabbed me in the right side, cutting like a knife. The baby's clasp grew tense and choking.

"Out with it," I heard an impatient voice, "out with it." I opened my eyes. Before me stood the nurse, basin in hand. The operation was over, and I was back in my bed. How Socrates must have regretted the sudden disappearance of his auditor. And I am still wondering about "Its outcome——"

HORACE M. KALLEN.

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